April 22, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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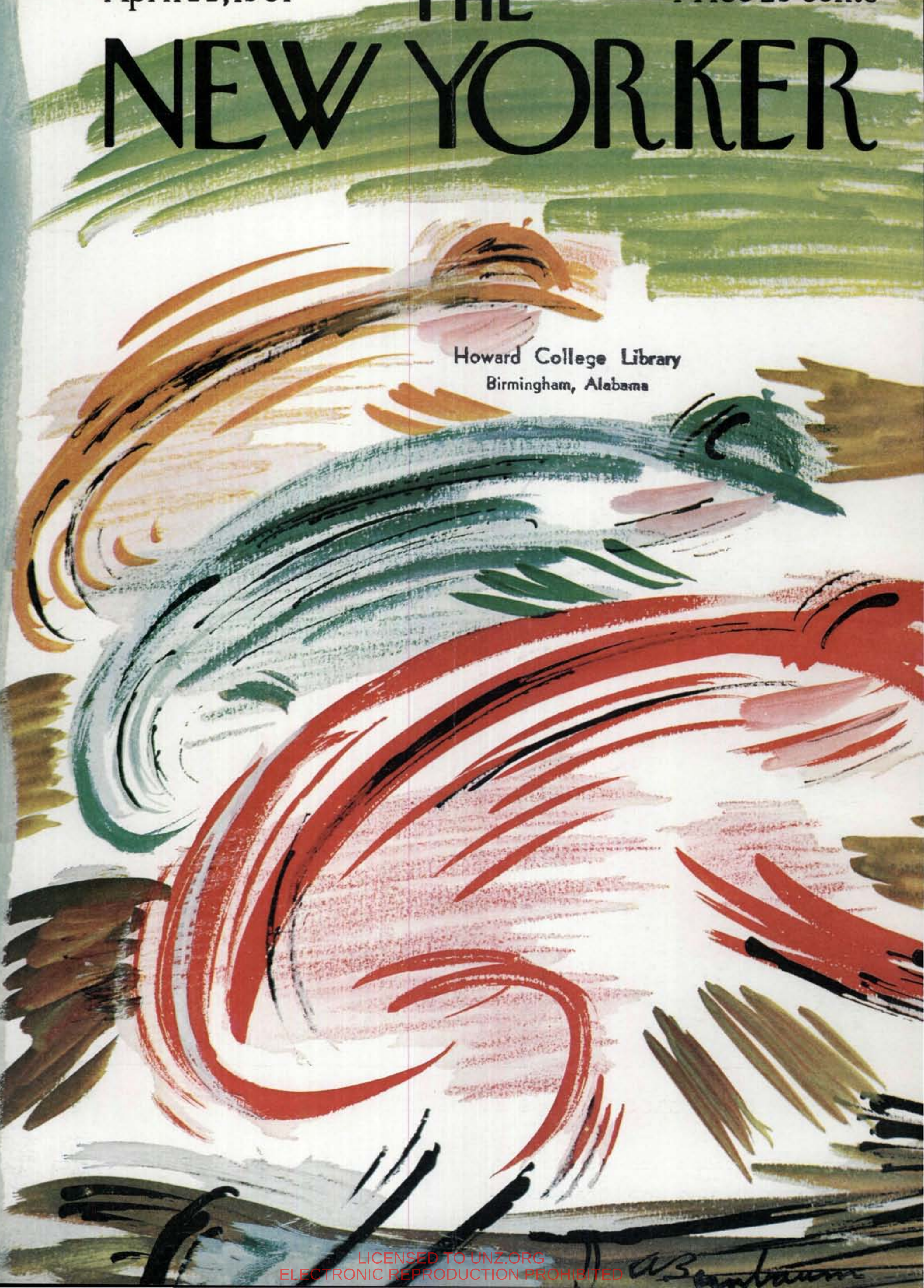

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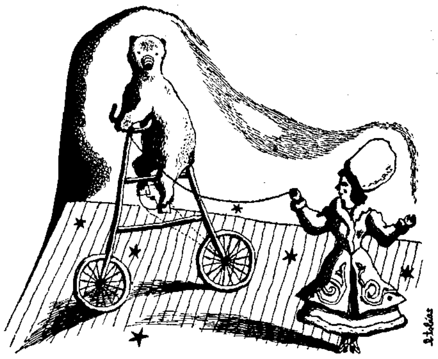

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—A melodrama about life in the governmental purlieus of Washington, and centered on a pack of snarling senators. The author, Loring Mandel (who based his play on the Allen Drury novel), has provided plenty of action, all right, but none of his characters has much depth. Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy are some of the legislators. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family" adapted for the stage with sensitivity and perception by Tad Mosel. Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley do excellent jobs in realizing the playwright's intent. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Big Fish, Little Fish—Some grand performances by Jason Robards, Jr., Hume Cronyn, George Grizzard, Martin Gabel, Ruth White, Elizabeth Wilson, and George Voskovec, in addition to apt direction by Sir John Gielgud, might persuade you that this comedy by Hugh Wheeler has more merit than meets the eye and ear. It doesn't. The plot has to do with several obviously unstrung people who find in an impoverished textbook editor, living in a flat in the East Thirties, their Zen, or what have you. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Come Blow Your Horn—Neil Simon's rather weak comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Warren Berlinger, Lou Jacobi, Sarah Marshall, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Critic's Choice—An upstanding drama reviewer finds himself at sixes and sevens because his wife has written a play that isn't any good. Not very brisk, although Henry Fonda, Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton do manage to give the thing a bit of life every now and then. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Advocate—A cancerous monsignor is sent by the Vatican to probe the *bona fides* of a recently defunct character in southern Italy who may or may not have been a saint. It is long on dialogue but short on philosophic substance, and not much of a play any way you look at it. It was adapted by Dore Schary from a novel by Morris L. West, and features Leo Genn and Sam Levene, the latter of whom does a fine job as a skeptical Jewish doctor. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—Two of the drollest people on earth in a series of skits that range with high good humor over all kinds of current events and phenomena. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

A Far Country—Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker are impressive in this play by Henry Denker, which deals with Freud's first experiment with psychoanalysis, but while the writing is always sincere, the element of suspense is sorely lacking. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—Very funny dialogue superimposed on the old theme of an estranged and charming couple who are trying to get back together. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell do this comedy by Jean Kerr proud. (Helen Hayes, 46th St. W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Eugene Ionesco's shrewd and comical report on what happens to people when they get so anxious to conform that they descend to the level of armored primordial beasts. Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach lead the cast, which is splendid, through all sorts of remarkable capers. The direction, by Joseph Anthony, is imaginative, and the translation from the French, by Derek Prouse, is altogether estimable. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—This play by a nineteen-year-old North Country English girl named Shelagh Delaney depends for its impact on unlikely characters—a whore, her fancy man, her accessible daughter, a homosexual, and a gay deceiver in the guise of a colored sailor—but Miss Delaney makes all of them quite real and well worth our sympathy. Hermione Baddeley, Frederick Combs, Nigel Davenport, and Billy Dee Williams are among those present. However, it is Joan Plowright, in the role of the daughter, who makes the play outstanding. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the best man:** Gore Vidal takes us behind the scenes at a rowdy and imaginary Presidential convention. Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy head the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** The story of Helen Keller, who, through the good offices of an Irish girl named Annie Sullivan, overcame the handicap of being blind, deaf, and mute. Patty Duke and Suzanne Pleshette play Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan, and William Gibson is the author. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the tenth man:** Paddy Chayefsky wrote this parable about a Jewish girl possessed by a demon. With Alan Manson, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Martin Wolfson. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—An interpretation of the way things were in King Arthur's court. Indubitably gorgeous, but not particularly enthralling in content. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Carnival!—The plot of this adaptation of the movie "Lili" is a little slow in getting under way, but once it hits its stride, there are all kinds of stimulating doings, including a freewheeling tent show where everything from puppets to jugglers is on display. Gower Champion has directed the play with a lot of verve, Will Steven Armstrong has provided clever sets, and Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard add plenty of liveliness to the proceedings. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Nancy Walker and Phil Silvers in a somewhat stilted effort to find in the sluggish jukebox business a duplicate of the sort of thing that made "Guys and Dolls" a success. The music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are hardly distinguished, and the book, by Garson Kanin, is rather aimless. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Girl in the World—"Lysistrata" gets another going over in this adaptation by Fred Saidy and Henry Myers, and while the play is elementary, Cyril Ritchard, Janice Rule, Dran Seitz, and the others in the cast demonstrate that there is life in the old girl yet. The lyrics are by E. Y. Harburg, the score is by Jacques Offenbach, and the direction by Mr. Ritchard. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—An exercise, purporting to be a breezy French farce, that involves lechers, procurers, and a hard-working prostitute, and is pretty short on wit, style, substance, and taste. It has a large cast headed by Elizabeth Seal, who is a very bouncy girl. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—Maurice Evans, playing a turn-of-the-century parson facing the forces of unrighteousness. Lively, all right, but not very

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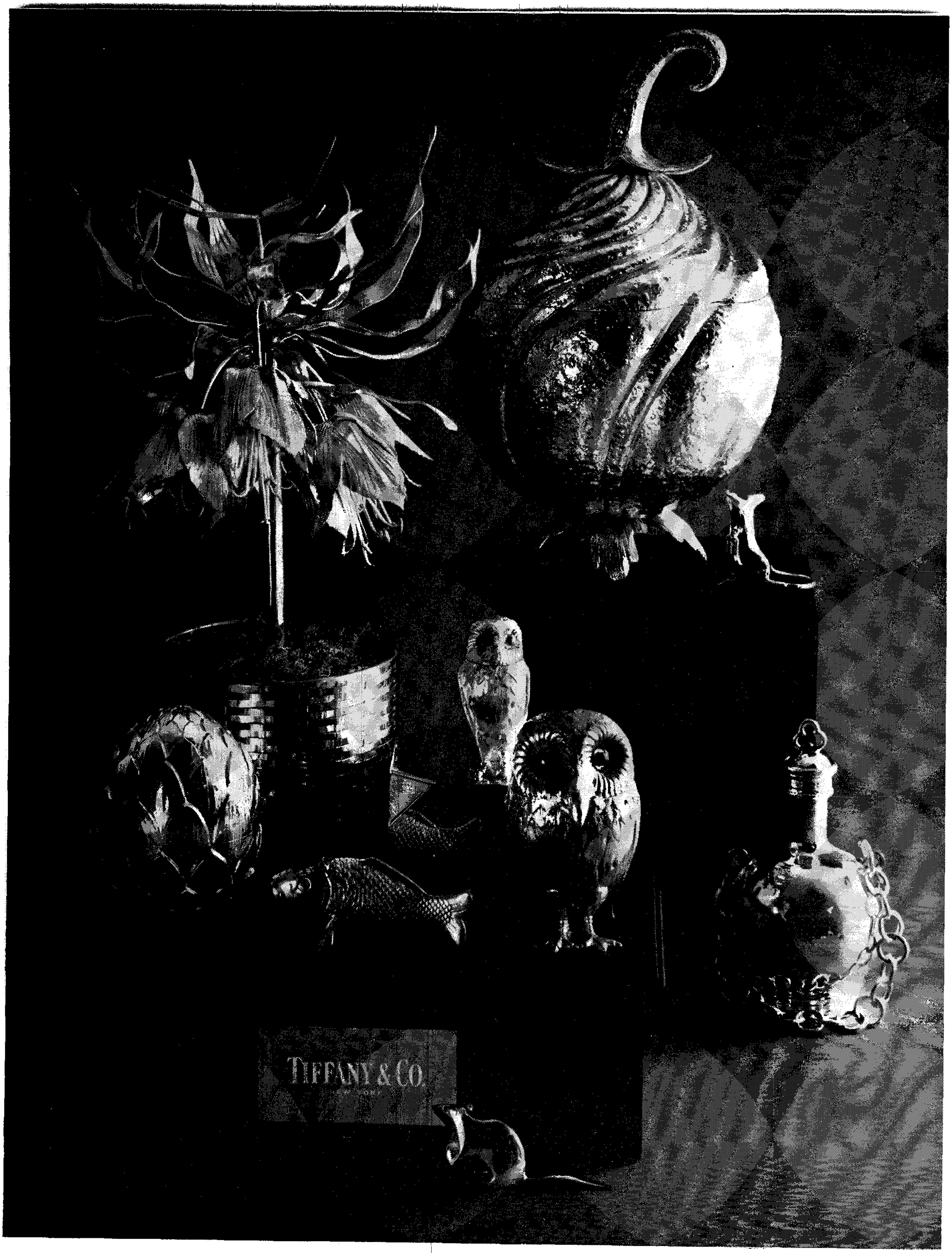
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

funny. The sets, by Cecil Beaton, are admirable, and the actors, who also include Ron Husmann, Wynne Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker, are enthusiastic. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes with a special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 23.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—Tammy Grimes having herself a jolly fling as a hoyden from rural Colorado who acquires a pile of cash through marriage and proceeds to crash society at home and abroad. Meredith Willson is responsible for the pleasant score, and the sets (by Oliver Smith), the choreography (by Peter Gennaro), and the direction (by Dore Schary) are all top-drawer. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—Noisy but hardly gay doings in the oil fields of the Southwest, where a young lady (Lucille Ball) is trying to make her mark as a promoter and also snare the manliest roustabout in the area. Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh created the music and lyrics, respectively, and N. Richard Nash wrote the book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bye bye birdie:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn are now the stars of this musical, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **fiorello!:** The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley, a dead ringer for the eponymous floweret, is helped by Howard Da Silva and Patricia Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the sound of music:** Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Show Boat," with Joe E. Brown, Jo Sullivan, Robert Rounseville, Jane Kean, and Carol Brice, will play through Sunday, April 23.... ¶ "South Pacific," with Allyn Ann McLerie, will be the second in a series of four shows by the company. Preview Tuesday, April 25, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 26, and will run through Sunday, May 14. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The production, directed by Alan Schneider, sustains Albee's quicker-than-the-eye mockery right up to the last word. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the second play, a bundle of maledictions about Southern racism, which tends to drown out the majesty of Bessie Smith (who never appears), and is more tract than drama. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:40.)

Call Me by My Rightful Name—A weedy play about the difficulties that two young symbols—one Negro and one white—have over a white girl, played with great lissomeness by Joan Hackett, who had to get her start somewhere. The author is Michael Shurtleff, who once read "The Waste Land" attentively. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

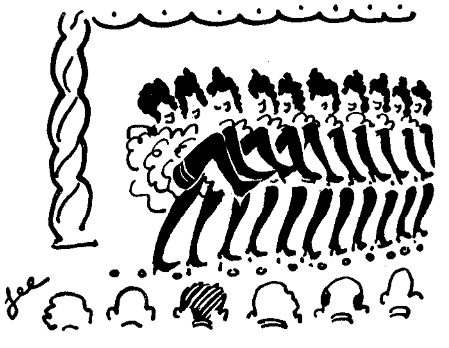
The Decameron—A musical based on Boccaccio's tales, with a book and lyrics by Yvonne Tarr and music by Edward Earle. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Gallows Humor—Two one-act plays by Jack Richardson, with Gerald Hiken, Julie Bovasso, and Vincent Gardenia. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Hamlet—A practically uncut version that diddles and blurts along for more than three hours, and is notable only for the rare moments when twenty-seven-year-old Donald Madden, as Hamlet, discards his dewiness and gives as good as he takes. The direction, by Stuart Vaughan, puts one in mind of a track meet. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:25. Closes Sunday, May 14.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)



Hobo—A musical by John Dooley. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

In the Jungle of Cities—The American première of this 1922 Brecht play, which deals with a mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, is given a superior production—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An Indian play that incorporates stylized acting with singing, chanting, dancing, and pantomime, all of which is supposed to tell how a king and queen, symbols both, get around their philosophical and spiritual differences and achieve union. Some of the play's brain food gets lost in transit, but there is always something handsome to see and/or hear. The author is Rabindranath Tagore. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Mousetrap—Agatha Christie in a retread of some very old material found in her files. There are a lonely English country mansion, uneasy guests, and a homicidal maniac who unwittingly reveals his identity about halfway through, thus casting all suspense to the winds. The play, for some very esoteric reason, has been going for eight years in London. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, April 23.)

Roots—An attempt by the twenty-eight-year-old English playwright Arnold Wesker to record each and every banality in the life of a poor and uneducated Norfolk family, which likes its vowels shut tight, its meals heaping, and its moments of silence deep and meaningful. The results are fine eavesdropping—just that and no more. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The 7 at Dawn—A play by Louis A. Lippa, based on a short story by Leonid Andreyev. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Smiling, the Boy Fell Dead—A musical with a book by Ira Wallach, music by David Baker, and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living

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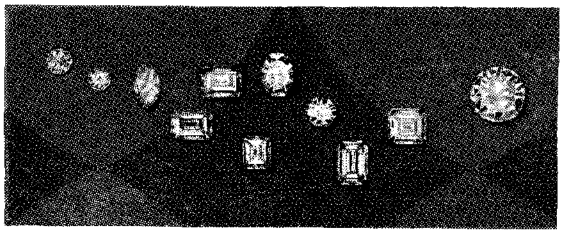

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—Now and forevermore, apparently. In the cast are Charles Rydell and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—Still another attempt to transpose Dylan Thomas's long poem about the irregulars of Llareggub onto the stage. Not unexpectedly, only about half of Thomas's tropical verbiage comes through the various antics that director William Ball has devised to keep his cast—an exemplary and exuberant one—busy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays at 7. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

A Worm in Horseradish—Another visit, done in bold stereotype, with a poor lower East Side Jewish family circa 1900. Eli Mintz, as the patriarch, comes very close to making his materials, which were baked at home by Esther Kaufman, seem far fresher than they are. The rest of the cast straggles far to the rear. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Martha Graham and Her Dance Company—Final performances of a two-week engagement—Thursday evening, April 20: "Embattled Garden," "One More Gaudy Night" (première), and "Alcestis." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 21: "Night Journey," "One More Gaudy Night," and "Acrobats of God." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 22: "Diversion of Angels," "Seraphic Dialogue," and "Acrobats of God." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 22: "Alcestis," "Diversion of Angels," and "Visionary Recital." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 23: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 23: "One More Gaudy Night," "Embattled Garden," and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 25: "Alcestis," "Seraphic Dialogue," and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 26: "One More Gaudy Night," "Diversion of Angels," and "Acrobats of God." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 27: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 28: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Embattled Garden," and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 29: "One More Gaudy Night," "Diversion of Angels," and "Visionary Recital." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 29: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 30: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Embattled Garden," and "Alcestis." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 30: "Visionary Recital," "One More Gaudy Night," and "Acrobats of God." (54th Street Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. JU 6-3787. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—A hundred dancers and a symphony orchestra from Moscow. Presented by S. Hurok for a three-week engagement. (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Thursday, April 20, at 2:30. Through Saturday, May 6.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Saturday, May 6—Monday evening, April 24: "Swan Lake," "Miss Julie," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 24: "Swan Lake," "The Combat," "Glazunov Grand Pas" (première), and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 26: "Theme and Variations," "Points on Jazz" (première), "The Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "Bluebeard." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 27: "Les Sylphides," "Lady from the Sea," "The Black Swan Pas de Deux," and

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"Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 28: "Glazunov Grand Pas," "Giselle," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 29 (primarily for children): "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," "The Nutcracker Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 29: "Swan Lake," "Miss Julie," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Points on Jazz." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Evenings at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's annual basket party. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 14. . . . ¶ The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Judy Garland—A complete evening of the American muse and Peter Pan, singing the songs she has made famous, and vice versa. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, April 23, at 8:30.)

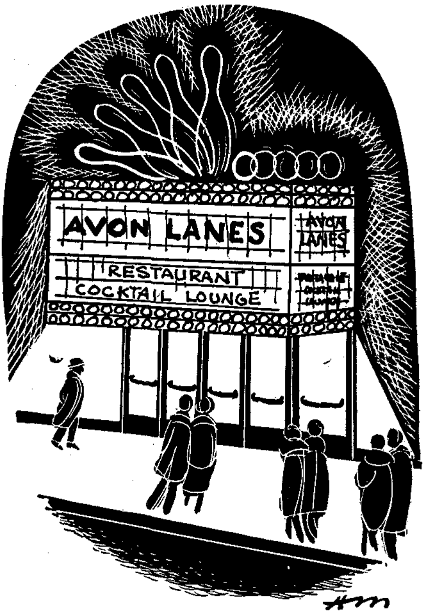
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A display room suitable for all sorts of public occasions, particularly fashion shows and passing shows. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra play industriously for the entrance makers. Dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The "No, No, Nanette" that shows up for an hour in the Cotillion Room is full of carefree old Vincent Youmans music, but the dialogue and lyrics that still remain are a menace to navigation. Jimmy Carroll and Harry Snow are the principal voices, Mary Tremain is the principal décor. Sunday, April 23, is the last night; on Tuesday, April 25, Cole Porter's "Anything Goes" will be brought back to life, in large part by the jovial Wilbur Evans. Mr. Carroll will remain, as one of his assistants. The routine: Twice a night Fridays and Saturdays but only at dinner the rest of the week. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which a small group of musicians, almost always Stanley Worth's, offers invitations to the dance.



Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—A storm warning is issued during dinner and supper in the Persian Room. The eye of the tempest is little Eartha Kitt, and the eye (not to mention the ear) of the beholder should take complete delight in her marchings, chantings, and prancings. The Pierian spring of dance music that wells up from Ted Straeter's fervid vintners and Mark Monte's agile Latin scholars flows most of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo Le-Fleur's orchestra does lemon-or-cream music in the Palm Court from four to seven and thought-for-food music in the Edwardian Room at dinner. It's all just for listening. . . . ¶ No abrupt changes in the weather (perpetual spring) or the tempo (the dance bands of Irving Conn and Nicholas D'Amico) in the Rendez-Vous, where the music begins at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Lester Lanin, who amounts to a musicians' union on his own, is at last appearing in public at the head of the most fluent of his eighty-seven Manhattan-style dance bands. The podium of the Grill is the scene of his unwonted visitation. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a comely design for living it up, Patachou, one of those casual Parisiennes who have seen all and heard all, is dealing (in song) with life on both banks of the Seine. She appears at dinner and supper; the rest of the evening is the property of Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's threesome, which take care of the dancers in the audience. On Friday, April 28, Mlle. P. will give way to Dorothy Shay, a lady fond of singing about all the Li'l Abner characters who have made the Ozarks a depressed area. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Leisure classes are held in the Columns, an exhibition of Roman architecture bathed in moonlight, by Gunnar Hansen's orchestra, which sets to a bit past seven with dining music and then, at eight-thirty, blossoms into upbeat dance music, a commodity also provided by a new Latin trio headed by Marco Rizo. This goes on until two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley plays piano from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two of Park Avenue's best-known palaces—i.e., the Embassy Club, with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band doing dance medleys from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two, and the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's fiddle goes to work at eight or so. Both are closed to the public on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, at dinner and supper, we have the mellifluous and reasonably magnificent Gordon and Sheila MacRae, a gentleman farmer and wife whose money crop is hybrid corn, but done so well that no one can help liking it. The dance bands of Emil Coleman and Theo Fanidi sound off majestically and persuasively. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley pursues the very even tenor of its way with thinking music from seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, dance tunes thereafter to one except on Sundays (dancing eight to one).

Note—A captain's walk at the top of midtown Manhattan's mainmast. The name is Rainbow Room, the address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Drinking-and-dining music drifts mildly from a trio led by Michael Forman from four-thirty through the dinner hour. The phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Real characters, character actors, and the rest of us, shoulder to shoulder and all made in New York. Murray Grand's soft yet knowing piano sets the pace from eight to ten-thirty, after which hour he is in and out of the establishment's tiny Plush Room, a handsome plaza in which Jane Harvey, a

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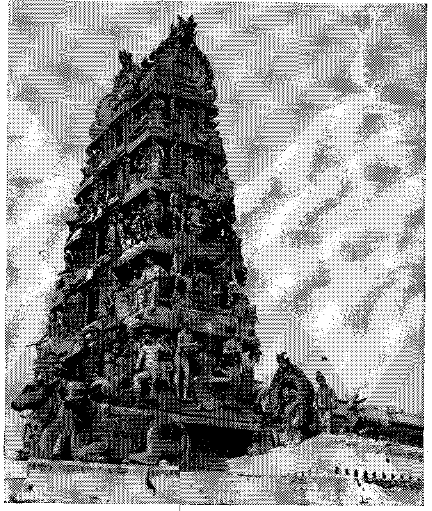
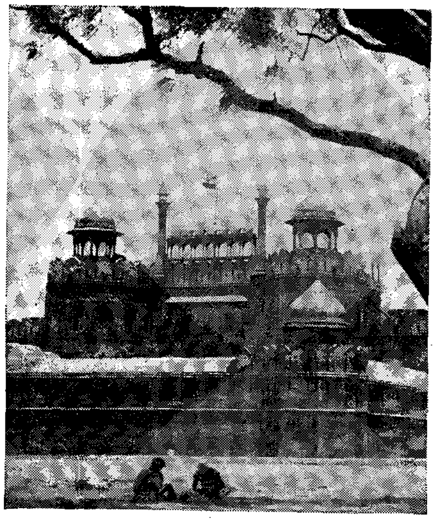


SENSATIONS IN SINGAPORE

TEMPLES IN THAILAND



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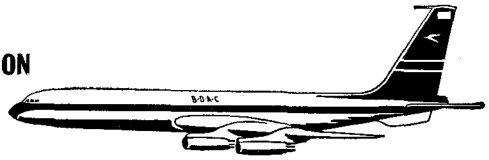

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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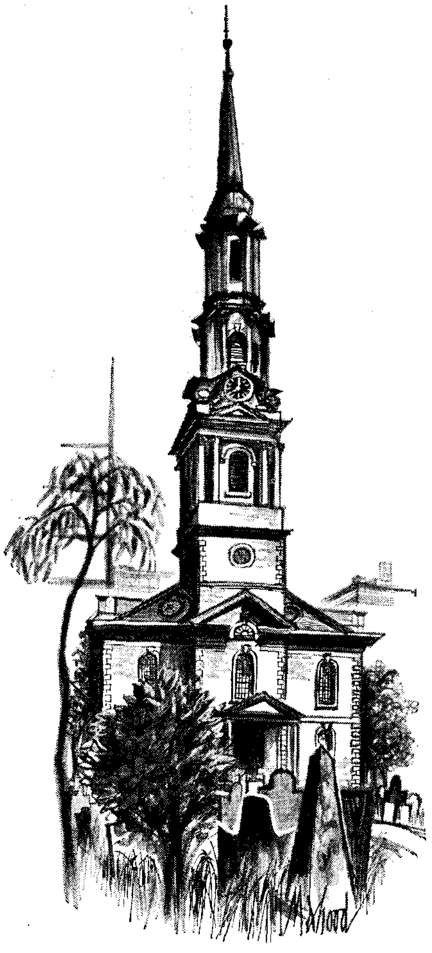
handsome bit of bric-a-brac herself, sings calmly but with feeling the sort of song that flows so easily from the minds of men like Vernon Duke and Hugh Martin. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends, and plenty of young ones, too, leading what looks (and sounds) like a permanent community life. Bob Printz plays hand-holding piano from five-thirty to eight. From then on, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders share the evening stint—romantic single and hubble-bubble double piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): It would not be easy to find in all the Eternal City an assembly hall that could hold a Roman candle to this one. Through the throngs of merrymakers, the beautifully regimented choir of mobile violinists run by Herman Honigsberg makes its way, tailed by a squadron of Latin guitarists and choristers. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, the other by Cy Walter, who has an in-the-pink Steinway at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Fine Italian hands putting—well, their heads together to produce a Florentine restaurant *cum* bar *cum* dance pavilion *cum* opera house. The principal hand is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. He guides a dance trio after ten Thursdays through Sundays and a tiny opera troupe (Puccini and all those cats) Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fitted for a king, with moat, drawbridge, dungeon (only for wine, now), and such. Norbert Faconi is truly the moving spirit of this wonderland, since he is forever gliding from table to table with a violin under his chin. No music Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State banquets in miniature. Jules Kuti plays conversational piano in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): *Poor's Manual* taking its resplendent ease. George Feyer contributes petitpoint piano from eight-thirty through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A small greenroom that has grown much more sprightly since Cal Bostic sat down at the house piano and began singing whatever comes to mind. The other amusement is the not-to-be-taken-too-seriously picture gallery on the walls. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the very matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): This one wasn't built in a day, as the careful detail of mural and music quickly indicates. It's patrolled by a pair of street singers and a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. After the theatre, a brace of orioles—Claudia Villa and Angelo Cristalli—come like swallows returning to Sorrento. Closed Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The South Sea Islands on a resort-clothes basis. Stringed instruments vibrate all the way from dinner through a reasonably late supper; George Taylor holds down the piano in the thoroughly American bar every night but Sunday. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The Moorish invaders seem to have stopped in at this enterprise, whose large and artfully meandering interior reflects their stay. Conrad Monjoy's piano meanders, too, from six-o'clock cocktails to midnight supper, and a bit later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): As is true of the establishment's namesake in Madrid, not even Basic Spanish is required to understand the staff or the music, which is piano and guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As good a place to go Mitteleuropa-native as the town affords. The evening breezes are perpetually laden with the sound of zimbalons, fiddles, customers, Tibor Rakossy's balm-of-Gilead tenor, and a girlish soprano. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Half the time, the star of the evening is the anonymous wit who devised the décor. The rest of the time, the star is Renato Rossini's tense, terse, yet love-smitten Mediterranean guitar. Music from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, world traveller, is giving the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park a fine, glossy coat. He's at it from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, every night but Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Diogenes would need a couple of Viennese lanterns to discover any authenticated fragments of Alt Wien here, but if it's unmitigated music and unmitigated song (in a variety of tongues) that's wanted, here they are. Vicky Autier is far and away the best of the lot. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

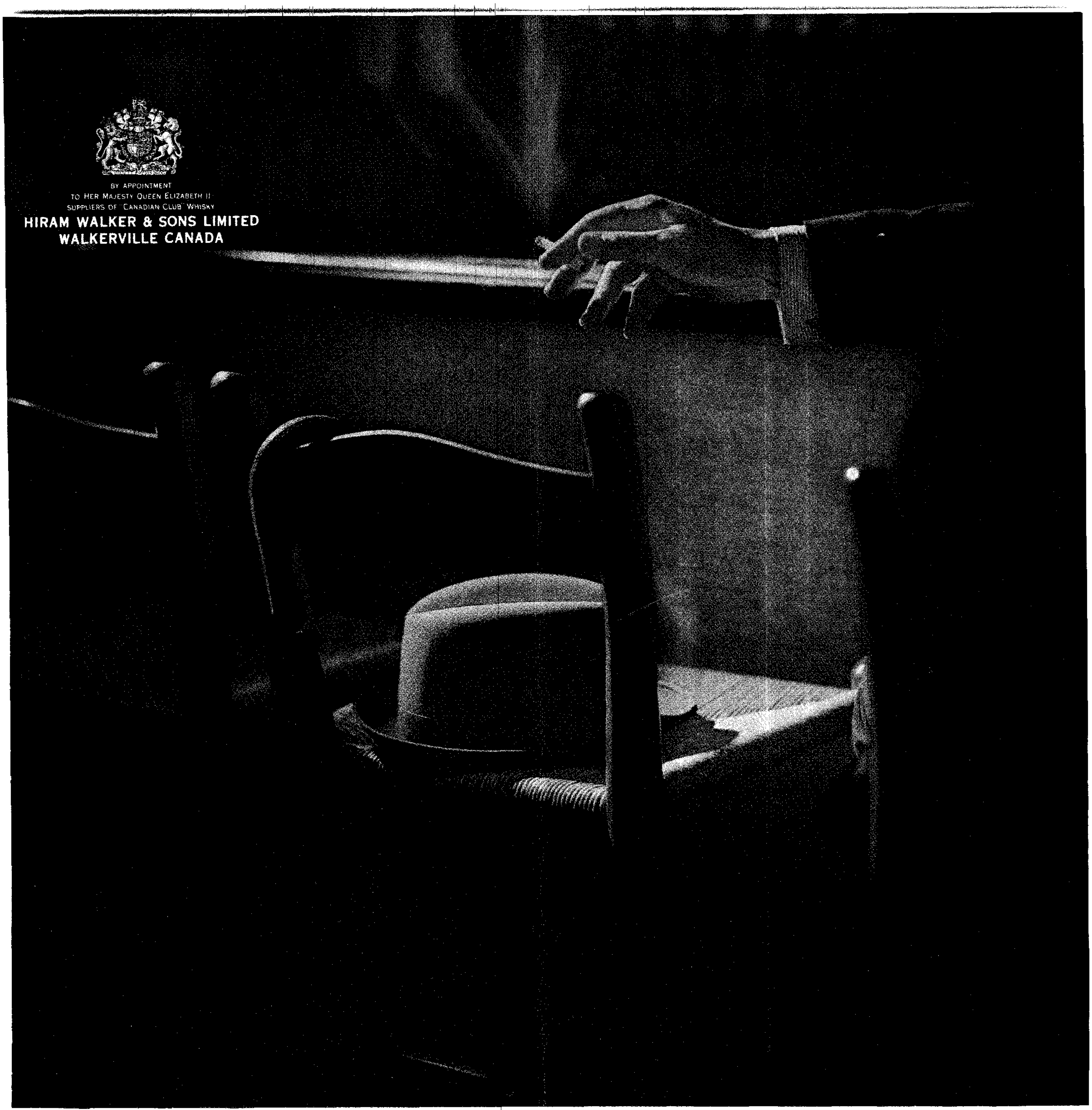
LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Unadorned (except for the legal minimum) beauty, led by an untamed wildcat named Gloria Le Roy, is careering through the night in a maidenly attempt to keep warm and in a successful attempt to warm the cockles of the audience's heart. Warming, too, are the foreign acrobatic acts of the sort that only the Latin Quarter now affords us; not so hot is the small talk of a pair of Mike-and-Ike banterers. The banterers will be replaced on Wednesday, April 26, by three of the Crosby boys—Dennis, Phillip, and Lindsay. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Andy Williams, aware of the vitamin deficiencies in the standard lyric, makes up for them with a firm voice, a quizzical grin, and some of the dipsy-doodle dance steps he learned at Kay Thompson's knee; Allen and Rossi are as slapstick as though the Palace had never gone movie, and often funny, too. The pageantry is done by eight dryads of the ballet, a careless lot as apt as not to put their footwork into their beautiful mouths. On Thursday, April 27, the order changes, and Johnny Mathis, a singer awash in fevered desire, starts coming to a fast boil. Dancing.



SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dick Gregory, a social arbiter and a rambling prophet not without honor and certainly not without wit; the persuasive Brazilian nightingale named Maysa Matarazzo, whose Portuguese lyrics translate into "Take me in your arms, my love;" and Adam Keefe, a young new orator from whom one bright word after another tumbles. Jimmy Lyons' well-sprung trio (Joe Puma and Beverly Peer are in it) and Otis Clements's piano fill the interludes. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty and his contemplative piano preside over the six-to-eight dining every night except Saturday, and the Lyons family is likely to do extra sets early in the morning. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): No question-and-answer period is necessary after the newest of Julius Monk's annual *revistas*, since the issues of the day—and, for that matter, of the night—are discussed succinctly, assiduously, and acidulously for all to hear. The imps who whisk through it are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Gerry Matthews, Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl; the orchestra is the double pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. The departure times are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A further Monk enterprise, and a sort of undergraduate study hall, in which Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood devote large chunks of the night to just about the most artful double piano in town. Onstage, in between, is an honor-bright freshman group of voices called the Three Young Men, plus a new West Indian nightingale named Sylvia Copeland. The music begins around nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, though she rolls her "r"s as crisply as she would a British umbrella, can nevertheless supplant dignity with dithyrambs when her songs, which embody the best light verse written in this country, call for it, or them. The perspicacious Sam Hamilton looks after the piano. The place is upstairs inside the Roundtable. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Some of the Castilian revue in the back room is rather tough Spanish mane, but there's also Trini Reyes, who dances with admirable fury. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvardo's tense voice does flamenco songs so beguiling that half the audience joins in. Sundays are silent. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The main event is shadow and sunshine by Sylvia Syms, a deep soprano who never runs still. Those early settlers—Tiger Haynes and the music of his manic Three Flames, as well as Jimmie Daniels, the *conférencier*—are still around, and Loumel Morgan and Peter Daniels are still doing the intermission piano. Phil Foster, a diamond-in-the-rough humorist, and Little, Dane & Mason, singers who carefully present themselves as moving targets, are also on hand. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Three young people—Lynda Segal, Richard Libertini, and MacIntyre Dixon—act out a charade of their own devising (largely in pantomime that is anything but dumb-show) on the second floor. This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Canadian Club

Admire yourself in the backbar mirror. Carefully adjust necktie.
☆ Think seriously about whether you will order whisk*y* or whisk*ey*.
Spend 30 seconds choosing between popcorn, peanuts and pretzels.
☆ Ask yourself why whisky from Canada or Scotland is spelled without the e.
Look over your wife's shopping list. If lost, prepare an excuse.
☆ Converse with your neighbor. Tell him Canadian and Scotch are lighter.
Plan to ask the boss for a raise. If self-employed, light a cigar.
☆ Decide to stay with the Canadian that's the lightest whisky in the world.
Consider flowers for wife. Check wallet to determine affordability.
☆ In proud, ringing tones, order Canadian Club—"The Best In The House."
Listen appreciatively as bartender confirms your worldly wisdom.

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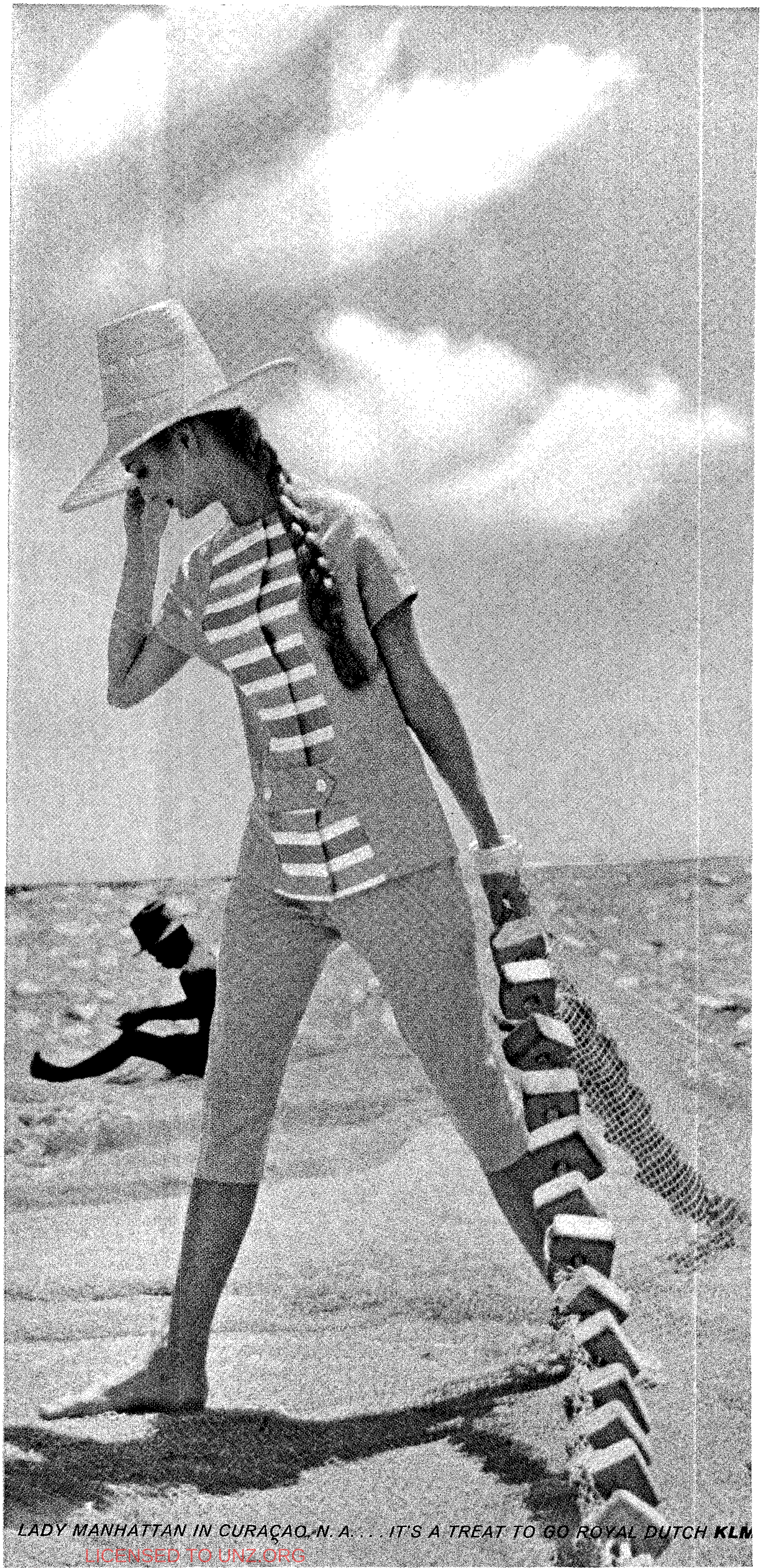


LADY MANHATTAN IN CURAÇAO, N. A. . . . IT'S A TREAT TO GO ROYAL DUTCH **KLM**

pocket-size revue occurs at nine and twelve every night but Tuesday.... **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): A good-looking reminder of the days when Gatsby was king. On Monday, April 24, Bobby Short will be coming back with more of his let's-stay-up-all-night songs, his peppery piano, and his driving trio. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Mr. Condon, no longer just a spectator sportsman, is joining in on the bang-bang choruses of some fine old traditionalist cronies, among them Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, and Benny Morton. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A bit of sweet marjoram called Nancy Wilson, who leaps from octave to octave without missing an upbeat, adds lyrics to the fervent threesome of Junior Mance; a complete extrovert called Irwin Corey delivers lectures that are major contributions to the delinquency of both logic and syntax. Miss Wilson and Mr. Corey come to a halt on Sunday, April 23; Tuesday, April 25, brings on Jack Teagarden, this time with the stars of Alabama in not only his eyes but his lyrics, and his solid, man, band. The Mances will stay on to assist. There's an extra session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The top of the evening is Ella Fitzgerald, who, it turns out, can often be cajoled by her audience into bypassing balladry for more of her old hang-the-consequences free-form jazz, which is all to the good. The rest of the evening is Bill Dana, a formidable tilter at windmills and windbags who on this occasion is scoring misses along with hits. Closed Sundays. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Almost the only candle in the windows of Fifty-second Street since the strip teasers have been impounded. Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Wilber Kirk, and Russell Procope, a veteran Ellington supporter, among them—are carrying on in blampety-blamp style the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Bourbon Street Six is hammering home its message, which is that the South will rise again, on a day as yet unspecified. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons, starting at five; closed Mondays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's piano is powerful proof that the music of the future is pleasurable rather than solemn. He comes equipped with a trio. No music Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The simultaneous falls of the Bastille and Niagara. Gene Krupa's quartet (off duty Monday) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays) are the mainstays of the evening sessions, which begin at seven-forty-five. Sol Yaged's fivesome helps out on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. The afternoon shift is manned by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman. The music starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays. Friday and Saturday evenings, April 21-22, the upstairs room will also be open, to receive the Krupas, Charlie Shavers' quintet, and friends. On Tuesday, April 25, the Salt City Six will succeed the Krupa crew.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The great big band of Quincy Jones, though not lacking firepower (Clark Terry and Melba Liston are in there fighting), is apt to address its constituents in honeyed words. Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis's quintet also sees action. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. ... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Saturday, April 22, is the end of the run for Teddy Wilson's precise piano, which never utters a waste note, and his trio; Red Allen's trumpet, now hidden under a mute, and his quartet check out the same night. On Monday, April 24, two old habitués—Eddie Heywood's slow-and-easy trio and Erskine Hawkins' foursome—return to the fold. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands.... **PRELUDE,** 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Our neighbors to the north, listening to Eddie Bonnemere's quartet. Nine-thirty is starting time. No music Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Gigi Gryce's modernist sextet, which would take candy from a baby and turn it into music, holds forth in a wholly Village setting. A junior-varsity team works out on Tuesdays.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Percussion, and sometimes just about concussion, is the essence of the flute-and-drum corps run by Herbie Mann; profusions of grandeur govern the attitude of Nina Simone, a picturesque pianist, singer, and operator of a threesome. Closed Mondays.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A listening post on the fringes of civilization at which rapt attention is the order of the evening. The current reason is the Mangione Brothers quintet, which leaves Sunday, April 23; the new arrival on Tuesday, April 25, will be a foursome in which the piano of Toshiko Akiyoshi and the horn of Charlie Mariano are gracefully interwoven. Closed Mondays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The weekends are devoted to the instruction of the young in the rudiments of rudimentary jazz. On Friday and Saturday, April 21-22, the faculty should include Zutty Singleton, the Conrad Janis Tailgate Jazz Band, Tony Parenti, Dick Wellstood, Johnny Letman, Gene Sedric, Bob Hammer, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

ARNOLD BLANCH—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes; through May 6. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

NORMAN BLUHM AND ELAINE DE KOONING—A mural by Mr. Bluhm and four painted columns by Mrs. de Kooning, all abstract works suitable for architectural use; through Saturday, April 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

DORIS CAESAR—Bronzes, mostly nudes, in her gaunt, attenuated manner; through Saturday, April 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

MARY CALLERY—Sculptures in brass and steel, done in a looping, sinuous style new to her; through Saturday, April 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

CÉSAR—Metal sculptures (1953-61) and drawings by a contemporary Paris artist; through May 6. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRED CONWAY—Abstracted nature scenes, primarily in oil, by an artist known for his murals; through May 6. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

HARRY CROWLEY—Abstract Impressionist landscapes and collages; through Saturday, April 29. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

ANTHONY FRY—Semi-abstract figure paintings by a young Englishman. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, April 22. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

FRANK GAUDIO—Interiors, figures, and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 22. (Grippi, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

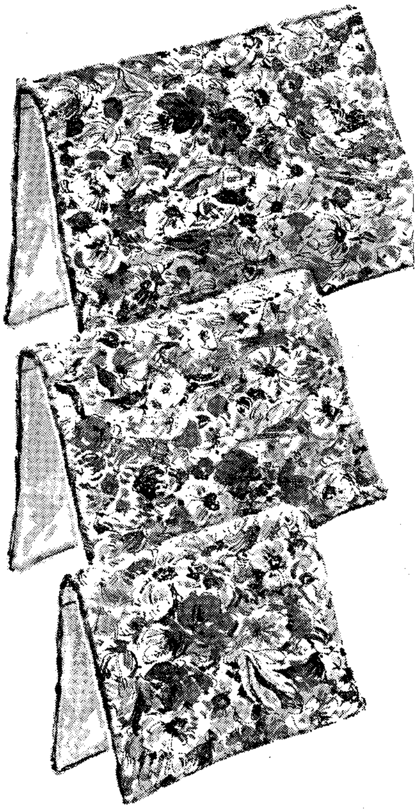
MAURICE GOLUBOV—Paintings, in his first showing in five years; through Saturday, April 29. (Mayer, 762 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

GEORGE O. (POP) HART—Drawings, 1905-30; through May 6. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Drawings and pastels of landscapes and figures (1908-42); through May 6. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

INGRES IN AMERICAN COLLECTIONS—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings gathered from private and public collections. For the benefit of the Lighthouse, the New York Association for the Blind. Through May 6. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

LEON KELLY—Figure paintings leaning toward



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the fantastic in style; through Saturday, April 29. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Dong Kingman—A series of water colors of Hong Kong by the Chinese-American artist; through May 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Oskar Kokoschka—A previously unexhibited series of twenty-six drawings of a woman friend; through May 20. (Bayer, 51 E. 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Alfred Landesman—Surrealist paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Michael Loew—Paintings; through Saturday, April 22. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Einar Lunden—Blocky, stylized water colors and drawings, mainly of coastal scenes; through Friday, April 21. (Contemporary Arts, 19 E. 71st St.)

Richard Lytle—Paintings; through May 6. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Loren MacIver—Paintings and collages; through Saturday, April 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Marsicano—Figure paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Edward Millman—Abstract oils; through Saturday, April 29. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Luciano Minguzzi—Semi-abstract bronze sculptures by a contemporary Italian; through May 6. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Motherwell—Abstract Expressionist oils and collages; through May 6. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Lee Mullican—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Black, white, and gold abstract sculptures; through May 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Nicholson—His first showing of pictures here in five years; through May 6. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Georgia O'Keeffe—Recent paintings and drawings; through May 6. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Henry V. Poor—Cool, agreeable landscapes, chiefly of Maine, and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 22. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Wallace Putnam—Abstract paintings of flowers; through Saturday, April 22. (Parsons, 11 E. 57th St.)

Leo Rabkin—Non-objective paintings and collages, plus a group of fluently colorful water colors; through Saturday, April 29. (Latow, 13 E. 63rd St.)

Anton Refregier—Figure paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Milton Resnick—Large abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Seago—Impressionistic landscapes and cityscapes of the English countryside, London, and Venice; through Wednesday, April 26. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

Kurt Seligmann—A retrospective of paintings, sculptures, graphics, and collages, dating from his early Surrealist period; through May 13. (D'Arcy, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Charles Sibley—Landscapes and figures; through Saturday, April 22. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Jannis Spyropoulos—Abstract paintings by a contemporary Greek artist, winner of one of the 1960 Venice Biennale prizes; through Saturday, April 29. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Reuben Tam—Landscape paintings of the Maine coast and of his native Hawaii; through May 6. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Jean Tinguely—Electrically powered moving constructions by a Swiss-born artist who lives and works in Paris; through Saturday, April 22. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Van Day Truex—Wash drawings of European scenes; through Saturday, April 22. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

Allen Tucker (*1866-1939*)—*Paintings by an officer and exhibitor in the* 1913 Armory show; through Saturday, April 29. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Masterpieces—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings by Mantegna, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others. For the benefit of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York. Through May 6. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

American Abstract Artists—Their twenty-fifth annual, with works by sixty-six painters and sculptors, among them George L. K. Morris, Charmion von Wiegand, and Rhys Caparn; through Friday, April 21. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-fourth annual, consisting of water colors, gouaches, caseins, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through Sunday, April 23. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **Castellane**, 19 E. 76th St.: Herman Maril, Minna Harkavy, and Maynard Sandol are three of the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through May 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **City Center Gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: The April exhibition consists of paintings chosen by Byron Browne, Chen Chi, and Isabel Bishop; through Friday, April 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **Midtown**, 17 E. 57th St.: Water colors by William Thon, Edward Betts, Jason Schoener, Robert Vickrey, and Fred Nagler; through May 13. . . . **Peridot**, 820 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Lithographs by New York artists, including Robert Goodnough, Costantino Nivola, and Bernard Pfriem; through May 13. . . . **Small**, 8 E. 75th St.: Drawings, past and present, by Josef Albers, Julian Levi, Milton Avery, and other contemporaries; through May 13. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings and sculptures by Pascin, Braque, Calder, and other modern masters; through June 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Show—Paintings by such French artists as Bonnard, Braque, and Picasso; through May 13. (Hahn, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Splendid Century," an exhibition of French seventeenth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and tapestries (by Poussin, La Tour, Puget, and others) lent by museums and churches throughout France; through April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, collages, and other works by the School of Paris artist Max Ernst; through May 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of about three hundred photographs by Edward Steichen. Dating from 1895 to the present, they include cityscapes, landscapes, nature studies, nudes, abstractions, and portraits. Through May 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Twenty-first International Watercolor Biennial, made up of more than two hundred *paintings from Germany, Great Britain, and* the United States; through May 28. . . . ¶ "Masters of Contemporary American Crafts," a display of textiles, ceramics, enamels, silver, and furniture, illustrating the influence on these decorative arts of Lili Blumenau, Kenneth F. Bates, Wharton Esherick, and others; through Sunday, April 23. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings of birds, acrobats, people playing games, and so on, by Manfred Schwartz; through May 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Accessions, 1953-61;

through May 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Byron, Keats, and Shelley," an exhibition of manuscripts, letters, first editions, and related materials; through Saturday, April 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"The Clintons of New York," a collection of late-eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century furnishings, portraits, letters, silver, glass, and china, all belonging to Governor DeWitt Clinton's family; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Mosaics of Ravenna," an exhibit including designs by Afro, Chagall, Campigli, and other European painters; through May 14. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Masks, sculptures, and other ceremonial carvings from the Papuan Gulf area of New Guinea; through May 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"A Nation Divided: 1861-62," a documentation of the first years of the Civil War as seen in paintings, photographs, prints, uniforms, weapons, and other Civil War mementos. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Abstract paintings (1956-61) in oil and wax crayon by Henry Botkin, and sculptures and drawings done in the past thirty years by Rhys Caparn; through April 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"The Theatre Collects American Art," an exhibition presented by the Friends of the Whitney Museum and consisting of paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Lyonel Feininger, Hans Hofmann, and Alexander Calder) owned by Lillian Hellman, Henry Fonda, Richard Rodgers, and other people connected with the theatre, motion pictures, radio, and television; through May 16. . . . ¶ A single room-filling sculpture by Herbert Ferber, designed to be walked into; through Sunday, April 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Hunter College Opera Asssociation—The first New York performances of Jan Meyerowitz's "Esther," with a libretto by Langston Hughes. Staged by Rose Landver and conducted by William Tarrasch. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday, April 27-28, at 8:15. For tickets, call BU 8-7211, Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Contemporary Baroque Ensemble—Daniel Antoun conducting, with Johana Harris, piano. The final concert of the season. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, April 28, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2831.)

Collegiate Chorale—Mark Orton directing, with Vera Zorina, narrator; Mallory Walker, tenor; and an orchestra. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 21, at 8:30.)

Bowdoin College Glee Club—Frederic Tillotson directing. A benefit for the Frederic E. T. Tillotson Scholarship Fund. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 22, at 8:30.)

Renaissance Chorus of New York—Harold Brown directing. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, April 23, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Nadia Reisenberg and William Kroll—Piano and violin, with a string quartet. A benefit for the Mannes College of Music Development Fund. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. RE 7-4476. Thursday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Ethel Barrymore Colt—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, April 21, at 5:45.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 21, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Joseph Wolman—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 22, at 5:30.)

Theodore Bikel—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 23, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Richard Cass—Piano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Monday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Mary Judd—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, April 28, at 5:45.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Alfred Heberer directing the Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra and several choruses, with Margaret Roggero, mezzo-soprano; Gerhard Pechner, bass-baritone; and Nicola Moscona, bass. A benefit for the Isabella Home for the Aged and four other charities. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 22, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, April 20, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, April 27, at 2; Friday, April 28, at 8; and Saturday, April 29, at 2.

Boxing—Paul Pender vs. Carmen Basilio, middleweights, 15 rounds. (Boston Garden, Boston. Saturday, April 22.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 29.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 29-30.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 22.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 22.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 29.)

Indoor Polo—The last two games of the season, plus a spot of Rugby. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Saturday, April 22, at 8.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 31. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 22; the Toboggan Handicap, Monday, April 24; and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 29.... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 3. The Laurel Handicap, Saturday, April 22.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Saturday, April 29, through Tuesday, May 30. (A train will leave Penn Station at 11 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, April 22, at 2.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 28-29.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, May 20.

FOR CHILDREN

Ballet—The American Ballet Theatre presenting a program primarily for children: "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," "The Nutcracker Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Saturday, April 29, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES: "Little Brave Sambo," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) . . . CAVKAP PRODUCTIONS: "The Frog Prince." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . LITTLE GOLDEN THEATRE: "Young Abe Lincoln." (Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. CI 6-8870. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 25-26, at 4:30; Thursday and Friday, April 27-28, at 4:30 and 7; and Saturday, April 29, at noon, 2, and 4.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "The Littlest Tailor." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "The Willie Tree." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "Snow White." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 22, at 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Our World and the Moon." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—"Abe Lincoln in Illinois," with Raymond Massey. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, April 22, at 2. Admission is free.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, April 21), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Prose Readings—Nadine Gordimer reading from her own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, April 24, at 8:30.)

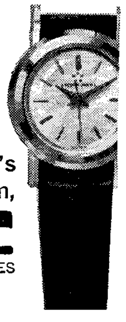
Flower Show—A display of daffodils and other spring flowers, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, April 26, from 12:30 to 4.)

New York Antiques Fair—Along with the usual furniture (chiefly American), there are garden ornaments, relics of several ancient civilizations, and Civil War memorabilia. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, April 20-21, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 22, from 1 to 6.)

Amateur Needlework of Today—Among the items on view will be handbags, tapestries, rugs, pictures, chair covers, screens, and religious vestments, in petitpoint, gros point, and crewelwork. For the benefit of the Friendship Fund of the Lighthouse, the New York Association for the Blind. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Tuesday, April 25, through Saturday, May 6. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesday, April 26, from 10 to noon; and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, April 21-22, at 1:45: Georgian furniture and silver; paintings and drawings; Chinese furniture, lamps, and porcelains; and Oriental rugs. From the collections of Roy Leventritt and the late Russell C. Leffingwell.... ¶ Wednesday, April 26, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso, and Braque; the property of Ira Hotchkiss and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 22.

Feliks Topolski



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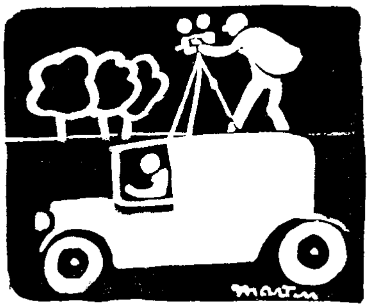
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Absent-Minded Professor—Fred MacMurray, as a bemused science teacher, is the leading actor in this wild farce in which gravity, in both senses of the word, takes a beating. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Ballad of a Soldier—This Soviet film tells the simplest of tales about a young soldier on leave from the front, but Grigori Chukhrai's direction and brilliant camera work, coupled with the lovely youthfulness of his two principals, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, supply a procession of remarkable and sometimes heartbreaking visual delights. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Ben-Hur—Large, expensive, and lengthy, this latest version of the old chariot-racing classic has Charlton Heston as its lead driver. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through April 23. Weekdays at 8 and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Breathless—The most glittering and memorable example of the French New Wave films follows the last few hours in the life of a cool, self-destructive Parisian car thief, and succeeds, by the style of its camera and the intelligence of its script, in conveying all the compelling modern delusions to which he is victim. Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this undoubted masterwork, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg distinguish themselves as the hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Days of Thrills and Laughter—A collection of excerpts from funny and/or scary movies that were made in the days when the wheelchair was rightly considered a comic prop and all the world was young. Charlie Chaplin, Harry Langdon, Snub Pollard, Ruth Roland, Harry Houdini, Edna Purviance, and Douglas Fairbanks are some of the old familiar or unfamiliar faces. The only voice is that of the producer, Robert Youngson, who acts as guide. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Don Quixote—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkasov, who gives a strong and touching performance in this doggedly faithful Soviet version of Cervantes' classic. He and director Grigory Kozintsev's astonishing color compositions save the tale from its own sentimentalities. Dubbed (and poorly dubbed) into English. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Elmer Gantry—Richard Brooks's interpretation of the Sinclair Lewis novel about revivalists, either crooked or crazy. Intermittently compelling, always sardonic, the film has Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons as its leading Gospel shouters, and has the further advantage of including Edward Andrews, Arthur Kennedy, Dean Jagger, and Shirley Jones in supporting roles. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through April 22. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through April 25.)

The Entertainer—A rendering, in savage blacks and grays, of life among the lower orders. Laurence Olivier, playing the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer, is at the very top of his bent and makes every moment of the squalor to which we're subjected seem worthwhile. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 20.)

Exodus—Time moves slowly in the Middle East, and Otto Preminger has made no attempt to hurry it along in his almost everlasting film about the founding of Israel. Occasional gunfire fails to interrupt the gabfest among Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb, and several dozen other chatterboxes. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Love Game—A trio of attractive young people in Paris are more or less living together but are not as happy as they should be, since the girl wishes to marry one of her young men, the young man refuses to go along with her plans, and the second young man is plainly doomed to remain a friend to both. Their plight isn't very desperate, and is constantly interrupted by rounds of joyous lovemaking. The director, Philippe de Broca, has produced a true comedy, full of invention and guaranteed to make you laugh out loud. French, of course. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 20.)

One Eyed Jacks—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose is to kill his former partner. As the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough and worthy antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the enemies. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry has adapted her own play about the effect of an insurance check for ten thousand dollars on a Negro matriarch and her family in a Chicago tenement. It has lost something on its way from the stage to the screen, but its spirit and vitality have survived the trip. Daniel Petrie is the director, and the cast, which includes Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil, and Ruby Dee, is substantially the same one that opened on Broadway. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—A young English factory worker fighting a private and high-spirited war for independence is the hero of this movie. As played by Albert Finney, he is appealing and, for the most part, believable, even though Mr. Finney's freedom as an actor is somewhat curtailed by rather heavy-handed direction. The script, by Alan Sillitoe, couldn't be better. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Shadows—An original exercise in improvisation by a group of hitherto unknown players, who do their ad-libbing, sometimes to great effect, in a scattering of places around this city. John Cassavetes's direction is also effective and self-effacing. Charles Mingus and Shafi Hadi are responsible for the beautiful jazz accompaniment. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; through April 24.)

Tunes of Glory—Bagpipes, kilts, and gallons of Scotch whiskey are the stage props behind one of the great performances of the year, in which Sir Alec Guinness brings all his brilliance and intelligence to the part of a Scottish regimental colonel battling for his selfish life. John Mills is his formidable but luckless adversary, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson are notable members of an entirely satisfactory cast. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Two-Way Stretch—A short, happy romp behind the pleasant walls of a progressive British prison. Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins are all perfectly smashing in this farce that pokes fun at penology and at the usual dreary run of crime movies. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through April 26.)

REVIVALS

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 25, tentative.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; starting April 26.)

The Green Man (1957)—Alastair Sim as a whimsical chap who is crazy about blowing people up. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 21-24.)

I'm All Right, Jack (1960)—An English film in which the dizzy operations of a missile plant, mismanaged by capitalists and slowed down by workers, are described. With Peter Sellers, Margaret Rutherford, and Ian Carmichael. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting April 26.)

The King and I (1956)—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; April 20.)

Kings Go Forth (1958)—Fighting and romance in southern France during the Second World War. Frank Sinatra, Tony Curtis, and Natalie Wood. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; April 22-25.)

The Lost Weekend (1945)—The prize-winning temperance lecture. Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, and Howard Da Silva. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 25. On Monday, April 24, only, the last showing will begin at 4:30.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting April 26, tentative.)

Private's Progress (1956)—An English comedy dealing with some military incompetents in the Second World War. Ian Carmichael, Richard Attenborough, and Dennis Price. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 21-24.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 25. On Monday, April 24, only, the last showing will begin at 2:30.)

Sous les Toits de Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; April 20.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1928)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting April 21.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 25, tentative.)

The Unforgiven (1960)—A John Huston melodrama that is set in the Texas Panhandle of a century ago. The leading actors are Burt Lancaster, Audrey Hepburn, and Lillian Gish. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; April 22-25.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting April 26, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through April 22: "His Bitter Pill" (1916), with Mack Swain; and "Wild and Woolly" (1917), with Douglas Fairbanks. The last program in a series called "The Western Film." . . . ¶ Starting April 23: "Great Actresses of the Past," a program made up of excerpts from various movies, including "La Dame aux Camélias" (1912), with Sarah Bernhardt, and "Vanity Fair" (1915), with Minnie Maddern Fiske. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240) "The Hoodlum Priest," Don Murray.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060) **ONE EYED JACKS.**

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431) "Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320) **A RAISIN IN THE SUN.**

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970) "La Dolce Vita" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Anita Ekberg. (Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600) **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408) Through April 24: **SHADOWS.** From April 25: "Follow a Star," Norman Wisdom.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626) "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400) Through April 26 (tentative): "All Hands on Deck," Pat Boone, Barbara Eden.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633) April 20: **THE KING AND I**, revival. From April 21: "Mein Kampf," a Swedish documentary on the rise and fall of Hitler's Reich, with an English narration.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070) Through April 23: **BEN-HUR.** April 24-25: Theatre closed. From April 26: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711) **EXODUS.**

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) Through April 25 (tentative): **TIGER BAY**, revival. From April 26 (tentative): **WILD STRAWBERRIES**, revival; and **THE MAGICIAN**, revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277) Through April 25: "Portrait of a Mobster," Vic Morrow; and "A Fever in the Blood," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Angie Dickinson. From April 26: "Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand; and "Ferry to Hong Kong," Curt Jurgens.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660) Through April 25 (tentative): "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler; and "The Adulteress" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone. From April 26 (tentative): "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "The Anatomy of Love" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652) **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434) **A RAISIN IN THE SUN.**

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) Through April 25: "The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick. From April 26: "Two Women" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577) Through April 22: **ELMER GANTRY**; and "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine. April 23-25: "Portrait of a Mobster," Vic Morrow; and "A Fever in the Blood," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Angie Dickinson. From April 26: "Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand; and "Ferry to Hong Kong," Curt Jurgens.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030) **BREATHLESS** (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663) **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.**

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) "L'Avventura" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) **DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER.**

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304) Through April 26 (tentative): "101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900) Through April 25: "Portrait of a Mobster," Vic Morrow; and "A Fever in the Blood," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Angie Dickinson. From April 26: "Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand; and "Ferry to Hong Kong," Curt Jurgens.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607) Through April 25: **ELMER GANTRY**; and "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine. From April 26: "Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor; and "Terror of the Tongs," Geoffrey Toone.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210) April 20: **SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS** (in French), revival; and "Love in the City" (in Italian). From April 21: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent), a Russian film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038) Through April 22: "The Flute and the Arrow," a Swedish documentary on India, with an English narration; and "Dreams" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck. April 23-25: "Cimarron," Glenn Ford, Maria Schell. From April 26: "The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers; and "Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874) Through April 25 (tentative): **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; and "Back Streets of Paris" (in French), revival, Françoise Rosay. From April 26 (tentative): "The Seven Deadly Sins" (in French and Italian), revival, Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) Through April 23 (tentative): "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom. From April 24: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166) Through April 25: **ELMER GANTRY**; and "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine. From April 26: "Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor; and "Terror of the Tongs," Geoffrey Toone.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350) Through April 25: "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler. From April 26: "The World of Apu" (in Bengali); and "Eugene Onegin" (in Russian), revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) Through April 26: **TWO-WAY STRETCH.**

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590) **DON QUIXOTE.**

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454) **TUNES OF GLORY.**

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134) "Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190) Through April 21: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey. April 22-25: **THE UNFORGIVEN**, revival; and **KINGS GO FORTH**, revival. From April 26: "Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor; and "Terror of the Tongs," Geoffrey Toone.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189) Through April 25: **THE LOST WEEKEND**, revival; and **ROMAN HOLIDAY**, revival. (On Monday, April 24, the last showing will begin at 2:30. At 7 and 9:30, there will be showings of "Queen Kelly," revival, with Gloria Swanson.) From April 26: "The World of Apu" (in Bengali).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600) Through April 26: "They Were Ten" (in Hebrew), Oded Teomi.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370) April 20: **THE ENTERTAINER**; and **THE LOVE GAME** (in French). April 21-24: **PRIVATE'S PROGRESS**, revival; and **THE GREEN MAN**, revival. From April 25: "The Third Sex" (in German), revival, Paula Wessely, Paul Dahlke; and "The Eighth Day of the Week" (in German), Sonja Ziemann.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530) Through April 23: "Portrait of a Mobster," Vic Morrow; and "A Fever in the Blood," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Angie Dickinson. April 24-25: "The Teacher and the Miracle," Aldo Fabrizi. From April 26: "Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand; and "Ferry to Hong Kong," Curt Jurgens.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200) Through April 25: "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler. From April 26: **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK**, revival; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128) Through April 21: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey. April 22-25: **THE UNFORGIVEN**, revival; and **KINGS GO FORTH**, revival. From April 26: "Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor; and "Terror of the Tongs," Geoffrey Toone.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210) Through April 25: "Portrait of a Mobster," Vic Morrow; and "A Fever in the Blood," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Angie Dickinson. From April 26: "Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand; and "Ferry to Hong Kong," Curt Jurgens.

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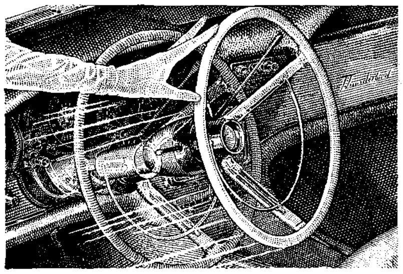

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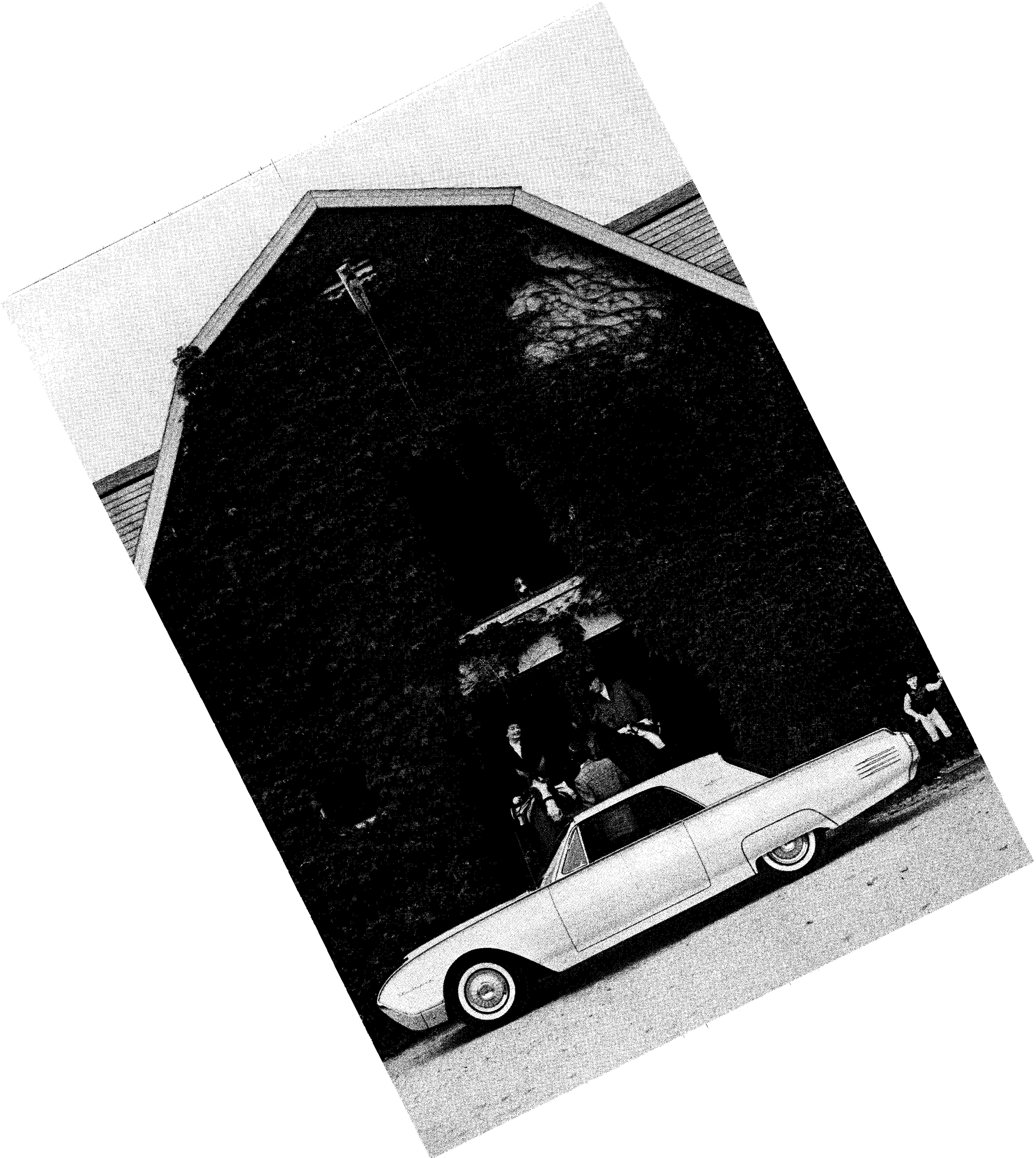

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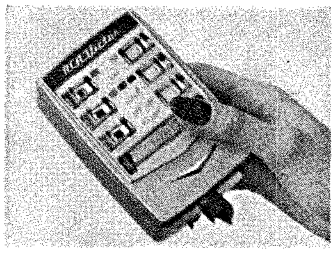

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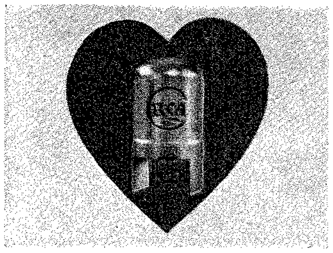

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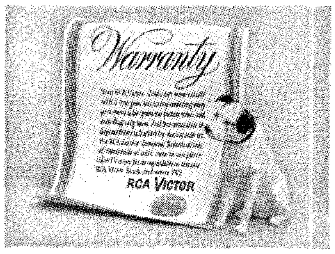

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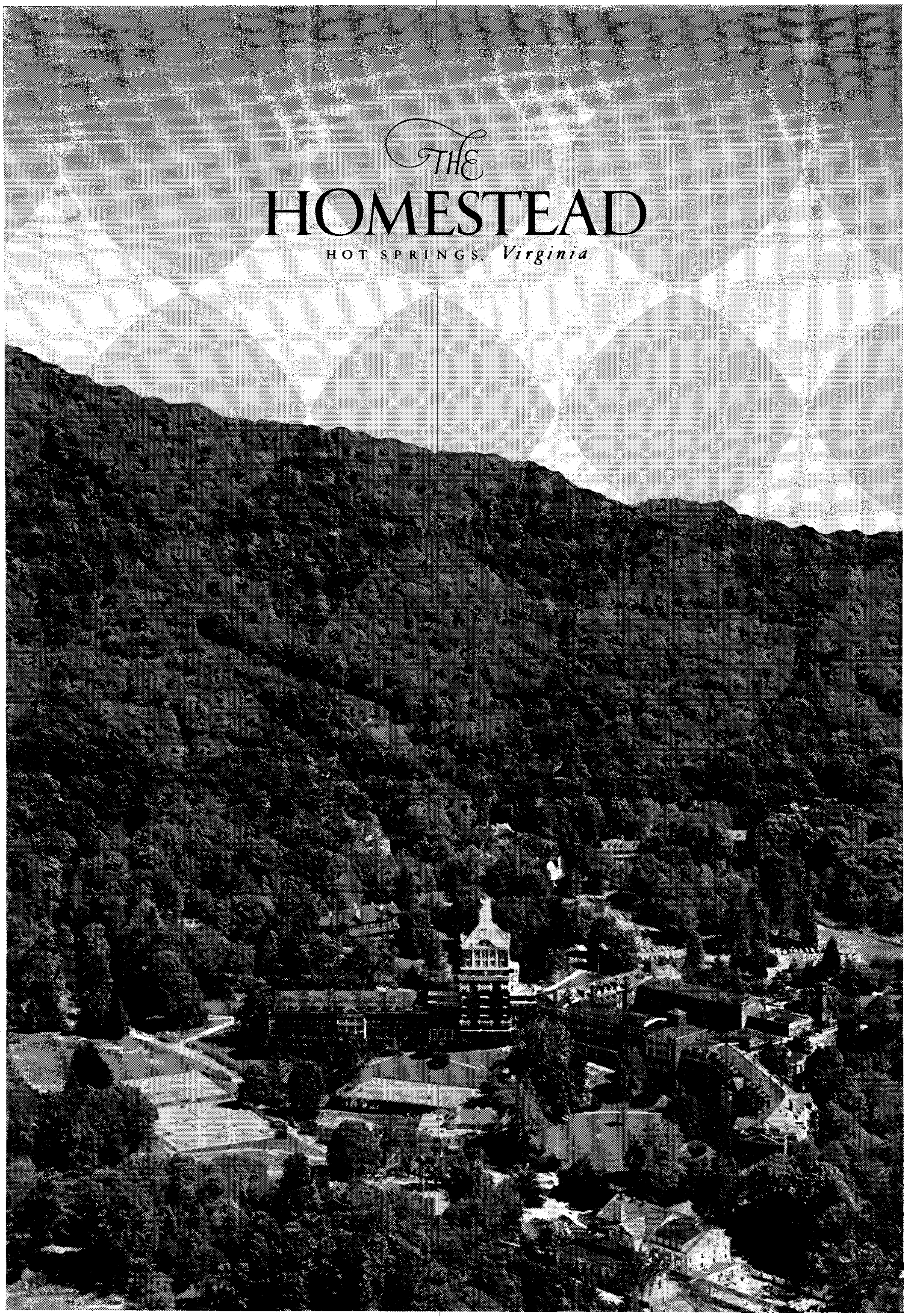
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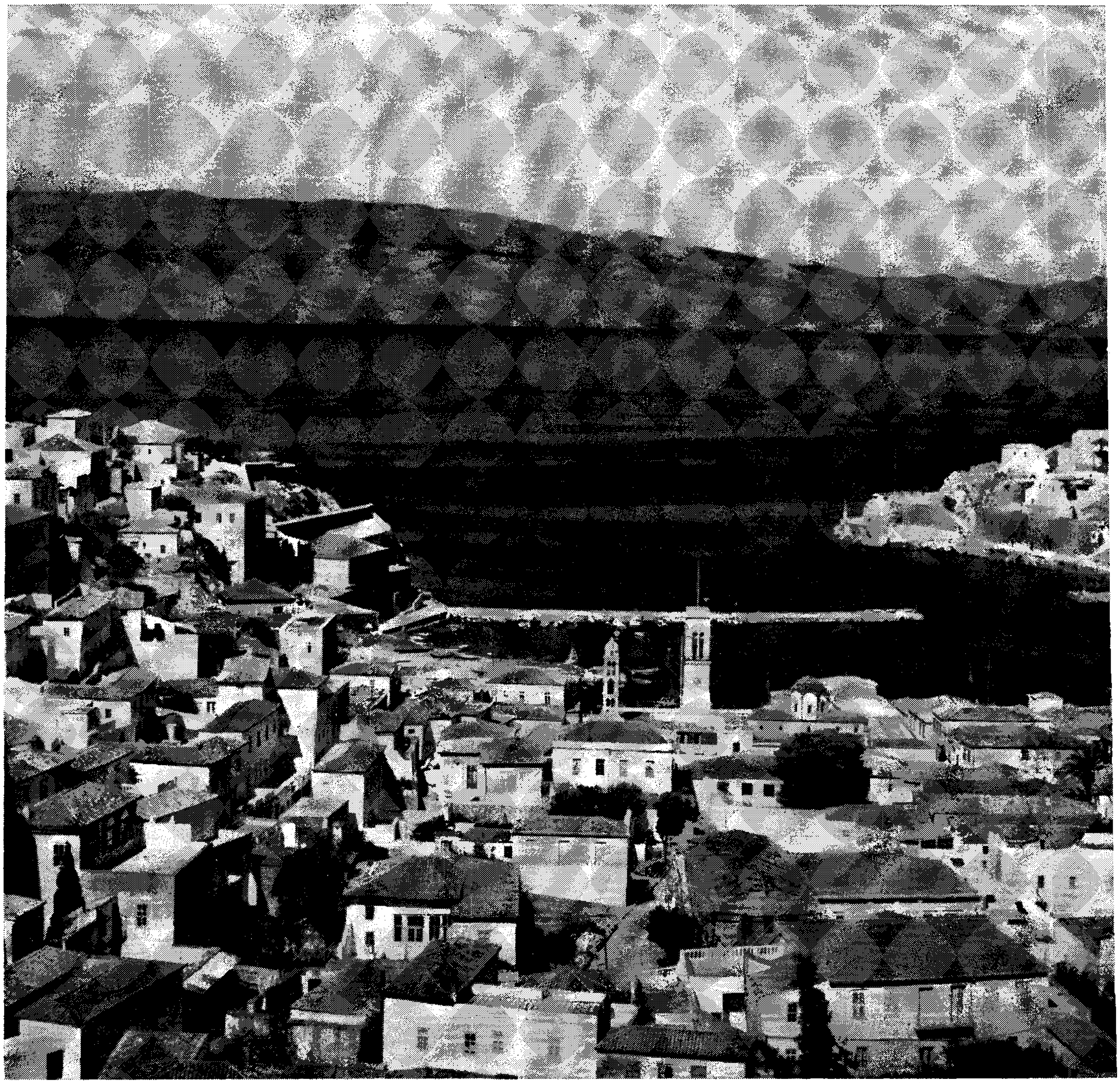

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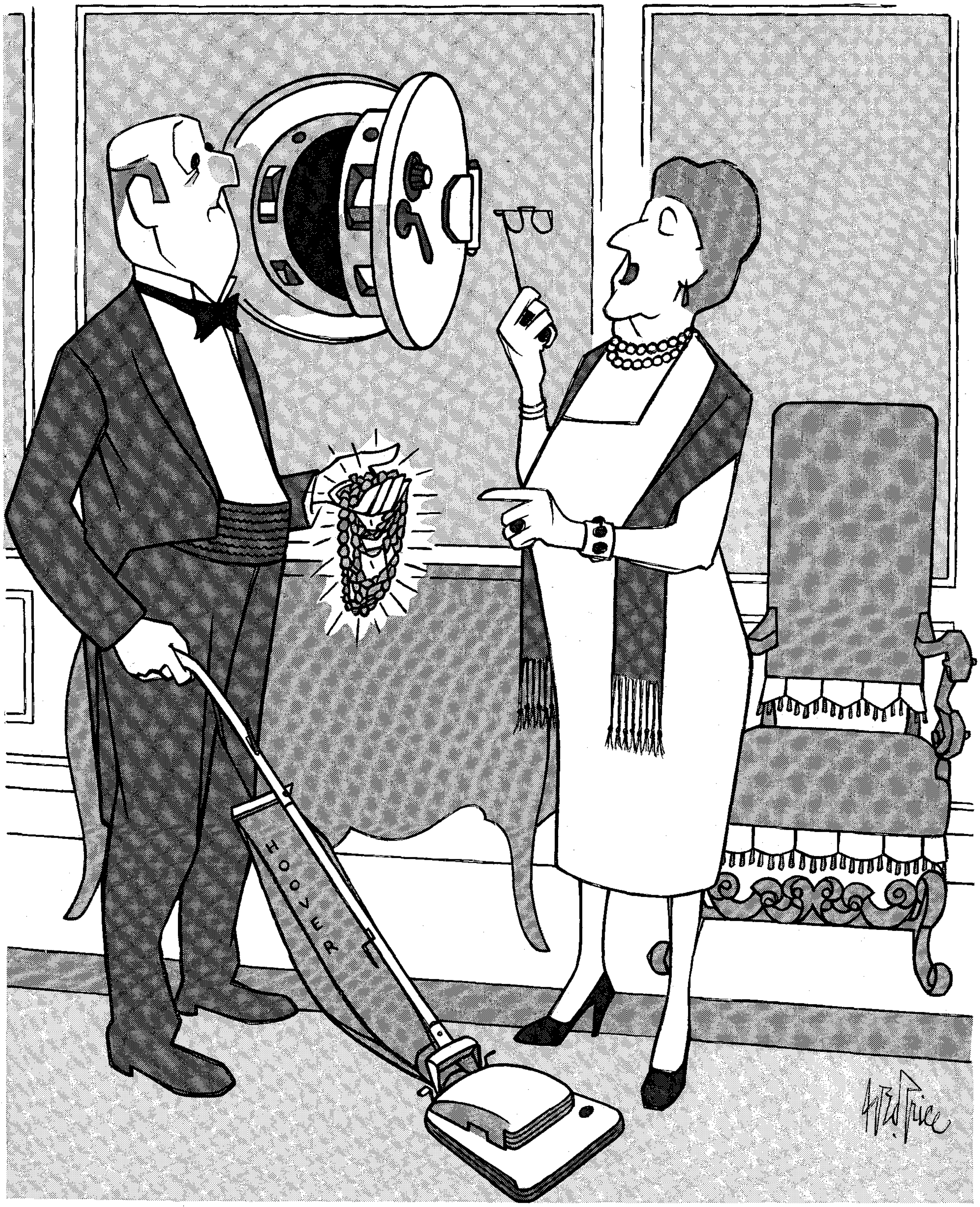
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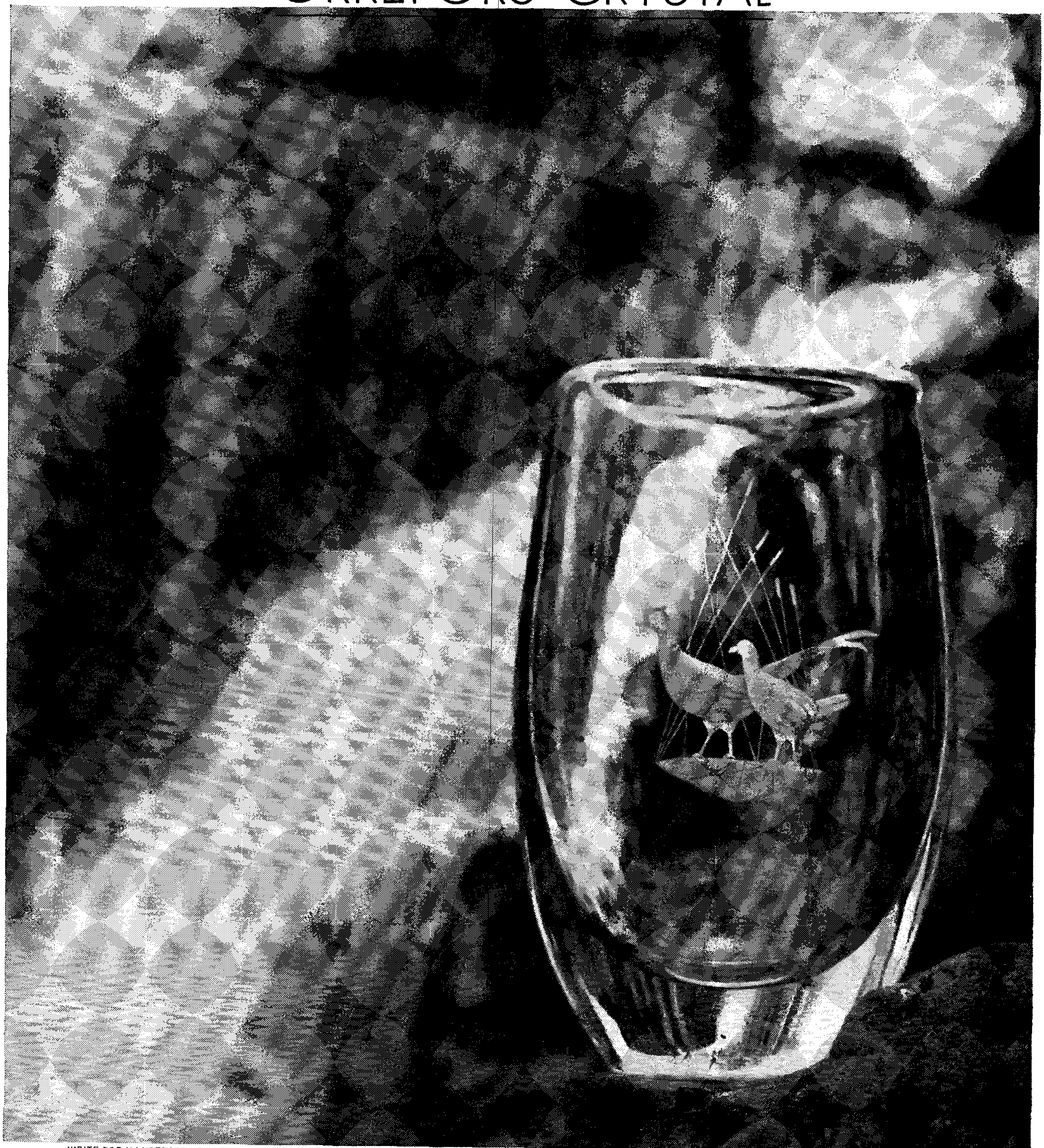

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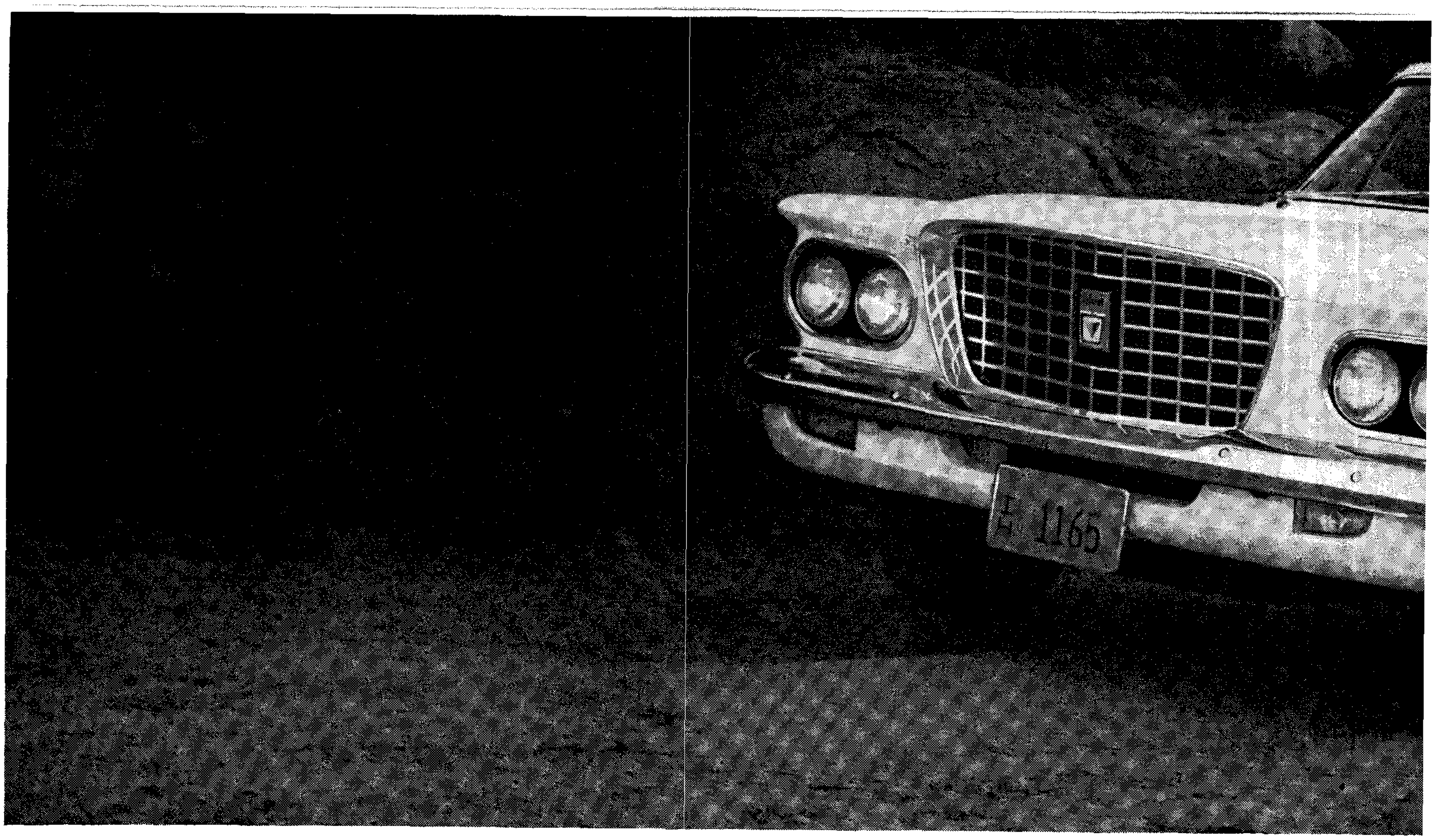

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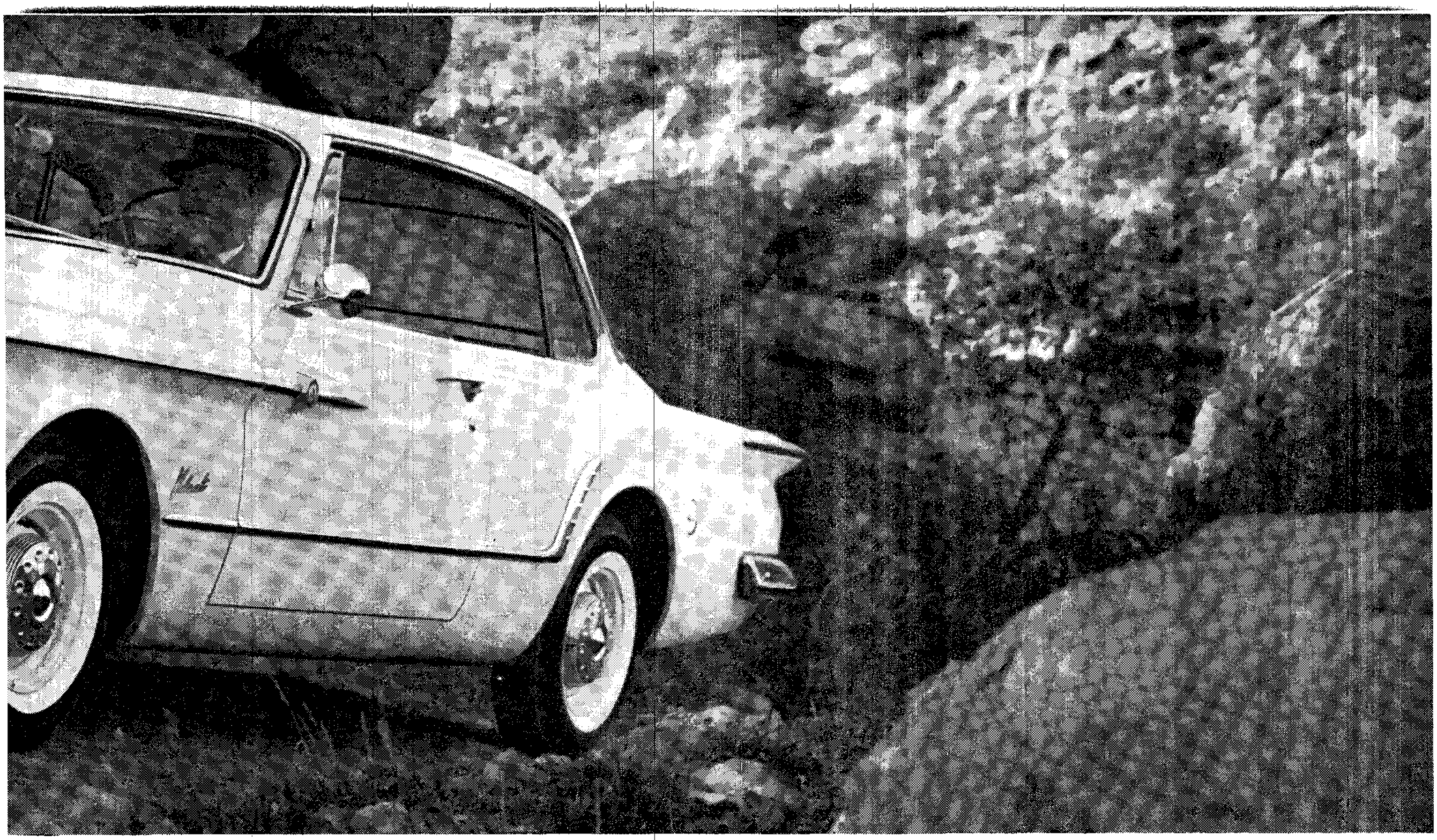

Valiant *(V-200 two door hardtop)*—You'll ride quiet on the roughest roads in the King of the Compacts built the tight Unibody way.

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Let a drive bring out the difference great engineering makes.

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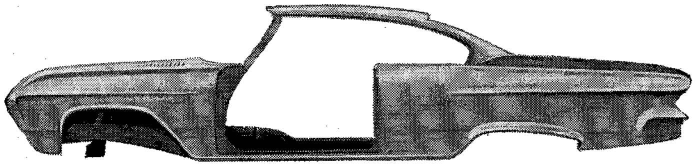
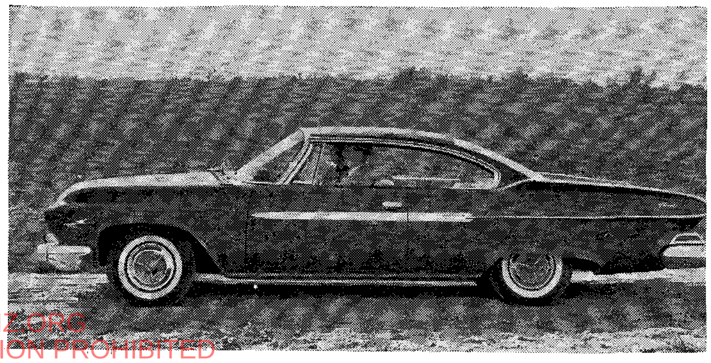


Unibody Construction surrounds you with silence . . . and extra space—All-welded Unibody ends the major cause of squeaks and rattles by eliminating joints that might loosen and get noisy. Also saves inches of bulk that then become added room inside.

Dodge Dart *(Phoenix 2 door hardtop)*—Solid Unibody Construction gives you added room inside, yet model for model this car is priced with Ford and Chevrolet.



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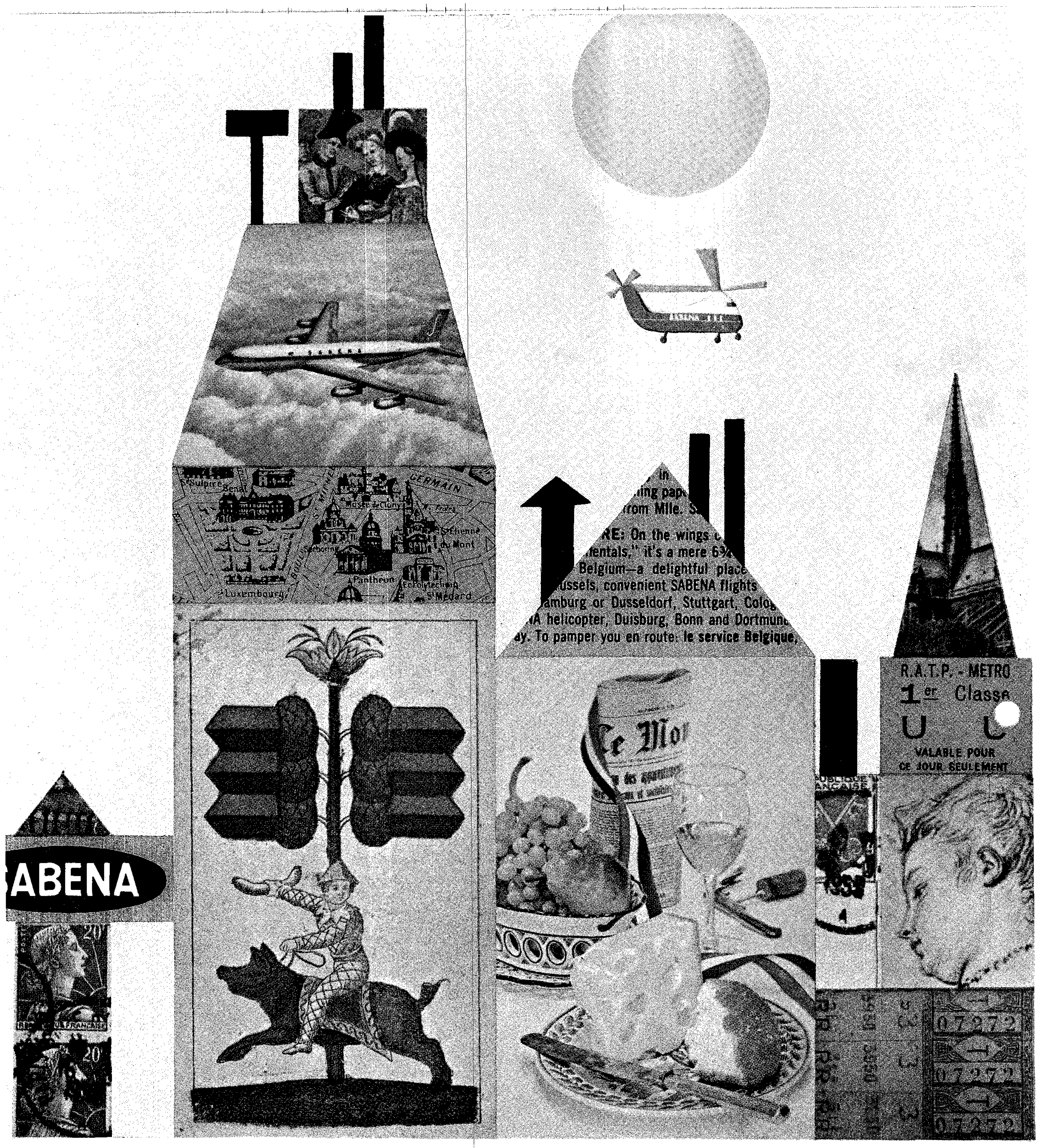
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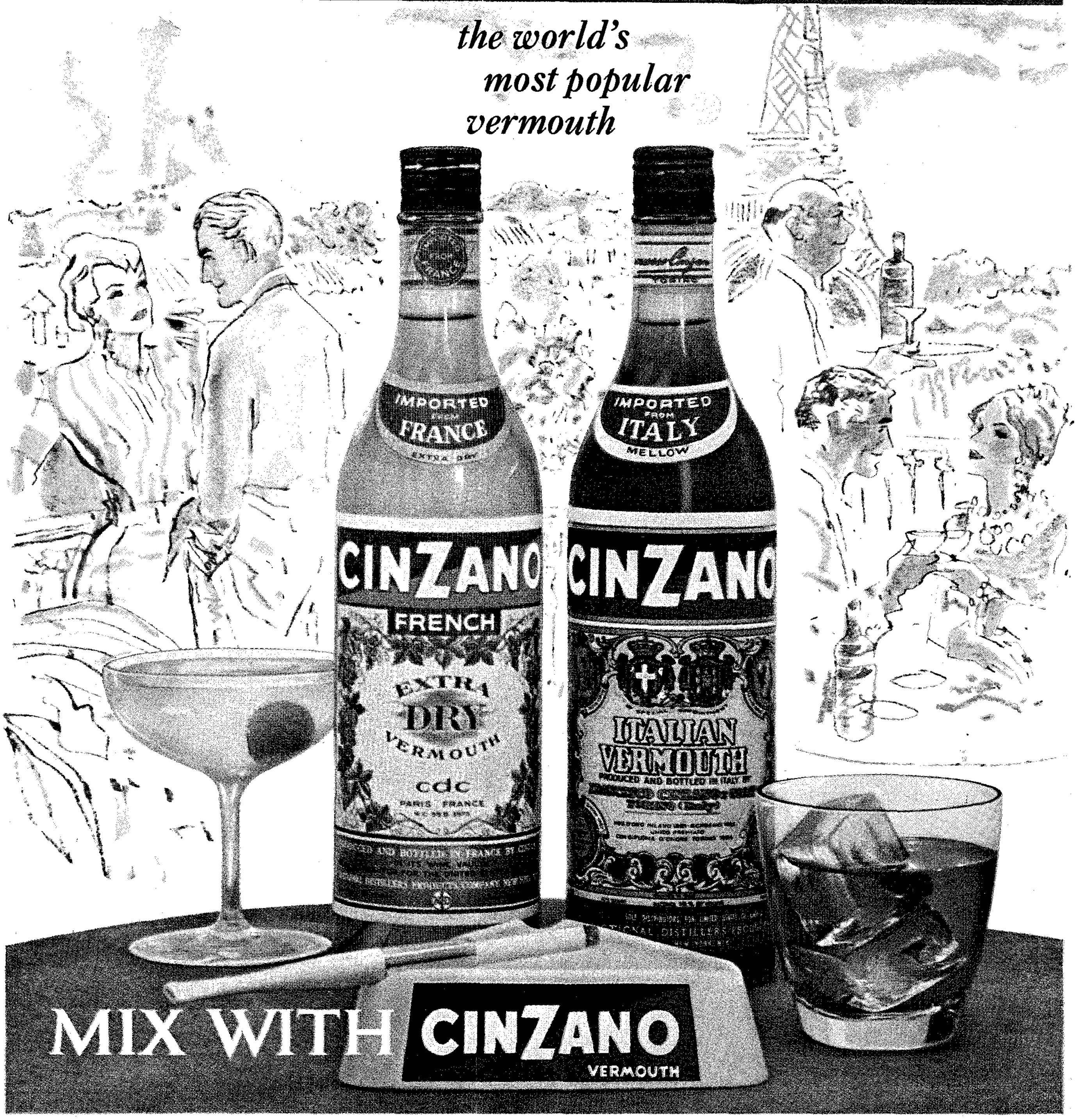
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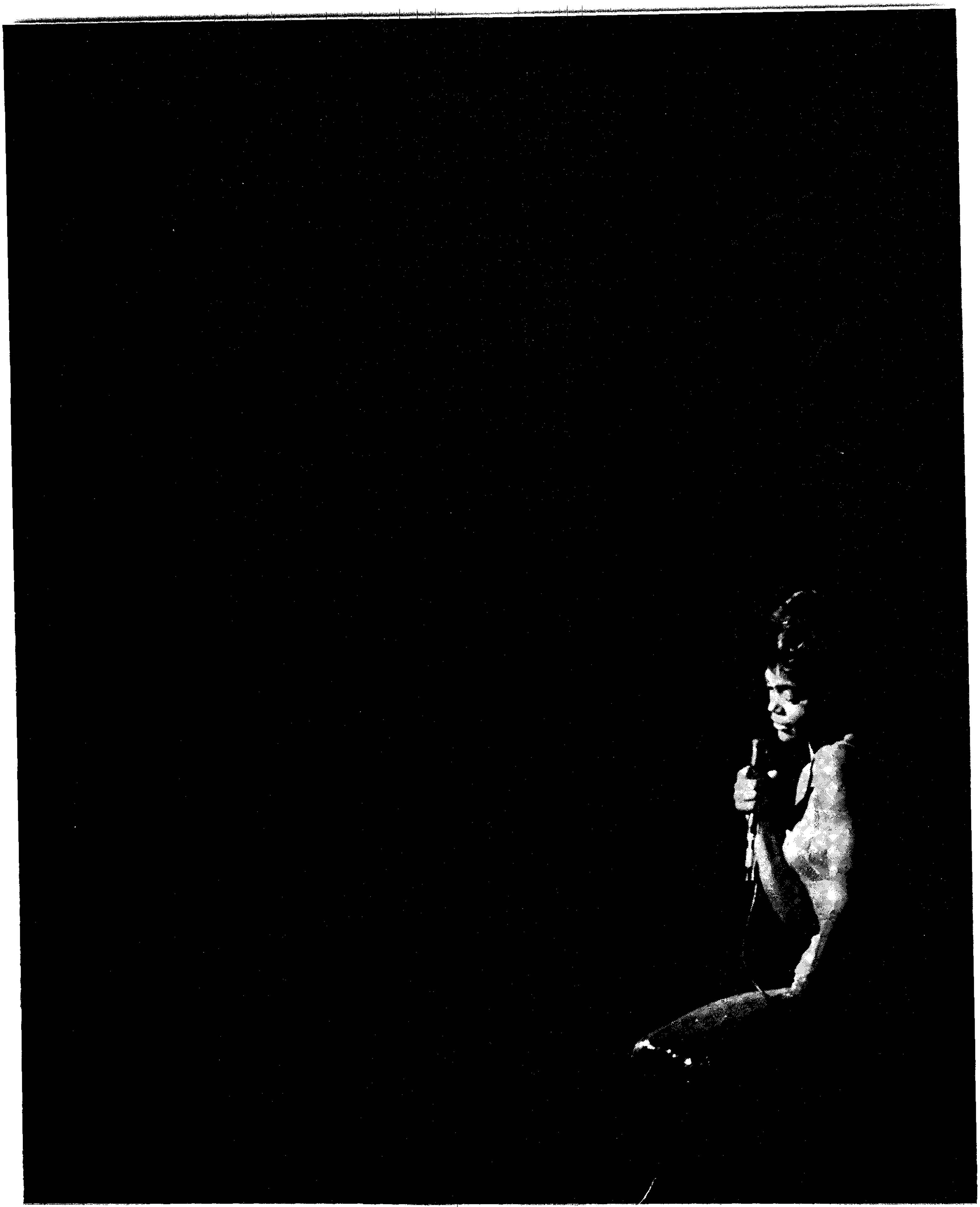

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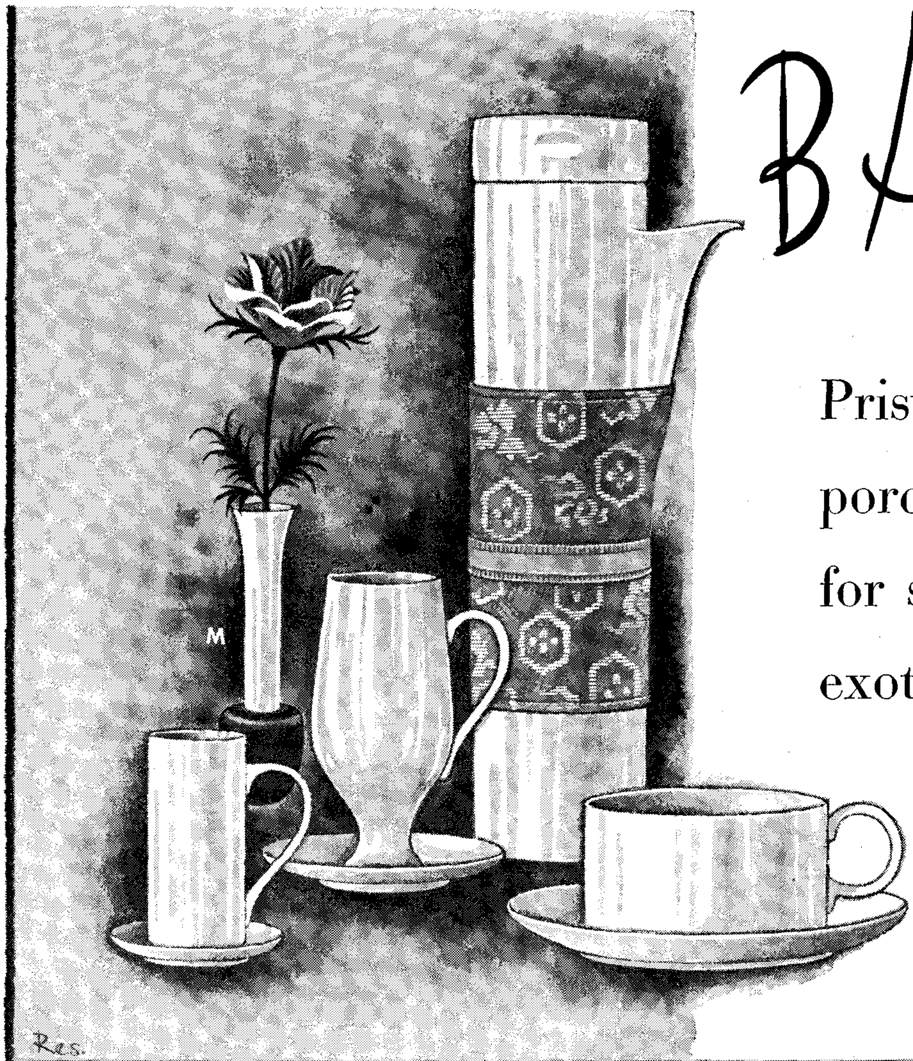

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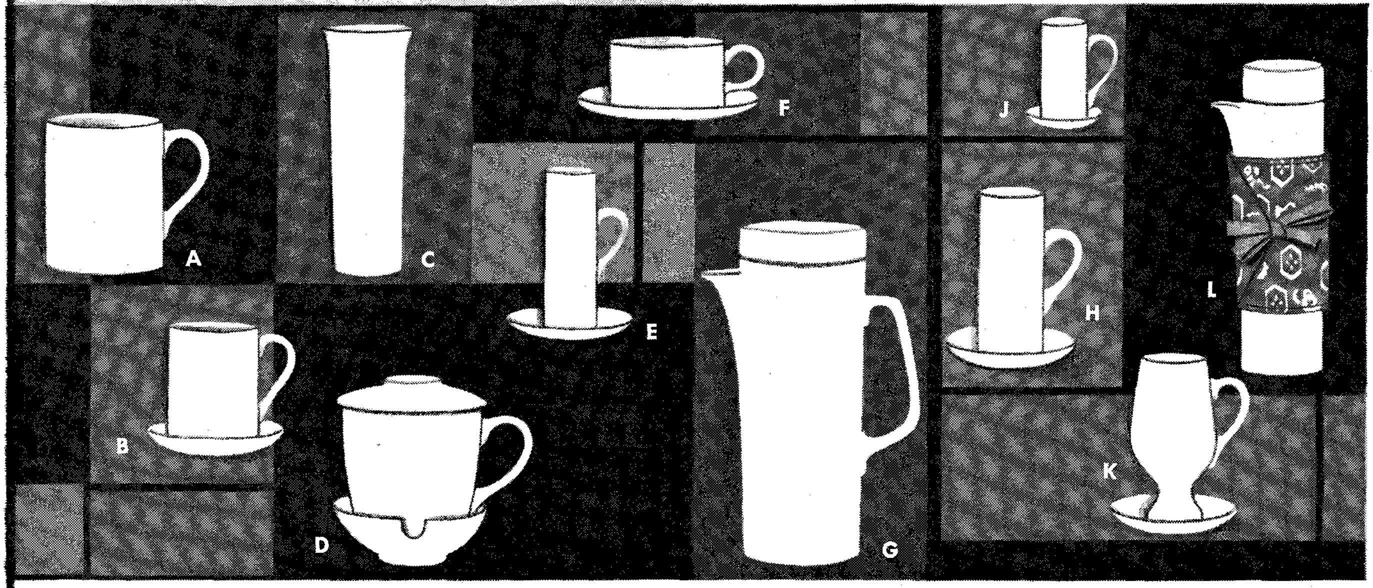

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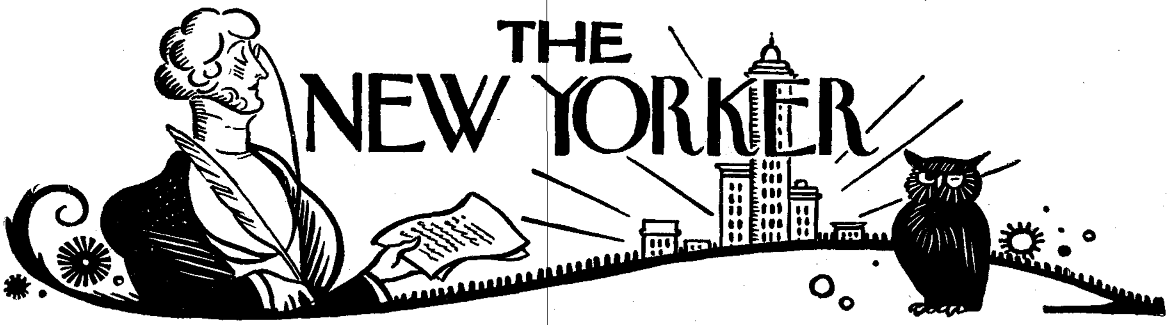


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

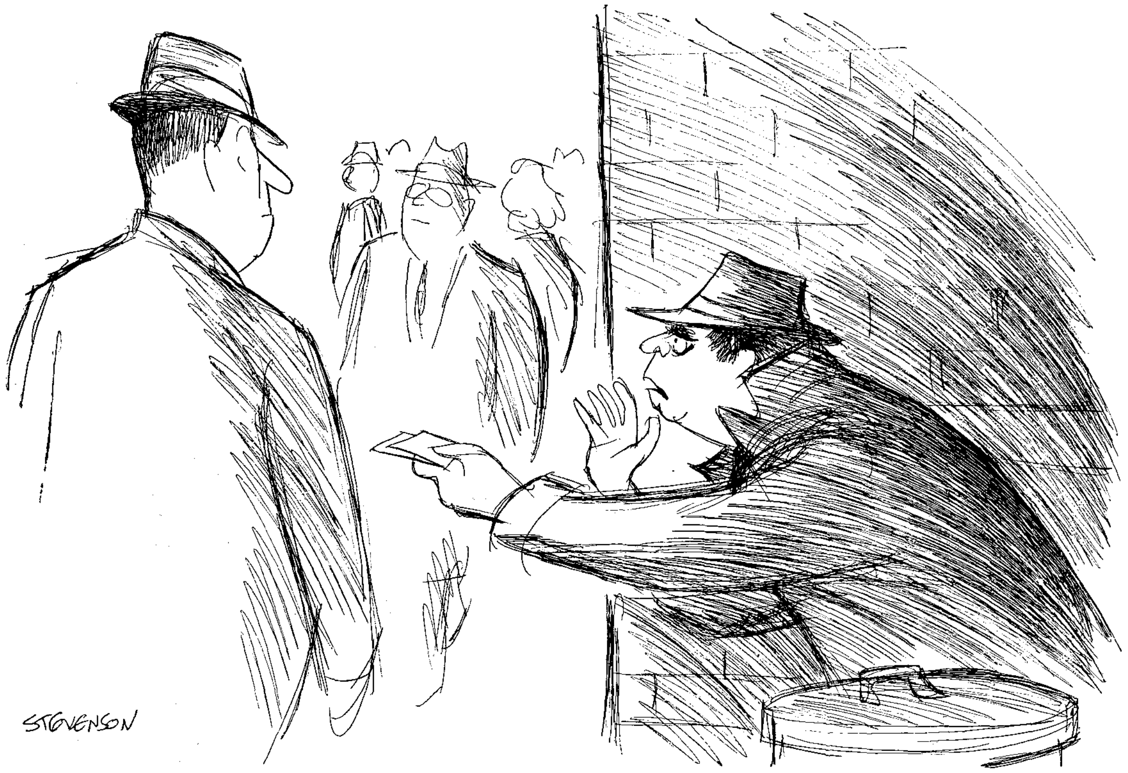
FOR the first time since astrology lost its hold on thought, there is good reason to scan the sky for portents. The mind hesitates, dismayed by the prospect of human quarrels' finding their way, rocket-borne, into the distant reaches of the cosmos. The imagination shies from truly pondering the consequences—political, military, scientific, and just horrible—of man's first wobbling step away from his old global home. And yet we were unreasonably heartened by the Russian astronaut's account of his strange voyage. Floating weightless in his capsule, Major Yuri A. Gagarin found it possible to eat and drink and sing. He saw the stars in daylight, and nevertheless was pleased to discover that he could distinguish plowed fields from meadowland. By his own account, he experienced joy. And—thanks, doubtless, to the triviality of our mind—we draw a measure of encouragement from the news that the first human being to whirl in a precarious equilibrium between the warm curve of the earth and the cold imbecility of space should have the courage, or the perversity, to be a very happy man.

THE nation's railroads, as they go about their major business of dying out, might learn a helpful lesson in the way of deathbed gestures from the splendid example of humility and resignation recently set before them by the New York Central. We were informed of this gesture not by the modest railroad but by an observant lady who lives in Thornwood, a commuter stop on the Harlem division. Clipped to her letter was a handsome four-color advertisement from *Life* showing a brand-new Buick outside the Thornwood station. The letter itself described the process by which this elegant vision was brought into being.

First, a team of workers hired by the advertising agency arrived and briskly dabbed a coat of paint on those portions of the station that were to appear in the photograph, acting on the assumption, evidently, that the customary scruffy appearance of the place would not harmonize with the sales message ("The Clean Look of Action"). Other members of the advertising team poured loads of smooth white pebbles onto the muddy parking lot flanking the structure. Still others contemptuously restored to the office of the ticket agent, which had become newly visible once the windows were cleaned, such items as a lamp and a clock, mementos of railroading that had vanished long since, with the vanishing agent. A special train, whose shiny like our correspondent had never seen at rest beside the Thornwood station, drew up and disgorged a load of simulated commuters, while a beautiful blonde at the wheel of the Buick smiled with particular intensity at one beaming gentleman ("Waiting for Someone Important") and the camera clicked away. All this speaks eloquently of the Central's lack of pride, but the stroke of humility that really captured our admiration was the fact that whenever a regularly scheduled train threatened to disrupt the shooting, the once imperious railroad took its special train all the way to a siding south of Pleasantville, waited with saintly patience until the track was clear, and then resumed its efforts to help sell automobiles, the bringers of death to railroads.

Keeper of Woodwork

ALAS for the coleopterological conditioning of childhood! Upon receipt of a notice, the other day, from Mr. Edward Munves, president of the New York Antique and Art Dealers Association, to the effect that the Association was bringing over from London Mr. H. D. Molesworth, Keeper of Woodwork for the Victoria and Albert Museum, to give a couple of lectures at the Metropolitan Museum, the first thing to come to our mind was the woodwork of our grandmother's camp in the Adirondacks, infested as it was with the deathwatch beetle, or *Xestobium rufovillosum*, whose popular name stems from the clicking sounds its head and jaws make as it bores its way through walls—sounds that have given rise, according to "Living Insects of the World," by Alexander B. Klots and Elsie B. Klots, "to many superstitions, the chief one being that someone's days are numbered and the moments are being counted off by the ticks emanating from the wood." A talk with Mr. Molesworth set us straight; his lectures are on "The Decorative Impulse: The Back-



"Psst! Be a real American! Join the John Birch Society!"

• •

ground to English 18th-Century Furniture and Decoration," and the woodwork of the V. & A. runs not only to walls and panels and conventional furniture (from the stately homes of Horace Walpole, the Dukes of Northumberland, et al.) but to such items as fifteenth-century Florentine oratories, jesters' staffs, gesso shields and caskets, spinets, violas da gamba, medieval chessboards, barometers, and a limewood cravat, once Walpole's, and carved so cunningly by Grinling Gibbons that the master of Strawberry Hill, donning it for parties, was wont to fool guests into thinking it was genuine point lace.

"I'm here for six weeks," said Mr. Molesworth, a tall, skeptical-looking man of fifty-four. "It's my first visit. I'm under the auspices of the Antique Dealers the first three weeks and under the auspices of the State Department the last three. New York is absolutely fascinating. I'm fascinated by your highways. I suppose you're used to the Staten Island ferry, but I found it a memorable experience. The Frick Collection is quite phenomenal for its catholicity. And the Bliss Collection, in Washington—ethnographical stuff collected on aesthetic grounds! Your very rich boys did take an enormous personal interest in art, didn't they? Someone ought to raise a statue to Duveen."

Mr. M. said he had a feeling that all Americans thought they ought to work, whether they were rich or not. "There was no such attitude in England in my boyhood," he said. "My father did nothing; he just wandered about. *His* father married a lady who wrote children's books. My maternal grandfather, Sir Henry Delves Broughton, who lived to be ninety, was a grand eccentric; he would never travel on a train. Now doing nothing is getting to be disreputable in England, as it is here. People who do nothing have no companions to do things with—or nothing with."

Mr. Molesworth, whose given names are Hender Delves, began to buck the do-nothing trend when he joined the staff of the Victoria and Albert, soon after graduating from Oxford. He left in 1936 to spend two years as curator of the Institute of Jamaica, in Kingston. "We went there for my wife's health," he said. "We ran concerts and put on exhibits of indigenous Negro painting. The Institute has an excellent library of West Indian material." During the Second World War, he served first in the Ministry of Information and then, for three years, as press attaché to the British Legation in Addis Ababa. "I was always interested in medievalism, and now I was living in it," he said. "I returned to the Victoria and Albert as Keeper of Sculpture, and went into Woodwork in 1954. You could collect art on a modest budget until about five years ago, but now it's got out of hand. The Museum sent me to Paris with twenty-five pounds just before the war and I came back with two Léger drawings, a drawing by Lipchitz, and three others. There was a time when Giacometti was damn glad to see the sunny side of five pounds. I'm about to visit your principal museums all over the country; I'm just going to *look*. I've looked a little, already, along your Eastern seaboard; America is much more alive to the educational thing than we are. We're good at *conserving*, but we're just beginning to get around to getting things out."

Later on, recalling the Keeper's cryptic reference to his paternal grandfather, we consulted *Burke's Peerage*, where, under "Molesworth," we got lost in a forest of viscounts.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Our Washington operative informs us that the *Congressional Record* is still being delivered to ex-Senator Kennedy's ex-home in Georgetown.

Readers

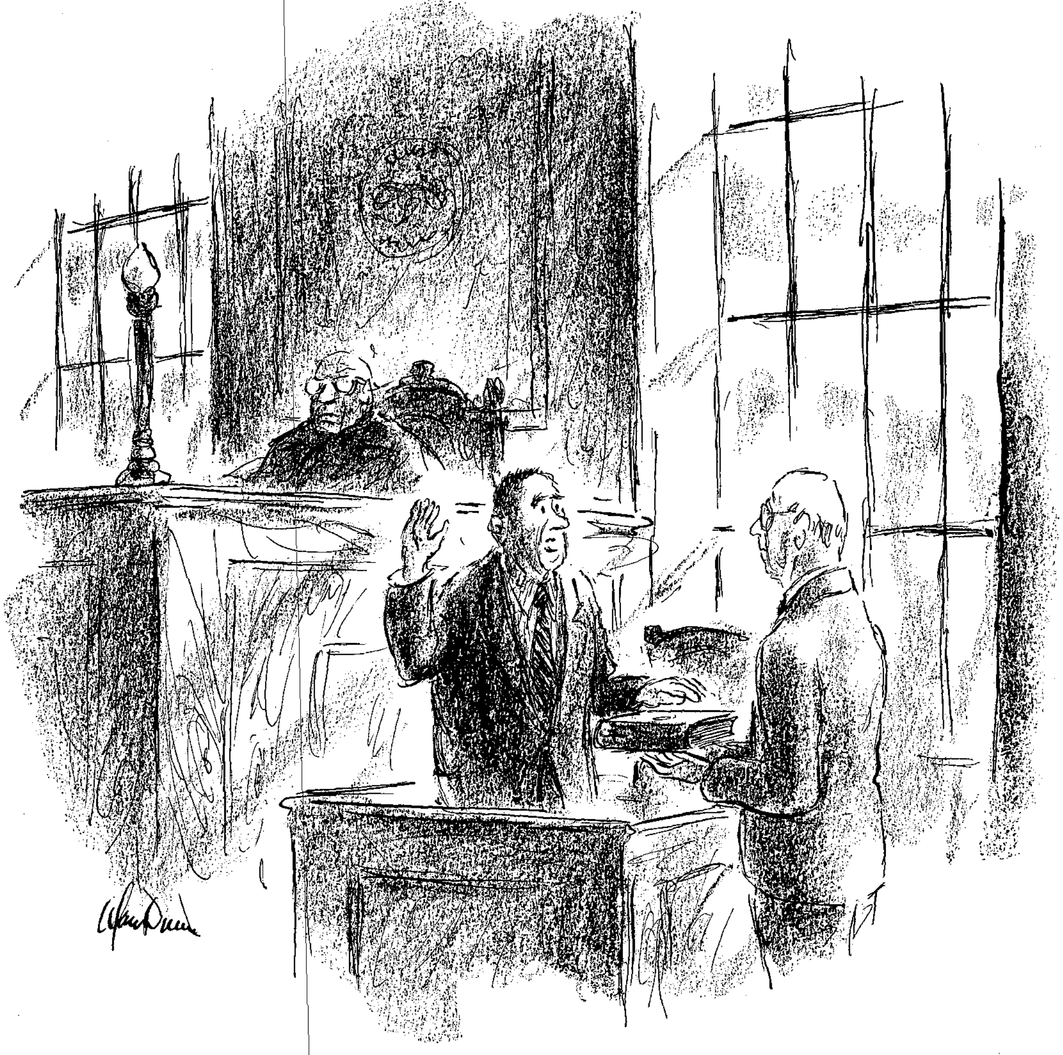
HERE'S a remarkable enterprise—Franklin Publications, of which we bet you've never heard, but which, from offices at 432 Park Avenue South, has overseen the publication of some nineteen million books in the past eight years. If you wonder why, despite that impressive figure, Franklin Publications remains comparatively unknown, the explanation may be that the books are published in Arabic, Persian, Urdu, Bengali, and Indonesian; moreover, about four-fifths of them are textbooks commissioned by the Iranian Ministry of Education and written by Iranians for Iranians, while the remaining four million are translations of nine hundred-odd extremely diverse American works, ranging from novels like "Ethan Frome" to volumes of popular science like "The Universe and Dr. Einstein." In short, a rum show, not calculated to become quickly famous, and, as if to guarantee obscurity, it is presided over by men who believe that the less it toots its own horn, the more noise it will make in the proper quarters. Blessed and financially aided both by our government and by the Ford and other foundations, Franklin Publications is a private nonprofit organization dedicated to the spread of the written word throughout a cultural and geographical crescent that can be roughly indicated by the location of its overseas offices—in Cairo, Beirut, Baghdad, Teheran, Tabriz, Lahore, Dacca, Kuala Lumpur, and Djakarta. It's headed by Datus C. Smith, Jr., Princeton '29 and former director of the Princeton University Press, and among the members of its board of trustees are the presidents of the Viking Press, Pantheon Books, McGraw-Hill, Scribners, the Yale University Press, and the Harvard University Press.

Upon visiting Mr. Smith, we learned that Franklin doesn't publish anything on its own but eagerly prompts others to publish—in particular, to publish American books. "You can't force the rest of the world to read American authors, but you can help make them available to foreign markets," Mr. Smith said. "In the course of doing so, you give practical advice and try to stimulate the local book trade. Our offices abroad are staffed entirely by local citizens. Working with local publishers and educators, they find out what sorts of books are needed, then arrange for us to send samples. Once a foreign publisher decides to bring out a certain American book, we secure translation rights, and our local office abroad provides the translation and art work. The foreign publisher takes it from there, on a free-enterprise basis. We don't want to subsidize anyone. That would only spoil things. A publisher might bring out certain American books in order to get the subsidy, even though he knew that nobody in his country wanted to read them."

Mr. Smith assured us that Franklin Publications isn't a mere instrument of propaganda in the Cold War. "There *is* a cultural vacuum in the countries we work with, and if good material isn't provided, bad will be drawn in," he said. "Still, that would be no excuse for using books as propaganda. We serve American interests best by serving local interests best. So far, our faith in this policy has been confirmed by the list of titles we've been asked to make arrangements for. Though we have a technical right of veto over books that are requested through this office, we've never exercised it. Maybe a dozen times we've argued against a book, though never on political grounds, and each time the local people have come to agree with us. For example, I think it would be a shame for a country that's getting its first look at American novels to start with one that's terribly far out. On the other hand, if one of our local offices requested an anti-American book, I'd be inclined to take a fairly broad view of the matter. Say somebody wanted to do 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I wouldn't object, provided there was an introduction to the novel that placed it in perspective. A few years ago, somebody published it in Arabic, cagily concealing the date and thus leading its readers to suppose that the scene was a contemporary one."

The book that has sold best is not, as it happens, a translation of an American book. It is an Iranian primer, designed to teach Iranians how to read their own language. It sold over three hundred thousand copies its first year, four hundred and fifty thousand its second year, and six hundred thousand its third year. The best-selling all-American work is a children's book, "The Golden Geography," which has sold about half a million copies. Another children's book, Robert Lawson's "Robbut," has sold a hundred and sixty-eight thousand copies. The leading adult book is Edward R. Murrow's "This I Believe," which has sold sixty-nine thousand copies. In American fiction, the popular titles are "Gone with the Wind," "Ethan Frome," "The Human Comedy," and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

There is a town in East Pakistan, Mr. Smith said, that boasts three automobiles and twelve bookshops. "Wouldn't it be fine if we had such a ratio here?" he asked. "As you'd expect, most of the books are sold in cities, but the publishers are getting out into the country, too. Our local managers used to be skeptical about selling in the sticks. Finally, our Teheran office arranged for a salesman to be sent to Azerbaijan Province, in



"This the new English version?"

Iran, with four thousand books, just to see what would happen. He sold them all in two days."

Applied Psychology

A FRIEND of ours recently gave his four-year-old a hobbyhorse, on wheels, for a birthday present, and then discovered that the lad was so happy in the saddle that it was difficult to get him to dismount, even for meals. Fearing that his heir would become bowlegged, the father asked *his* father, a horseplayer, what to do about the situation. "Teach him," said Grandpa, "that he has to cool the horse out by walking the beast for half an hour or so after every two-minute gallop." The message was conveyed to the infant Arcaro, and now he spends most of his time quietly leading the hobbyhorse in a circle around the playroom.

The Sound

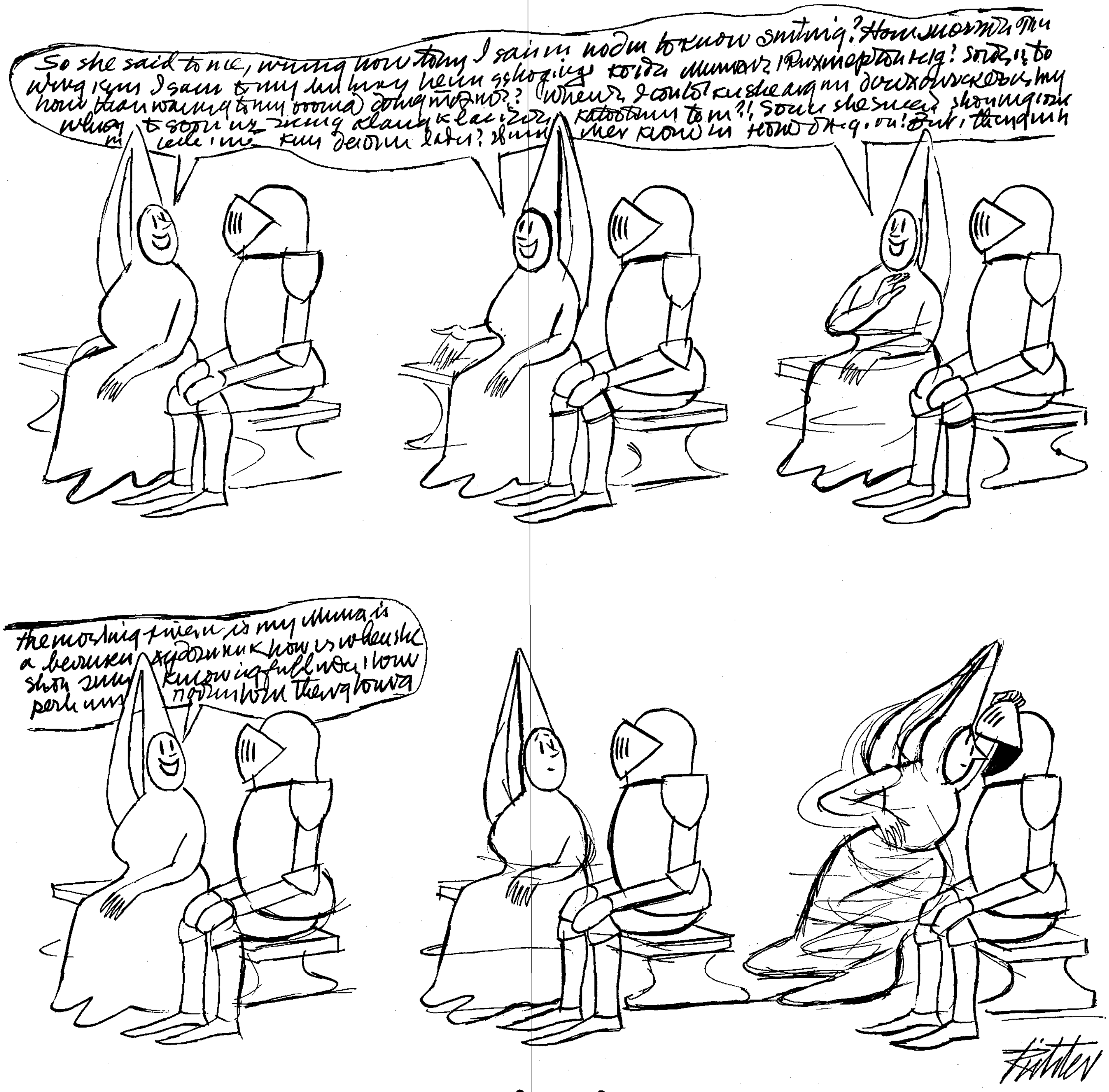
THE speedy way we're singing along these days, old Johnny Ray is being pushed as hard as old Frank Sinatra by a crowd of rock-'n'-rolling sprinters, of whom the Big Five popularly recognized by both former teen-agers and current ones (placed these days, in the music trade, between the ages of nine and thirteen) are Fabian, Frankie Avalon, Paul Anka, Bobby Darin, and Elvis Presley, who still holds forth as Emperor. The present teen King, Bobby Rydell, is just breaking out among the adults, but close on his heels are a pack of ambitious singing, dancing, acting, record-selling babies called Bobby Vee, Chubby Checker, Jimmy Clanton, Buzz Clifford, Ben E. King, Gene Pitney, Neil Sedaka, Connie Francis (the present Queen), Annette (a nineteen-year-old would-be Queen), Brenda Lee (sixteen-year-old up-and-coming Queen), and Dion. It was Dion whom—at the invitation of his manager, Sal Bonafede—we went to meet last week, in a mirrored rehearsal hall, on Sixth Avenue, called Dance Players Studios, for Dion, twenty years old and a graduate, after five years, of a rock-'n'-roll singing group known as Dion and the Belmonts, was there embarking on a program previously set by the pacemaking five and the reigning King; namely, to invade the adult (otherwise known as the Vegas-Miami-Copacabana) territory of his elders while bringing along behind him, and holding, every one of his teen-age fans. Dion, who intends to go on using only his first name unless he can come up with a satisfactory replacement of his second name, which is DiMucci, was qualified as a member of the pack pushing the young Kings and the elder statesmen by a hit record of his called "Lonely Teenager," which came out last year, as well as by a more recent album, "Alone with Dion." On the strength of his earnings, he has just purchased an eight-room house in White Plains for his parents and two teen-age sisters, to replace the Bronx brownstone apartment in which he grew up; an elegant gray-and-black Thunderbird hardtop; dental capping for two front teeth; an abstract painting by a Detroit artist named Lee Forrest; a gold wristwatch for Sal Bonafede; a large number of gifts for pals from his old neighborhood in the Bronx; three tuxedos, ten pairs of slacks, and seven custom-tailored suits combining what Dion calls an Ivy League and a Continental look; several pairs of custom-made Italian shoes, with elastic on the sides; and, for ten thousand dollars, the services of a team of experts to help him work up a night-club act with which he can invade the green fields of adultdom.

On hand to greet us when we turned up for the launching was Bonafede, a husky, sad-eyed, gentle twenty-eight-year-old former basketball player, who is sharing living quarters with Dion on East Fifty-second Street during the rehearsal period. He looked proud and fatherly as he pointed to his young charge standing at an upright at the far end of the room and working things over with the team of experts: Lou Spencer, a former dancer turned choreographer and night-club-act creator; Noel Sherman, song and special-material writer; and Joe Zito, song arranger and conductor. Dion was singing, in what we were informed was up-tempo, a Zito arrangement of the standard number "By Myself," and he kept trying one line over and over, with all the concentration of a nuclear physicist dedicated to solving a crucial problem. He sounded rather fetching—pleading, melodic, fervent, burning to be King. A wary young man with a delicate face, an uneven complexion, and twice as much hair as President Kennedy, he was wearing Italian shoes, pin-stripe blue trousers, and a moss-green sweater—double-breasted, with silver buttons—and he snapped his fingers in time with the singing.

Bonafede smiled at the sight and sound of Dion. "This is real growth for him," he said. "I love growth. I'm not negating rock 'n' roll, but we're aiming for other areas now. This boy has a chance of becoming a real balladeer. I wouldn't take films for him right now. We're not motivated by money. This boy is not hungry. He's a kid who's not grabbing right away. This kid isn't going to be mishandled or overplayed. This kid isn't going to be taken. Among other things, he has tremendous dramatic content. He takes drama lessons. He's serious about the stage. He's growing. He's a contender."

The music stopped, and there was an explosion from Spencer—a volatile man in shirtsleeves, with a bald spot on the top of his head and a long, thin cigar in his mouth—about some notes Dion was singing. Dion glanced at his manager, but Bonafede stayed put. "I'm not perturbed," Bonafede told us. "Lou knows his business. Lou played night clubs for thirty years. He was a fantastic hoofer. He knows how to reach people. Noel Sherman has written some marvellous special material for Dion. He is a terrifically talented composer. If I had a prognostication to make, I would say that Noel Sherman will write a big hit soon. His aspiration is to write a Broadway show. He's an educated man—Phi Beta Kappa. Lou gets right to the point, the way he assists this boy. We don't have too much time. One more week of rehearsing the act, then a week in Washington, D.C., trying out the act at the Casino Royal. After that, eleven days at the Three Rivers Inn, in Syracuse, and then a week at Sciolla's, in Philadelphia. Then we open in New York for a three-week run at Silverman's International, on Broadway."

There was another explosion around the piano. Bonafede remained unperturbed. "Dion is a deep prober," he said. "He always wants to know *why*. He has this knack of knowing what's good for himself, what's right for himself as an artist. An artist needs to have that egotistical way." Bonafede edged closer to the piano. "Living with Dion in the same apartment, the way I do, I try to help him like a father," he said. "Sometimes he gets me so upset I descend to his level. This girl I go out with says to me, 'Sal, you have to stay on your *own* level.' It's hard when I see some of these kids from his old neighborhood hanging around the apartment


So she said to me,

with him. They don't work. They take money from him, like leeches. And he feels he can't turn them down, because he's gone out and made it." He sighed. "I found out long ago you can't help people by trying to tell them things."

Bonafede stopped talking and nodded as Spencer pulled Dion a few feet away from the piano. "You're straining for that note. You're straining," Spencer was saying to the young singer. "If you're gonna have any fun with this act, it's got to be relaxed. You can't expect the audience to have any fun if *you're* not having fun. All right, you're on the floor singing. They see you twisting your neck to hit that note, they know you're not having fun. That one little note, that one thing, it's not so great we can't do without it. Besides, it's like hitting them with the big gun right away. We gotta save it for where you're going."

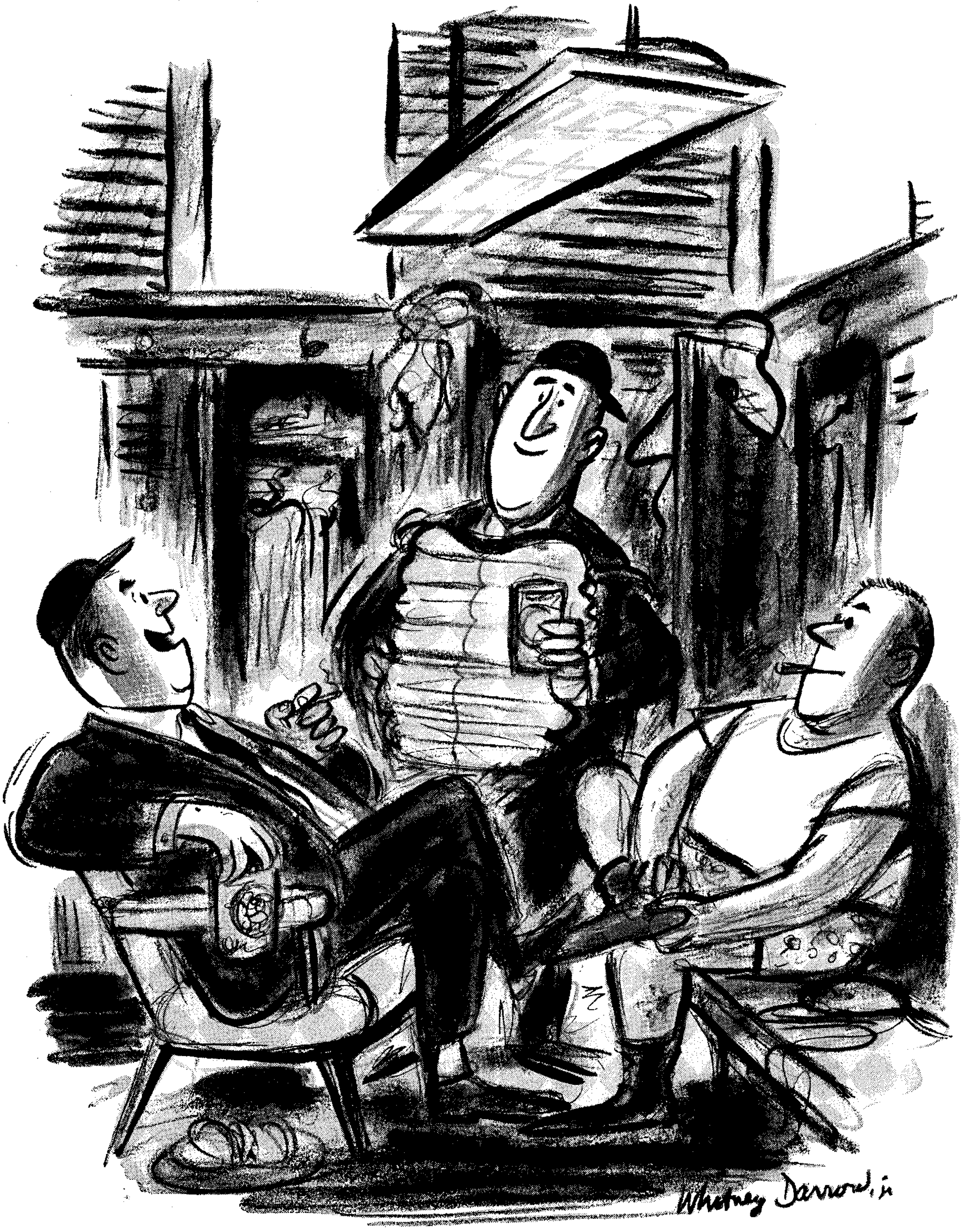
"Where *am* I going?" Dion asked angrily. The atmosphere was a little tense.

"You're going for forty minutes of entertainment, and you're going over the top," Spencer said. "Dion is gonna reach both teen-agers and grownups. That's what you're going for. Right?"

"Right," Sherman, a tall, studious, well-mannered young man, said quietly behind him.

"If Noel says I'm right, then I'm right," Spencer said, laughing, and everybody began to laugh. "Do it again, and I'll show you exactly what I'm talking about."

At the piano, Zito started playing "By Myself" again, and Spencer, humming the tune and snapping his fingers, moved in front of Dion in a slow, cool, jazzy shuffle, demonstrating how he wanted Dion to move. "You're a singer, and a singer is supposed to move with the beat," he said, moving with the beat and raising his voice above the music. "First thing we want the audience to see is a nice-looking, clean-looking young guy. Next, we want them to hear Dion singing in a voice that's got the Dion sound. I want you to be you *within* you. The



"It was the greatest moment of my career—standing there with the boos of seventy-two thousand fans thundering down on me."

• •

way you just sang it, you're trying to reach the guy in the last row up there. Let the microphone do that for you. All you gotta worry about is to reach the guy in the *first* row. I want you to sing relaxed. I want it to be you. The Dion sound is a great sound. Why distort it?"

"But that's my opening number," Dion said. "It should be a smash. I should sing it out." He looked over at Bonafede, who kept mum.

"No! No!" Spencer said. "You keep all that in your head. *You* know it's your opening number. Think it. Feel it. But what you sing, sing in a quiet way, and it will get over. It's not the loudness that gets over. It's what's in your mind. It's what you feel."

"Impossible," Dion said.

"*Not* impossible," Spencer said. "Here's what's happening. The lights are out. Watch." Again Zito started playing the song, and Spencer moved forward singing, " 'I'm all by myself,' " the way he wanted the line to be phrased.

"Who's singing?" Dion asked, with a cranky smile.

"It's still Dion!" Spencer cried triumphantly. "Deep down in here"—he hit himself in the solar plexus—"it's still Dion. It's all in your mind. It's in your attitude. Let me tell you something. The way you were starting this thing, you've got nowhere to go."

"Times have changed," Sherman said quietly. "You have to start soft now."

"If you're onstage, and it comes out naturally, it's the right thing," Spencer said.

"The man knows," Zito said.

The crankiness faded from Dion's face and he looked interested. "But I'll keep *my* sound," he said.

Spencer smashed a closed fist against the open palm of his other hand. "Pow!" he said. "Like that! Dion! You're having a ball. Right there!"

Dion glanced at Bonafede, who gave him a smile and a paternal nod.

"I know you're gonna get bugged, and you're entitled to get bugged, but we're the guys you should always get bugged at, and I want you to remember that," Spencer said. "Yell at *us*. Don't take it out on your manager, or anybody else."

Bonafede looked pleased.

"In order to bring in a great act, we've got to pull you apart," Spencer told Dion. "That's the way we get Dion to be Dion."

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SIGN posted at the No. 2 Plant of the Standard Romper Company, of Providence, Rhode Island: "Please Don't Go Home on Your Coffee Break."

A WORK OF ART

PRIVATE charity still persists in England, though mostly it is practiced in the disorderly, hole-and-corner style recommended by Jesus. Mrs. Bernstein was so far in step with the welfare state that she used a paid administrator, but she did so for reasons of her own. If you have to go about in a wheelchair, she said, you can't see things for yourself. Moreover, a benefactress of immense weight carried by grunting porters up to attics or down to basements (and misery is seldom domiciled on ground-floor level) is bound to create remark and bring every cheat, thief, cadger, and social worker, not to mention hosts of other unfortunates, to settle like blowflies on the benefited one. So she availed herself of Miss MacTavish, whose muscular legs and unobtrusive bearing could get her in anywhere. Miss MacTavish had already got herself into a perfectly satisfactory life of her own. She was an artist, and illustrated children's books for a living. It was in the intervals of drawing little girls with turned-up noses offering apples to horses with classical profiles that she went about Mrs. Bernstein's business.

Every three months or so, Mrs. Bernstein would engage Miss MacTavish in strategic conversation to see if any professional do-goodery had lodged itself in her administrator's outlook. The results were reassuringly negative. The outlook remained that of the artist; no tendency to confuse making people a trifle better off with making people better clouded Miss MacTavish's appraising eye. It was above all betterment that Mrs. Bernstein wished to avoid. She had been heavily bettered in her youth and was of the opinion that it would be quite as nauseous to be bettered in maturity or in old age. She was even suspicious of bodily betterment, since the body is the envelope of the soul and not always reliably impermeable. Instead of carrying bundles of blankets and parcels of nourishing food, Miss MacTavish carried pound notes, which are easier both to convey and to conceal. But as one must not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn, she was free to give advice—provided that the advice was drawn from her own experience and that the money was given first.

"My Uncle Heinrich," said Mrs. Bernstein, "did it the other way up. And so I was always being trapped into performing a pound's worth of behavior and then getting two and sixpence. That's not fair dealing. And one must not do things for them. Even the rich don't trust even the experts who do things for them. For the poor it is impossible. It would crush all the spontaneity of their taking."

"I wonder that you are prepared to trust me," said Miss MacTavish.

"Well, yes. Perhaps you'll run off with it. So you wanted it. So that's all right."

Discovering Mrs. Bernstein was an enlarging experience, just as beginning to paint in oils had been, and Fiona MacTavish blessed the day when she had run up to steady the chair which was about to topple sideways into the Serpentine—an act that had led to a conversation about the Loch Ness monster, the best way of cooking carp, and the first of many invitations to lunch.

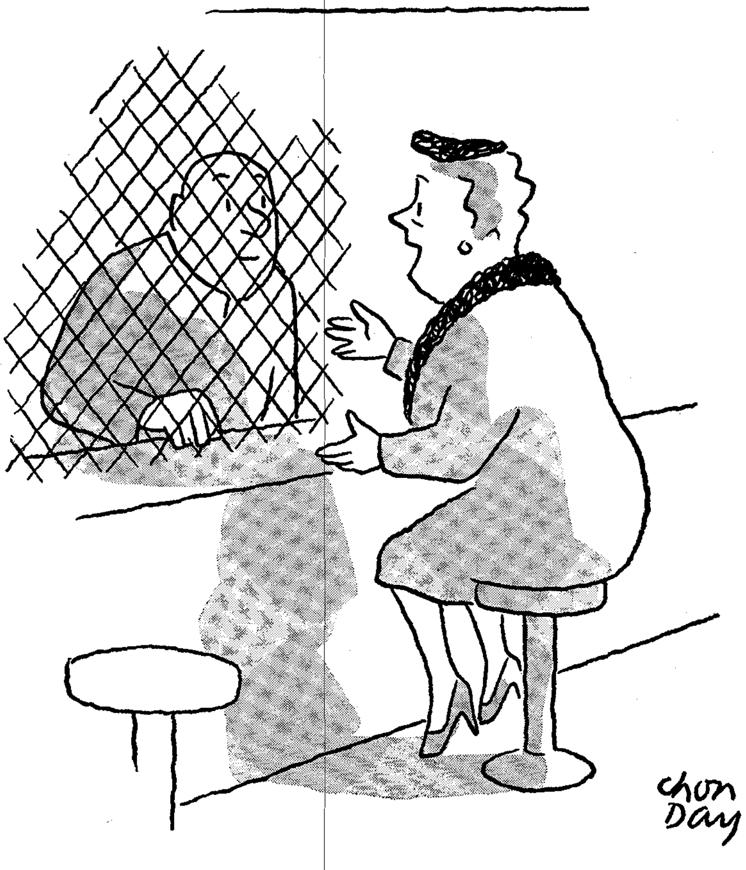
For several years she acted as Mrs. Bernstein's emissary without ever questioning the method laid down for her. This was not mere docility. It seemed to her that the method worked uncommonly well. She saw people looking pleased, and could quit them without any sense of having smudged their pleasure. She saw—which is perhaps rarer—people who regularly received money from her and who met her again without the least trace of fear or calculation. Naturally, she did not always see these wonders, but they occurred oftener than she could have expected. Now and then she gave advice, which was warmly reciprocated in valuable recommendations about health, canaries, geranium cuttings, cockroaches, and so on. And in the course of time she became increasingly attached to Mrs. Bernstein, who became increasingly fatter, uglier, richer, and more versed in the *affaire Port-Royal*—this last on the ground that it brought her closer to Mme. de Sévigné. It was Mr. Herzen who drove Miss MacTavish to question the absolute inadmissibility of doing things for those you give money to.

Mr. Herzen was solitary, sickly, hypochondriacal, sometimes charming, always shiftless, and never continuing in one stay. When traced to a new lodging, he would explain that he had not been able to pay the rent, or that he had merely forgotten to do so, with the result that he had been cruelly evicted. Quite often, this was not so at all. He had paid, he had gone—the landlady just couldn't account for it. Disappearing thus for months on end and when traced being sicklier, sadder, shabbier, and distinctly reproachful—since he insisted on thinking he had somehow displeased his kind friends and been cast off by them—Mr. Herzen drove Miss MacTavish to take a stand.

"I really cannot go on looking for Mr. Herzen any longer, Mrs. Bernstein."

"Still lost, poor man?"

"No, no. I've hunted



"So Marshal Dillon shot him, and that ended that. Then, the following week, there was this old sheepherder, who came into town . . ."

him down again. This time he's in Finsbury."

"*Mais qu'avez-vous de mourir si souvent?*" murmured Mrs. Bernstein.

"In the most frightful hole, with the most appalling landlady. And it seems to me that we—that you—will be compelled into doing something for him."

"I don't approve of doing."

"I know you don't. I don't like the idea of it myself. But there are times when there's nothing for it but desperate measures. Now, listen. This is what I suggest. . . ."

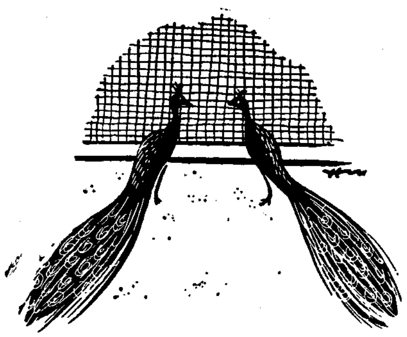
In the end, she got her way. A small furnished flat was found, with a pleasant landlady. It was redecorated, and to the landlady it was explained that Miss MacTavish was Mr. Herzen's person of business, and that he would pay his rent through her. By thus representing him as someone rich and strange, she hoped to pass off his obvious poverty, settled incompetence, and vagaries of temper. She thought she had done pretty well, but Mrs. Bernstein continued to assert that doing didn't do. So convinced was she of this that, though she still paid his rent and his allowance, she ceased to inquire about him—as though she knew by some private information that he was dead, but respected the privacy.

Presently it appeared that Mr. Herzen shared Mrs. Bernstein's rejection of the Deed. The pleasant landlady, now looking slightly hangdog, said one day, "You know, dear, you mustn't think I'm taking money under false colors. But that ten bob a week Mr. Herzen pays me over and above for cleaning his rooms and so on—well, I'm only too ready to do for him, but he won't hear of it. And how he manages about the dust and the smuts and the carpet sweepings I'm sure I do not know, for he hasn't brought down as much as a teacupful to the dustbin in the yard. And sometimes it really worries me, quite apart from the furniture, for it's as plain as a pikestaff that he's the kind of gentleman who needs doing for."

Miss MacTavish said that Mr. Herzen might be afraid of his papers being disarranged.

"Yes, ducks. I recollect you told me he was consecrated in his work and not to be disturbed. Though I don't know when he does it, really. He's always out. He's gone out now."

The next time she called, Mr. Herzen was out. And the next. Or perhaps it was she who was out—locked out. She had a most distinct impression that on the other side of the door someone was listening. Two could play at that game. Thrusting away all consideration of what Mrs. Bernstein would think of such behavior—besides, Mr. Herzen was already an exception—she dropped the envelope with the money in it through the letter slot, walked part way downstairs, continued to pat with her feet, and listened. She heard the envelope being torn open. She heard his cough, exasperated by suppression and now let out to do its worst. Knocking on the door, banging on it, and shouting, she at last overthrew the silence that lay behind it like a great mattress propped up to intercept bullets.



"Oh, dear! It's Miss MacTavish. I was asleep. Ah, it would be so. The first sleep I have had for days and days. Unlucky, eh?"

The envelope on the floor, the notes sticking out of his pocket, were the only clean things in the room. Dust lay thick on the furniture, cobwebs trailed from the ceiling and latticed the grimy window. Dirty and unshaven, he stood at bay in his den.

"Isn't it terrible? Isn't it terrible? And I have been so ill, I am still so ill, I cannot sleep because of my cough, and whatever I eat, it comes up again, I am poisoned through and through. And the woman downstairs, she does nothing for me, nothing! She puts milk for her cat and forgets me. Not that I have anything against the poor cat, you understand. If I were not so ill I would move, for it is killing me here. All this dust is so bad for my cough."

ACCLIMATIZATION

I entered at the top of my voice. I forget the song. Gradually
It came over me that they were deaf.
They gave me their praise and left me mute.

I proceeded among them
Like a tourist liner among coin-divers.
I flung them what I had with me. Only then
I saw that their smiles were made of gold, and their
Hands and their wives. They gave me
Their thanks and left me penniless.

It was my fault, I
Got hungry, they fed me. I gave them
My solemn word in payment. And all
The bells in the city rang in triumph
Like cash registers. They gave me their credit
And left me with little hope.
When I woke I discovered
That they had taken my feet leaving me the shoes.

(Oh priceless city, the buildings
Rising at dawn to grip the first light
Like bars, and the mornings shattered
With trees into all the shapes of heartbreak!)

I sit among them
Smiling, but they
Demand, they demand, they demand.
There is no putting them off.
Theirs is the empire, and beyond the empire
There is only ignorance, where I could not survive
Without feet.
To deceive them is to perish. What
Do I have that is my own? I offer my
Degradation as a blind beggar offers his palm.
And I am given
This glass eye to set in the place of tears.

—W. S. Merwin

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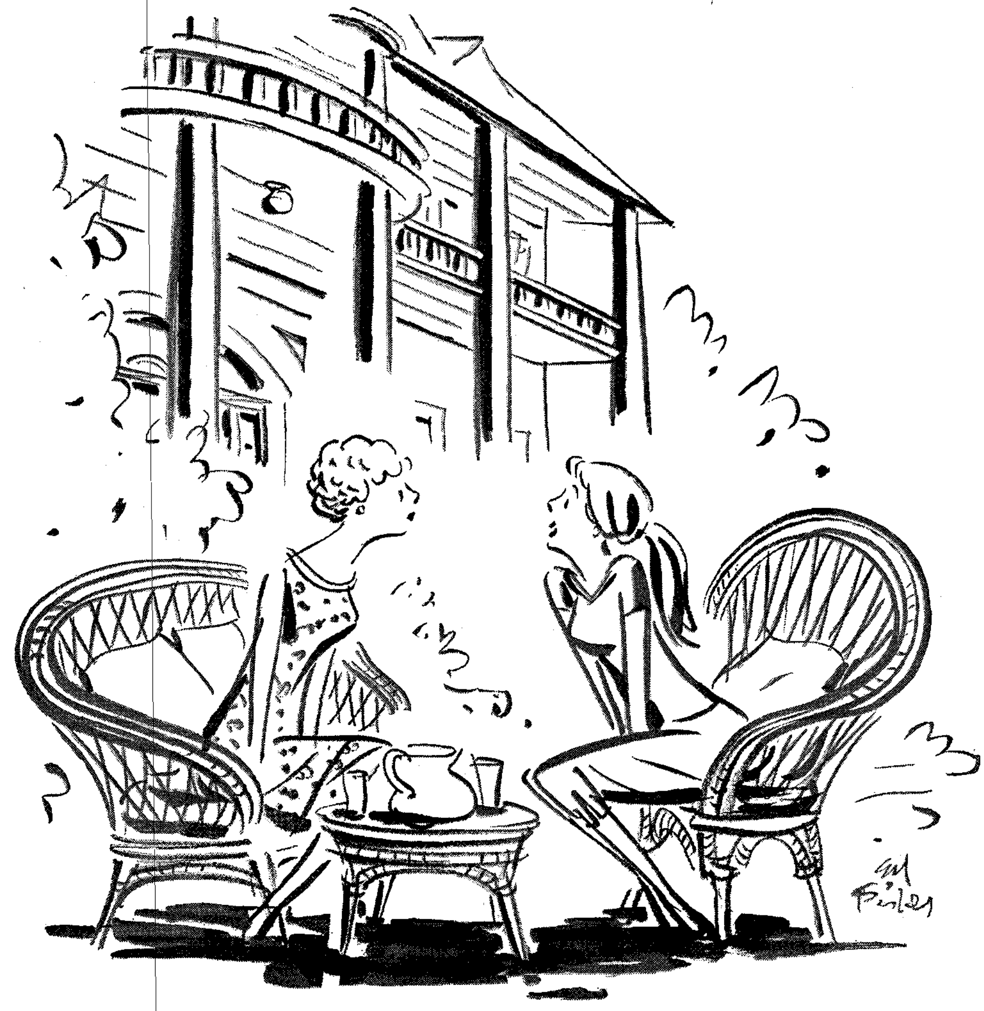

"And he looked so brave and handsome in his Civil War Centennial uniform, Ah just couldn't say 'no.'"

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"It must be. Poor Mr. Herzen, no wonder you feel ill. Mrs. Bernstein will be sorry to hear all this."

"No, no! Don't tell her. I do not like to be a trouble to my friends. I shall struggle through somehow. Or I shall not. Every herring must hang by his own tail, eh? I do not like to complain."

"Do you know what I would advise you to do?"

He started, and glared at her.

"What you need is to have this place given a thorough cleaning. You'll never get well breathing up all this dust. And you're certainly not strong enough to tackle it yourself. What you must do is to go to one of those shops where they sell Hoovers and ask them to send a man to demonstrate it."

His laugh, still a merry charming laugh under its grime of malevolence, rang out. "That is what I call a genial idea. Then I tell him I'll think it over, eh? Perhaps it would be surer if I paid a first deposit?"

"I didn't."

"What? You sent for the Hoover man? Splendid!"

For he was so abjectly undeserving, so unsuccorably an alien and a misfit, that she had to reëstablish some sort of contact, grease the slide for Mrs. Bernstein's money to flow into that cold quicksand of a pocket. Loyalty to Mrs. Bernstein dictated that. If Mrs. Bernstein did not help him, no one else would, since no one could possibly better him. But as she went homeward to her tidy studio, her tidy modest industry, the illustrations for "Jennifer Sees It Through" on her desk and the blue abstract on her easel, she was so filled with discouragement that she seemed to herself to be going nowhere at all.

LOCKING the door and waiting to make sure that this time the cheating hag's ugly feet had carried her downstairs and away, Mr. Herzen savored the moment when he would turn back to his dirt, his solitude, his paradise and great work of art. He turned. There it was, his own, and grimier and grander than ever before, having been acknowledged by her submission and astonishment. How she had stared, pretending not to stare! And she had not seen the whole. She had not seen his bedroom, the skylight opened to the sooty rain, the spatterings from medicine bottles soiling the walls, the morass of dirty socks left steeping in the washbasin—a splendid passage, one of his best. She had not seen the kitchenette. But she had seen enough to know what he thought of the bright little reformatory they had designed for him—insulting his misery with light paint and flowery walls—and to know that he was not a man to swallow insults. From the first moment of waking in this bourgeois kennel he had realized what to do with it, he had foreseen the masterpiece that he and time would create between them, stroke by patient stroke. "How do you like it?" the woman had asked, bringing him his money. And he had replied that every day he liked it better. For even then, though she was blind to it, the masterpiece was taking form and the first cobwebs were mustering in the corners. Slow to get under way, tantalizingly slow and fitful, the process of deterioration had gathered impetus, sweeping him along with it, inspiring him to spill and scorch and knock over, so that whatever he did prompted a new invention of filth and squalor. And then, impalpable as a vapor, the quality of perfection had emerged, grave and austere, wrapping his inventions and contrivances and labored-at dinginess in a solemn veil of inhumanity. Now when he went out, it was not to escape from the discommodities of creation, the dust that choked him, the fetor that sickened him, but in order to return like a priest returning to the shrine, like a ghoul entering the rich charnel house and musingly rubbing its palms together as it looks round. Absorbed in his task, he had forgotten the motive that dictated it, the piece of grit round which this black pearl had accumulated.

Though the woman's intrusion had brought him that confirming satisfaction, she was superfluous; he did not require the assent of her dismay. Perfection and the Whole had come before her. He would not open the door again.

But the envelope must be attended to. It lay on the floor, pert, crisp, and alien. He set his heel on it, grinding it to and fro on the dirty carpet. A cloud of dust flew up. When he lifted his heel and looked at the envelope, it had learned its place. It subserved a work of art. —SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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REPEAT: We've used this one before but it's worth repeating:

"A smill is a curve that can straighten out a lot of things.—*Bradford (Pa.) Era.*

Don't push your luck.

THE MAN WITH THE BROKEN ARM

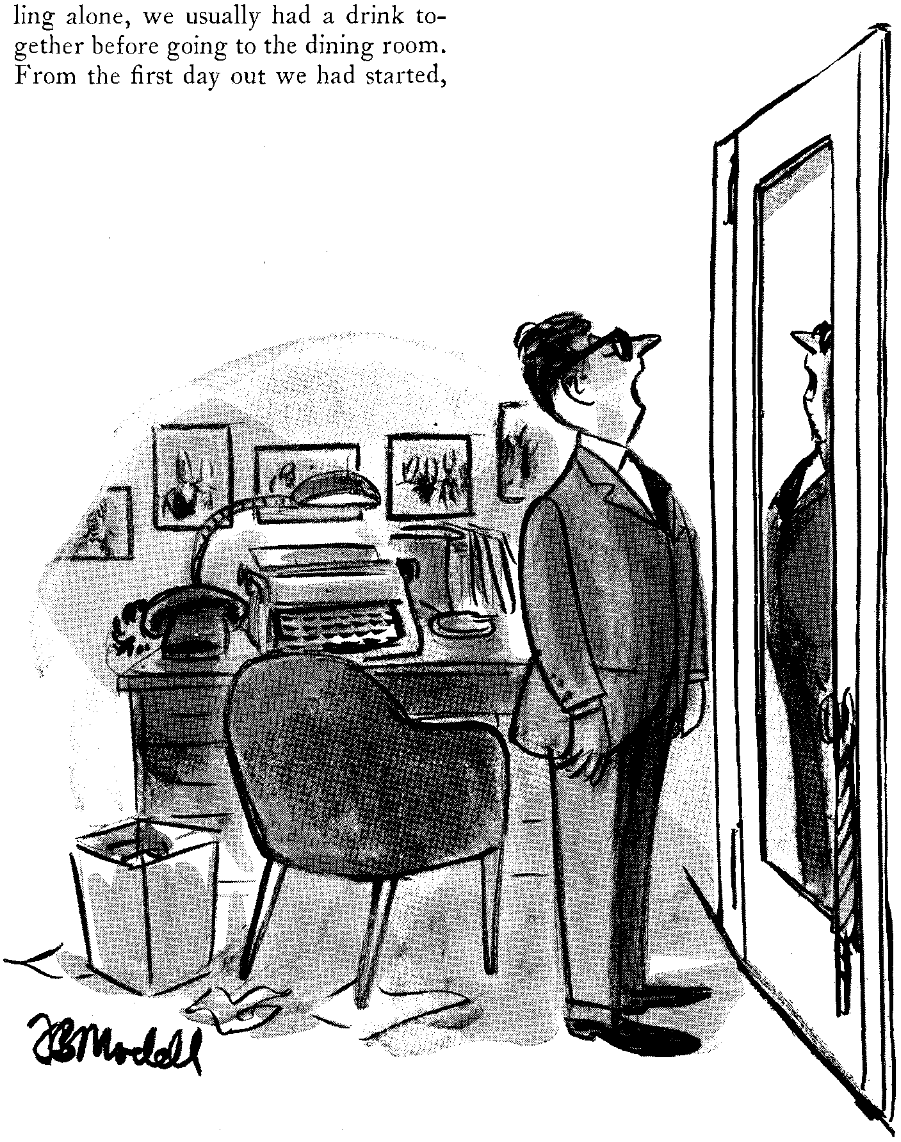
Anna Lyman's rudeness to Charles Weston was so deliberate and thorough that hardly anyone among the passengers failed to notice it and comment on it. She was so careful and cruel that I did not expect to see Weston again during the rest of the voyage. But on the morning after the ship's concert, where the rudeness had occurred, Weston was up and about, taking his jaunty walk past the rows of steamer chairs, nodding and smiling to this one and that one, tipping his cap in semi-military salute, and seeming to spring up from each step in his rubber-soled brown suèdes. It was a courageous performance, and I felt like telling him so when we met in the smoke room before lunch, but he had anticipated me.

I had met Weston several times through the years, but until this trip we had never sat down together for a meal or conversation. Now, two men travelling alone, we usually had a drink together before going to the dining room. From the first day out we had started, of course, with a mutual acquaintance of a thousand men and women in the theatre and films, and conversation was easy for us.

"Annie certainly gave it to me last night," he said as he took his seat. "Were you there?"

"Yes, I was there," I said. "Why did she do it?"

"She had her reasons," he said. "And this was her chance. She wanted to show me up in front of that kind of an audience. The big wheels in television. Two English managers. The picture people. The English duke. And all these millionaires." The jauntiness faded as he recalled the audience. His clothes were perfect: a reddish tweed jacket, sleeveless sweater, tan slacks, Tattersall shirt, knitted necktie. But for the moment his costume seemed to be sitting there unoccupied by a living man, while the living man consisted of head and hands. The wrinkles and lines stood out, now that he was sitting quietly; the carefully brushed hair showed more gray. His lips moved although he was not speaking, and he had to hold his head up to maintain a chin line. In one spotted hand he held a cigarette, which he smoked busily, and in the other hand he kept turning a gold lighter. "It's just as bad to know something about somebody as it is to do them a dirty trick. In fact, it's a dirty trick to remember things. At least Annie thinks so. How long have you known her?"



"Mr. President, my question concerns the administration's attitude toward future bids for summit talks from . . ."

"I can't say that I know her at all," I said. "About as well as I knew you, and about as long, I guess."

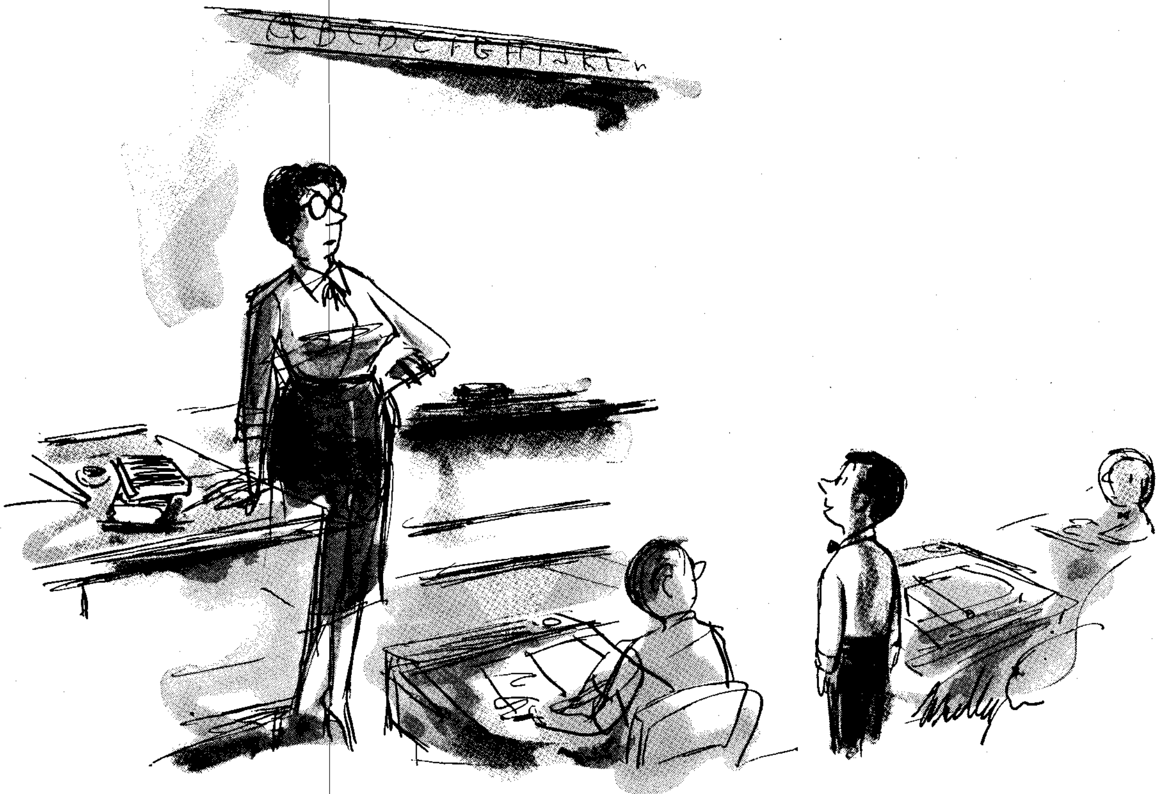
"That's another dirty trick. I shouldn't be around to remind her of her exact age. Fifty-six. Annie's fifty-six. There must be a lot of people on this boat that can guess at her age, but I'm the one that knows it exactly. Do you know something? Last night was the first time she spoke to me since we left New York. She saw me the first day out, even before they printed the passenger list, and she refused to speak to me. Well, I thought, if that was the way she wanted it, what the hell? But I didn't think I'd spoil her trip just by being aboard. However, I found out last night. You knew I was once married to her?"

"Yes, I knew that," I said.

"I just wanted to make sure you knew that. A lot of people *don't* know it. She'd rather forget it, but she can't. She's been married three times since she was married to me, but I'm the only one she hates. The only one that was nice to her, never gave her a bit of trouble, never took her for any money, never traded on her reputation. And probably the only one that ever really loved her. Loved her at the time, and never got over it, even though I've been happily married since Annie divorced me. I only thank God my wife and two boys weren't there last night. I have a boy at Lawrenceville and another at Princeton, and if they'd seen what happened last night I really think I'd have gone over the side. You see, Jim, the reason why I'm not more upset about last night is that years ago I took everything a man can take from that woman. She can embarrass me, as she did last night, but the only way she could ever really do me any more damage would be if she made a fool of me in front of my boys."

"What about your wife?"

"My wife knows the whole story, and she regards Anna Lyman as something cheap and evil. No, not cheap. Stupid and evil. Unintelligent and evil. No man could ever have the same con-



"And another way to help the economy would be to boost teachers' salaries."

tempt for Anna that my wife has. You know how we feel about some guys that women like? That's the way my wife feels about Anna Lyman. To her there's no attractiveness about Anna. Anna is the kind of mistake men make because they're men." He smiled a little. "You know how women see right through other women? It gives them a great sense of superiority over men when they see what kind of women we sometimes fall for. And of course a woman judging another woman isn't befuddled by sex, the hay department. Jonesey, my wife, isn't a bit jealous of Anna Lyman. She considers Anna as something like whooping cough. Maybe a form of whooping cough that I got when I was in my twenties, but still one of those ailments that you get and then get over. Unfortunately, I never did completely recover. I did, in a way. But I still remember the illness, the way you remember an illness you actually had in childhood. Or a broken arm. When I was a boy I broke my arm, falling off an ice wagon, and I remember all the attention I got. Privileges. Presents from my grandparents and so on. Broken arm." He lifted a hand and with his forefinger pointed to our nearly empty glasses. The steward nodded.

"If you knew I was married to Anna Lyman, then you must remember about her and L. M. Zeeman. You knew she was his girl friend?"

"I heard that, yes."

"Well, you see, I didn't. I didn't know a damn thing about her and Zeeman. I was a Broadway actor, not a movie actor. I was the thitta, old boy, not feelms. I don't suppose it would have made a damn bit of difference if I had known. I was so stuck on Annie that if someone'd told me she was working in a house in Port Said, I still would have married her. Two months after we were married Zeeman sent for her to do a picture, and *I* didn't know she was going back to her old boy friend. I was in a play, and she was in a picture, and that was show business. The fact of the matter is that she only married me because Zeeman wouldn't get a divorce, and she was punishing him. Two months' punishment, and he was going crazy. That was our married life. Two months. We were married longer than that, but that was all we lived together. I was the chump of all time. When she finished her picture I expected her to come back to New York, but she stalled around and I finally got some sense in my head and my brother told me what was going on. So I called up and issued an ultimatum—and I can still hear her laughing over the phone. I was crushed. I thought the world had come to an end. I began hitting this stuff and I finally went to George Chisolm and asked him as a friend to release me from my contract, which he did. The play was about ready to fold anyway, and so I went out to the Coast and little Annie wouldn't even let me spend the night in her house. Out there she was honest enough. She told me why she'd married me and all the rest of it, but even then I wanted her back. 'You must be crazy,' she said. 'I'm Zeeman's girl.' She told me to go ahead and get a divorce. Zeeman would pay for it, or she'd pay for it. She even hinted that Zeeman might hold still for some extra money if I wanted it. Have you ever felt that way about a woman? You know she's sleeping with another guy, crazy about him, and still you want her back?"

"No, I don't think I have," I said. "I've had affairs with married women, but that's not the same thing. If I were married and my wife slept with another guy, that would end it for me."

"Then you must think I was a real chump, and I was. I said I'd go back to New York and let her think it over, and she said there was nothing *to* think over. She'd promised Zeeman never to sleep with me again and what the hell did I get out of staying married to her? Why not get a divorce? Well, back in New York I carried a torch, as we used to say, and I chased around and drank a lot, but even *I* couldn't go on like that forever, and one day Zeeman's lawyer offered me fifty thousand dollars for a divorce and that was too much for me. I didn't take the money, but I played one hell of a big scene to an audience consisting of Zeeman's lawyer and my lawyer, and I must say I gave myself some very good lines. Cliché stuff, but damn good. Both lawyers said I was magnificent. Well, how often does an actor give up fifty thousand bucks to play a scene? I wouldn't have played it nearly as well if I'd been *paid* that much."

Charles Weston finished his drink and put the glass on the table with a decisively audible click. "Let's go to lunch," he said.

WE were at different tables in the dining room and our conversation was thus interrupted but, I knew, would continue. I could not believe in Weston's sudden characterization of himself as an actor playing a scene in a lawyer's office. The man who had been telling me the story of the marriage to Anna Lyman was not a wisecracking youth; he was very nearly an old man, permanently injured a long time ago, and badly wounded again in the past twenty-four hours. It had cost him an effort to circle the ship and face the witnesses to Anna Lyman's rudeness, and in so doing he had behaved admirably, with courage and grace. There was even some grace toward Anna Lyman, as though by pretending he had not been affected by her rudeness he was assuring her public that she had not really been rude, that it was intra-professional badinage, or rough kidding, as it was oftener called. But no one was deceived. She had been brutal.

The concert had consisted of two solos by an operatic baritone; some rather good feats of magic by an amateur, one of the television executives; two tap-dances by the wife of another television executive, a former musical-comedy star; and a dramatic reading by Anna Lyman, who was the only big star aboard the ship. Charles Weston was master of ceremonies. Anna Lyman's dramatic reading was a scene from "Perihelion," a play in which she had made one of her biggest hits, and her first small rudeness was in asking the magician to play the tiny part of the clergyman whose questions cued her into her two long speeches. The magician literally read his lines from a playscript, and he was not good. Everyone wondered why Mr. Weston, a professional, had not been chosen instead. This snub was followed by another: when Weston moved the standing microphone out of the way, obviously implying that as a good actress she did not need mechanical help, she said, so all could hear: "Really, Mr. Weston? Don't you want them to hear me?" I had no doubt that if he had moved the microphone in front of her she would have told him to take it away. He could not win either way. Then, as she was taking her bow after playing the scene, Weston reached out his hand in courtly fashion, to lead her onstage. She ignored him and left him standing with outstretched hand. Her final rudeness was at the end of the concert, when all the performers were taking a company bow. Anna Lyman placed herself between the baritone and the magician, linking arms with them and during the applause presenting her cheek for each of them to kiss. Weston and the tap-dancing woman stood to the right of the arm-in-arm trio, but unmistakably out of the position of prominence. It remained for Weston to thank the audience and to announce that dancing would take place in the lounge in fifteen minutes. In the middle of his announcement, Anna Lyman burst into laughter at some private joke between her and the baritone, and she gathered together the baritone, the magician, and the tap-dancing woman and they marched off before Weston had quite finished. As I went to my room I saw Weston, uncomprehending, and alone for a few seconds until the purser, fully comprehending, went to him and shook his hand.

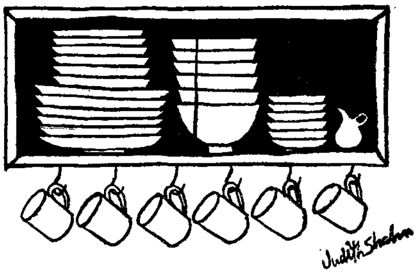
The purser was having one of his cocktail parties on the afternoon following the concert, and I was the first to arrive. "Have I got my facts all mixed up, or weren't Miss Lyman and Mr. Weston once husband and wife?" said the purser.

"They were, a long time ago," I said.

"Quite a show last night, wasn't it?"

"A show of bad manners, yes," I said.

"Well, yes, it was, wasn't it?" he said. "Tell me—that is, if you don't mind—was he terribly upset?"



I knew this purser, a man named Breckenridge, from voyages I had made in this and other ships of the line, and between us there was the friendliness of old acquaintance if not real friendship. He always provided those small extra courtesies that added to the pleasure of my trips, and he noticed things. He was a subtle, unobtrusive, humorous man, and I liked him. "Yes, he was upset," I said.

"I was afraid so," said Breckenridge. "I'd like to do something to—you know—restore his morale. He's leaving the ship at Cherbourg, and I won't get much chance to see him in the morning. Miss Lyman is staying aboard till Southampton. Can you think of anything I might do that would buck him up?"

"Offhand, I can't."

"I've even looked up the date of his birth on the off chance that his birthday might be close. But it's months away, so that's out. Naturally I'll see that the French press make a fuss over him, but I'd like to do something tonight to make up for last night's disaster. The same people, you know."

"We could throw her overboard," I said.

"Oh, that occurred to me," said Breckenridge. "But that's an impulse I've learned to control after so many years in this job."

"I imagine so," I said.

"And it isn't so much that I'd like

IN THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM IN NASHVILLE

In the Children's Museum in Nashville, rattlesnakes coil
protected by glass and by placards warning that if teased
they might just dash their brains against apparent air.
Negroes are advised that, if notified in advance,
the Children's Museum in Nashville will accommodate them
on certain days. On an uncertain day, to regulate
my sons by Mother Nature's whims, I make it quite clear
that some skulls are less substantial than apparent air,
as, evidently, one empty cage verifies.
More durable are the heads of bison, eland
(from Africa), and other exhibits: a purple parrot,
who eventually condescends to demonstrate
by winking that, far from dead, he of his own free will
dreams over caged snakes in his own cage; blades
from China's dynasties and Malayan tribes;
some shrunken Jivaro noggins and a diminished Nashville;
and, most awesome, a bird and a squirrel
reborn at intervals from blacked-out flesh as white
skeletons. On Sundays, children are allowed a look
at electric stars. Viewed every day is an infant
Indian—cured by chance, the signs say,
in a dry, airless place—still possessed of parchment skin,
though eyeless, and still dressed in ceremonial regalia
that signifies his remove to a better world.

—Ralph J. Salisbury

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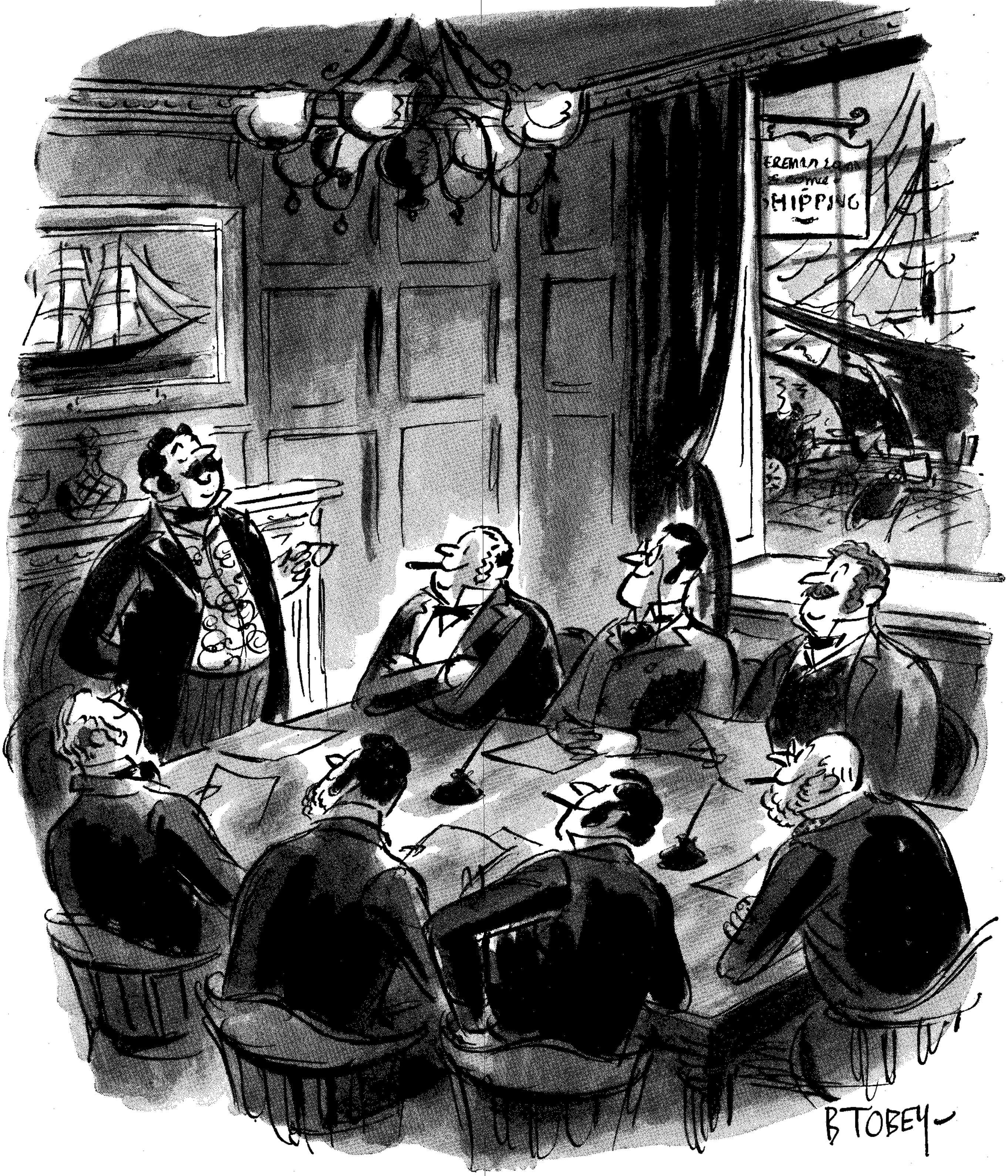


"One important fact we must never lose sight of, gentlemen—we are making it at a time when they're letting us keep it."

• •

to do something *against* her as wanting to do something *for* him, although the end result may be the same. But she mustn't have cause for complaint, you know. It very definitely isn't part of my job to provide for complaint. Well, let's see if we can think of something between now and dinnertime. And here is Mrs. McMurray. How nice. Mrs. McMurray, may I present Mr. Malloy—Mr. James Malloy, the author?"

MRS. McMURRAY and then Mr. and Mrs. Fishbein and Father Kelly and Sir John and Lady Pancoast and Professor Ropes and Charles Weston and the Countess di Palacci and Mr. Howe crowded into the purser's reception room, and I left to finish my packing before dinner, or so I said in making my departure. Actually I had finished my packing some hours earlier, and I left because Mrs. McMurray was most anxious to have me read the war letters of her son, which she did not have with her, but had apparently memorized. She was sure that in the right hands the letters could be processed into another "Mr. Roberts."

I wandered about and inevitably stopped at my usual table in the lounge and ordered an Americano. The room was almost deserted except for a group at a large table across the dance floor. There were about a dozen men and women at the table, and it seemed to me that I had seen precisely the same group when I had stopped in for coffee after lunch. I did not have to eavesdrop very closely to realize that they had all been drinking all afternoon. One of the men was drunk, and kept getting up from his chair to circle about, kissing the back of the women's necks. "Harry is a kissing bug," said one of the women.

"Harry is a kissing bug, Harry is a kissing bug," said Harry.

"Harry, sit down before you fall down," said his wife.

"That's what I'm trying to do, sit down before I fall down," said Harry.

"Does anybody know what time it is?" said one woman.

"Where?" said a man.

"Well, what the hell? If it's five o'clock it's five o'clock. Oh, no, that's right. We do something funny—" said the woman.

"You do something funny," said the man.

"I meant we do something funny with the clocks. Twenty minutes ahead, or forty minutes behind."

"Oh, *that's* what you meant," said the man. "You're either twenty minutes ahead or forty minutes behind."

"Oh, go to hell," said the woman. "Whatter you two whispering about? Anna Lyman, what are you whispering? Jack, what's she whispering?"

"You're too young to know," said Jack.

"I'll bet it was dirty," said the woman.

"It's ha' past six," said a man. "It's twenty-five of seven. It's the cocktail hour."

"Well then what are we waiting for?"

"Anna Lyman, I asked you a question. What were you two *whispering*?"

"When?" said Anna Lyman.

"A minute ago."

"A minute ago? I wasn't whispering—oh, when I was whispering to Jack? Oh, well, I don't think I'll tell you."

"All right, then don't. But it isn't polite."

"Believe you me, it wouldn't be polite if I *didn't* whisper it," said Anna Lyman.

"What was it? We're all friends," said a man.

"We're not that good friends," said Anna Lyman. "At least not *yet.*"

"Oho, that sounds promising," said a man.

"Hey, who has some French money?" said another man.

"Every French whore," said another man.

"Hey, that's pretty good."

"No, now seriously, has anybody got any French money?" said the man. "Is the purser's office open?"

"Are you getting off at Cherbourg? I thought you were going to Southampton."

"You got me mixed up with somebody else. I'm getting off at Cherbourg."

"Let's everybody get mixed up with somebody else," said a woman.

"I think some already have," said another woman.

"Not me. I'm fancy-free," said Anna Lyman.

"You may be fancy, but I'll bet you're not free," said the woman.

"Just how did you mean that? Explain that remark," said Anna Lyman.

"I don't have to if I don't want to," said the woman.

"Well then get away from this table and take your kissing bug with you. Go on, scram. I didn't invite you anyway, you and your kissing bug. Kissing bug. I'll bet." Anna Lyman whispered to Jack and Jack laughed.

"Come on, Harry. We won't stay where we aren't wanted."

"Too bad you didn't think of that hours ago," said Anna Lyman.

"I don't want to go," said Harry. "Anna, I think you're the greatest actress in the American theatre."

"And I think you're the biggest pest on the Atlantic Ocean. And I wish you were at the bottom of it. So scram," said Anna Lyman.

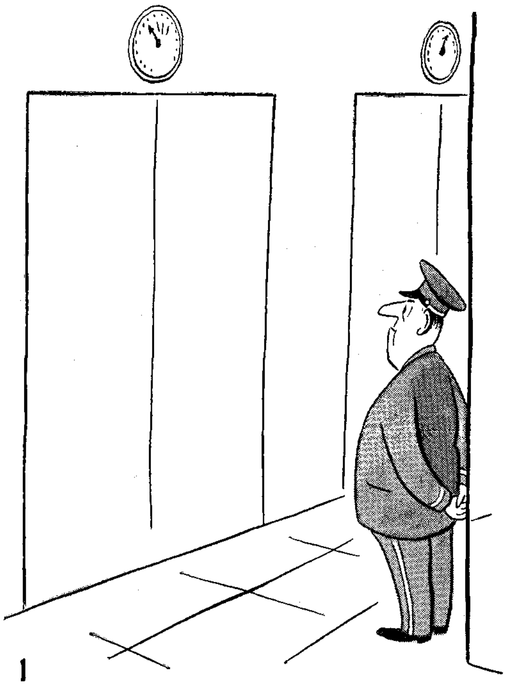
"Huh?" said Harry.

"Come on, Harry. Come on, now."

There was a silence while Harry and wife made their departure, then Anna Lyman spoke. "Who *are* they, anyway? Does anybody here know them? I never saw them before this afternoon."

"Oh, what difference does it make who they are? We'll never see them again," said Jack.

"Well, as far as that goes, I never expect to see any of you again," said Anna Lyman.



"I thought we were all having lunch in London the day after tomorrow. Quaglino's," said a man.

"I changed my mind," said Anna Lyman. "Look at Nosy over there, all by himself, taking notes for his next book. Hey, Nosy, did you get a good earful?"

"Yes, I got a pretty good earful, Anna," I said.

"Well, come on over and I'll really give you an earful," said Anna Lyman.

"No thanks," I said.

"I'll give you an earful about your friend Mr. Charles Weston," she said.

"Anna, why don't you shut up?" I said. I left some money on the table and started to go. Anna Lyman picked up a small club-soda bottle and threw it at me, missing me by yards. "Close, but no cigar," I said.

"That's for you and your friend Mr. Charles Weston. I know you've been gabbing about me. Why don't you two go steady?"

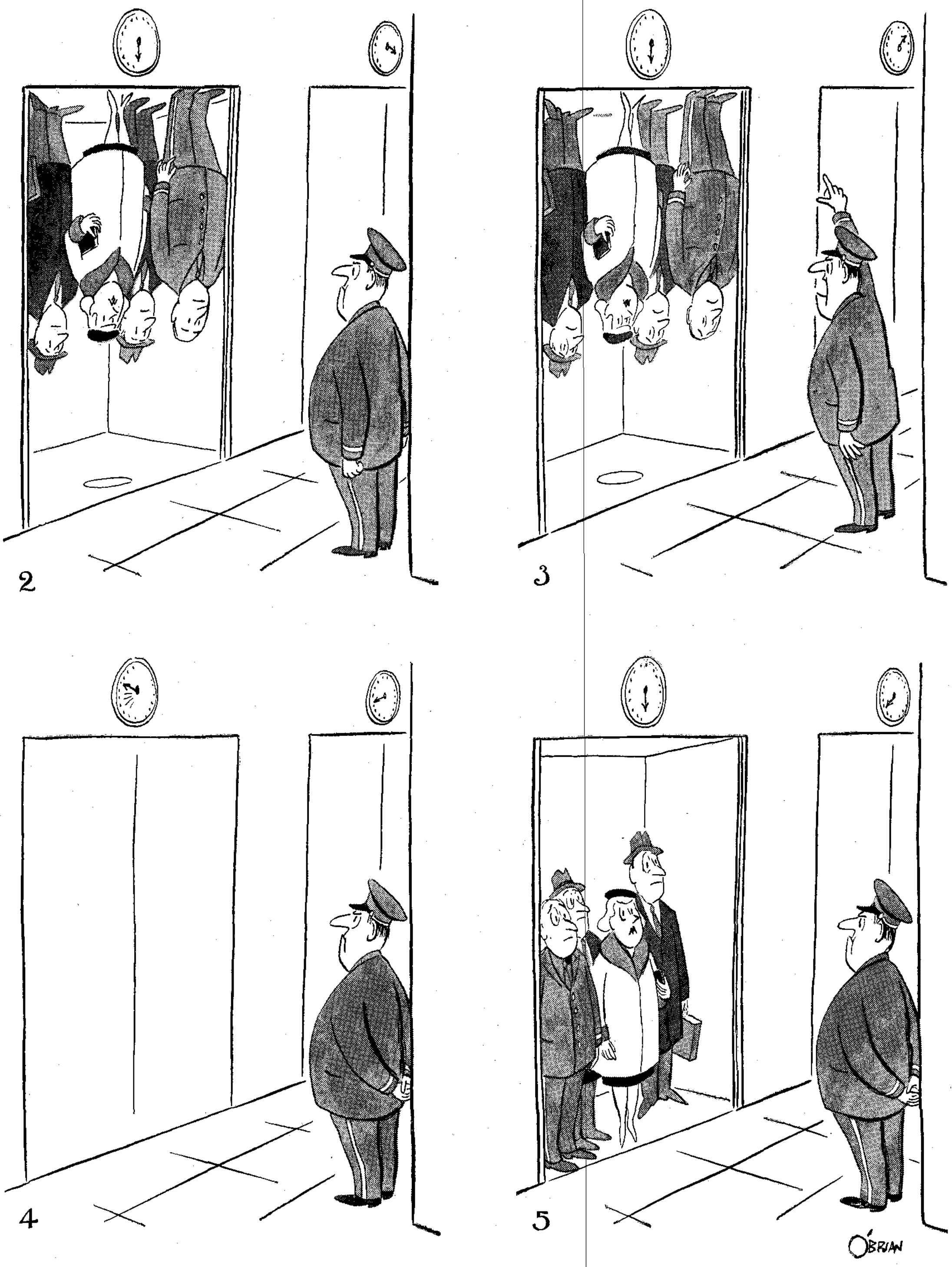
I went out and walked around the promenade deck, in my first anger unable to think clearly. And then I remembered Breckenridge's eagerness to do something for Weston and I went to his room. The last of his guests, Father Kelly and Mr. Howe, were just leaving, and when they had gone I said: "I've thought of something."

"Good, let's have it," said Breckenridge.

"It's a bastard, but it'll make Weston look better than Anna Lyman."

"That's what we want," said Breckenridge.

"All right. All you have to do is get her on her feet and in front of a micro-



phone. You won't have to do another damn thing. She'll do the rest."

At about eleven o'clock that evening the bingo game ended and Breckenridge spoke into the microphone. "That about does it, ladies and gentlemen, and now the next announcement will be made by that preëminent star of stage, screen, and the telly, Miss Anna Lyman. Miss—Anna—Lyman, ladies and gentlemen. A *nice* hand for this great star."

Anna Lyman got up from her table, very drunk, and made her way to the microphone. "Good evening, ladies and jellamen, thizz your old friend Singing Sam," she said. "I forget what the hell I'm suppose to say. Oh, yes. There will be dancing until one o'clock. Where is the dancing gonna be?"

"The Little Lounge," said Breckenridge.

"The Little Lounge, that's right. Until one o'clock, so all you dear, lovely, stupid people—"

"Attaboy, Anna," the man named Jack shouted.

"Oh, you shut up. You bore me."

There was some laughter among the passengers, but it was nervous and unpleasant.

"What do I get for this, anyway?" said Anna Lyman. "I been playing one benefit after another, ever since I been on this goddam old tub."

Again there was laughter, tentative, as though the passengers were anticipating a big joke. Charles Weston, who was sitting at my table, said: "She'd better think of an exit line quick."

"I would like to say that I enjoyed every minute, every second of this trip, but if I did I'd be the biggest goddam liar that ever sailed the ocean blue."

Laughter again. This was more like it.

"We will now have the orchestra play 'Nearer My God to Thee' and all you jerks remember, women and children first. Personally, I like men first."

More laughter, then silence awaiting her next utterance. But her mind had stopped, and she stood unsteadily, looking slowly from right to left.

"She doesn't know how to get off," said Weston. "She's stoned." Then suddenly he rose and threaded his way among the passengers and took her by the arm. She looked at him gratefully, and without resisting she allowed him to steer her out of the room. All the way out, and for a few seconds after they had gone, the passengers applauded.

"It didn't work out quite as we'd expected," said Breckenridge, sitting at my table.

"What does?" I said.

—JOHN O'HARA

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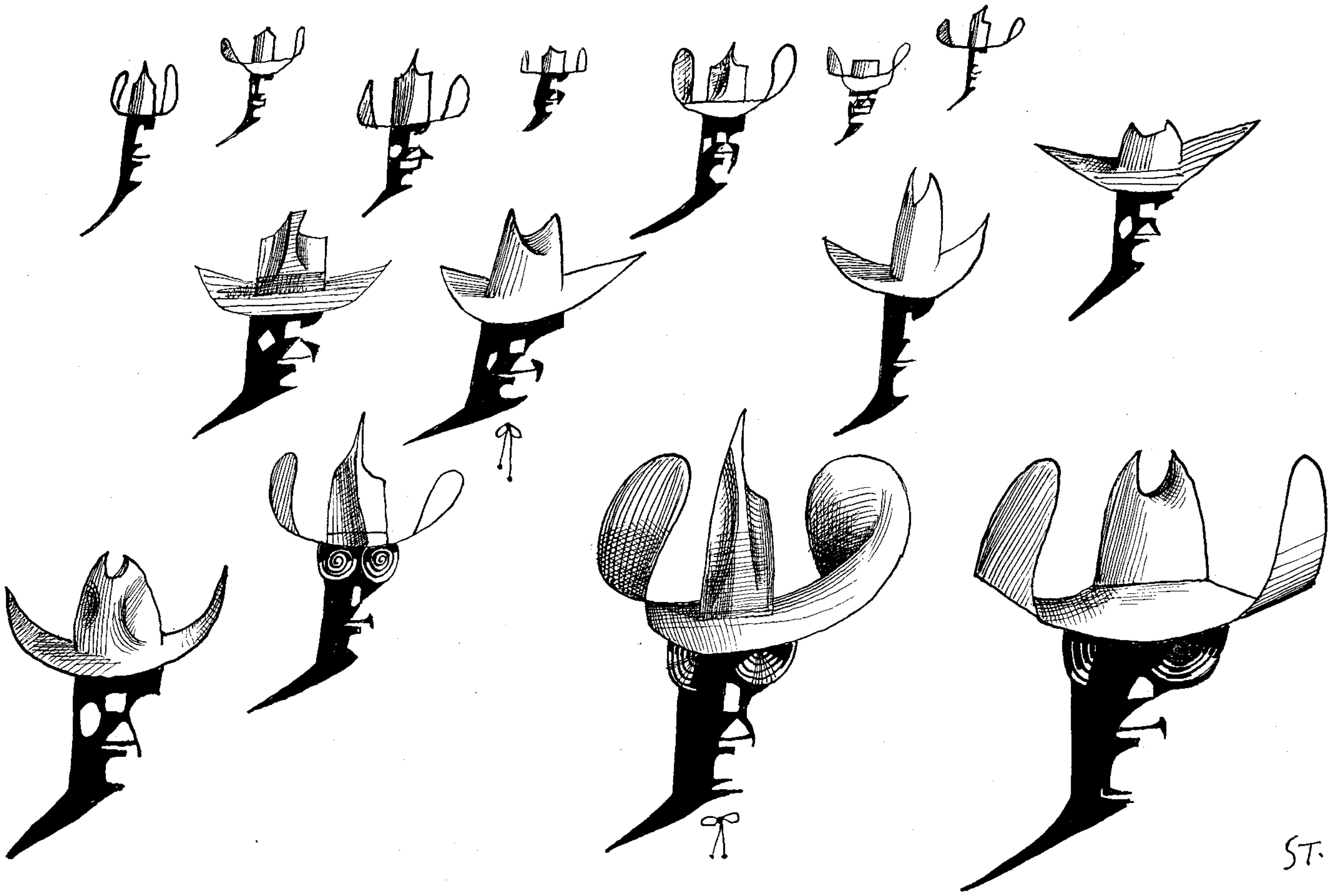
Duralex is so constituted that when, under extraordinary stress, it does break, there are no sharp edges or jagged splinters of glass, but fragments much like rock candy. This offers a particular advantage for families with small children.—*The Post.*

Small, repulsive children?

PROFILES

THE SUPER-AMERICAN STATE

V—HOW Y' DOIN'?

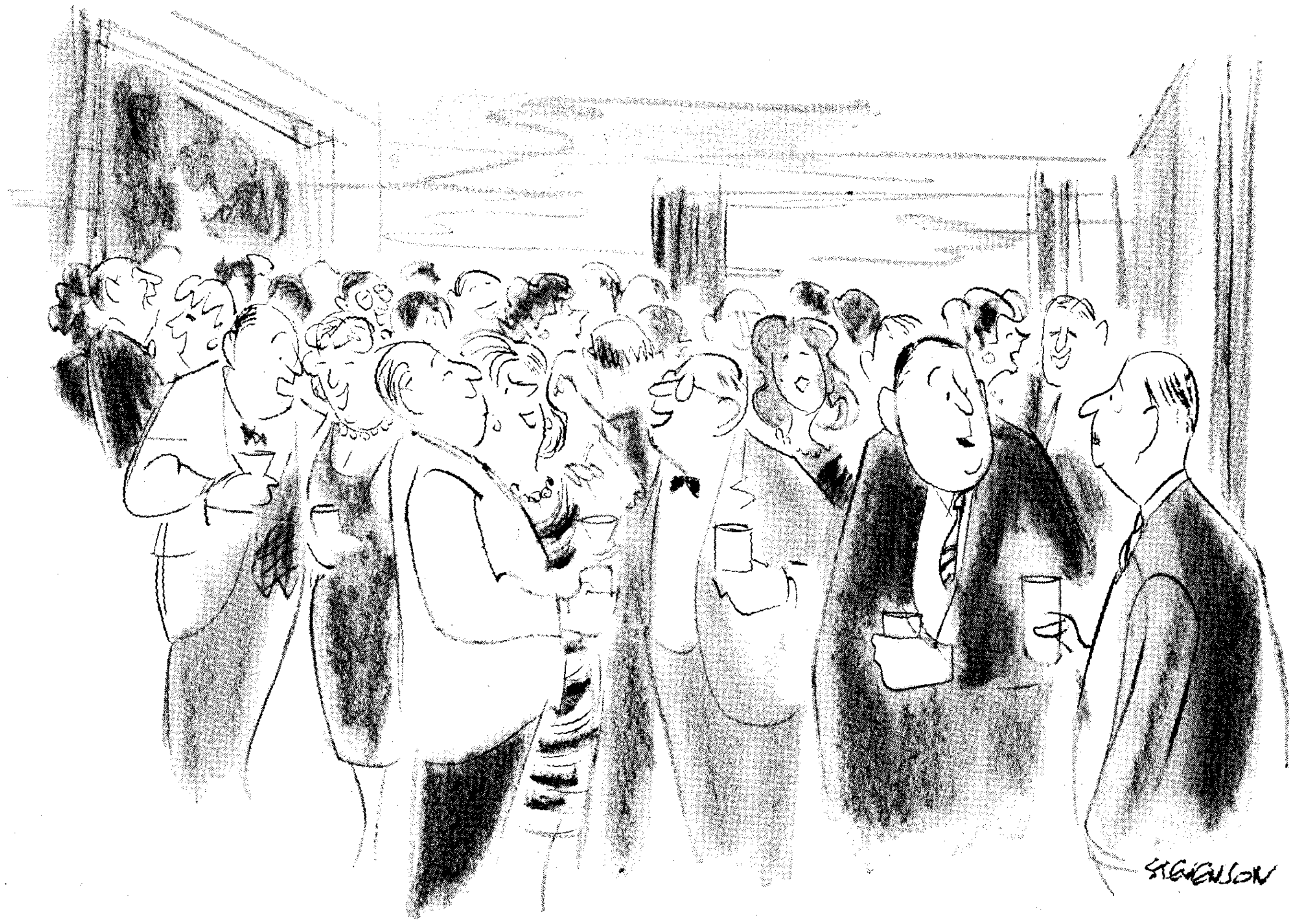


IN their talent for self-deception, Americans have few peers. "Nowhere, surely, is the superiority of American know-how more evident than in our use of hypocrisy," William S. White, veteran Washington correspondent, Pulitzer Prize winner, and native of De Leon, Texas, observed a while ago in beginning a *Harper's* essay straightforwardly titled "The American Genius for Hypocrisy." Though this form of know-how is hardly an American monopoly ("There's nothing commoner in life than hypocrisy," another Texan, J. Frank Dobie, has said), we have turned the practice of conning ourselves into an art. And Texans, being Super-Americans, have perfected it. Thus, when the poet George Cabot Lodge asks, "Was there ever such an anomaly as the American man?" the answer is, "Yes, the Super-American man." Consider his love affair with the doctrine of states' rights, a term that, like "Mother" or "The Alamo," can make moist his eyes. To listen to his passionate public utterances, one would think he not only originated the doctrine but stood as its sole and beleaguered protector. Thus, when Governor Nelson Rockefeller made his swing through the region in 1959, the Houston *Post* headlined its story of his visit "ROCKEFELLER BACKS STATES' RIGHTS HERE," and the Dallas *News* reported "ROCKY VOWS BELIEF IN STATES' RIGHTS." Like everybody else outside Dixie, he had been suspected of being against them. Free whiskey, it has been said, will draw a crowd anywhere; in Texas free talk about states' rights will do the same. It did in December, 1958, after an advertisement in the Houston papers announced, "Believe in States' Rights? . . . Don't Fail to Hear Hon. Orval Faubus, Governor of Arkansas. . . . Tonight at 7:45 P.M. . . . Music Hall . . . Admission Free . . . Governor Faubus, Outstanding Defender of States' Rights, Will Speak Under the Sponsorship of the Sons of the American Revolution in Observance of Bill of Rights Day. . . . His address will be on 'States' Rights.' " As the ad hinted, the Governor did touch on the topic of states' rights, which is locally interpreted to mean that there must be absolutely no interference whatever by any non-Texas agency or person in the domestic affairs of what Senator William A. Blakley and other stalwarts refer to as "Texas, a sovereign state and once-sovereign nation." In the light of this interpretation, a rumor, for example, that Walter Reuther has endorsed a Texas candidate for Congress is apt to stir up about as much public alarm around the state as a report that the Premier of the U.S.S.R. has taken up residence in Austin. While fiercely opposing interference in their sovereign state, Texans think it all right for them to interfere in the domestic affairs of other sovereign states. Their specialty is influencing the election of Congressional candidates with contributions of cash. For instance, Clint Murchison, as ardent a states'-righter as ever came out of Athens, Texas, contributed ten thousand dollars to help defeat Senator Millard Tydings, of Maryland, and another ten to unseat Senator William Benton, of Connecticut—both among the few outspoken Senatorial critics of Murchison's friend the late Senator Joseph McCarthy. Texas millionaires have also put money into the campaign funds of candidates in Arizona, California, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, New Mexico, New York, Nevada, North Dakota, Ohio, Utah, Virginia, Washington, and Wisconsin, to mention those states where their contributions are on record.

As dedicated believers in states' rights, the Super-Americans take the logical position that the wickedest interference in their affairs is the federal government's. Consequently, terms like "social security," "federal aid to education," "welfare," and "medical care for the aged" are dirty words to Texas millionaires. They hold with a recent editorial in the Dallas *News*, which declared, "When our forefathers stepped on the west bank of the Mississippi and headed West to carve an empire, did they look back over their shoulders to the national government for 'welfare' and help? No—with an axe and a Bible and a wife, the pioneer did it himself." One difference between the pioneers stepping on the riverbank and the Texas millionaires stepping into their swimming pools is that the millionaires *won't* do it themselves; they refuse to support tax measures that would give the state enough money to meet its expenses, and, as a result, Texans are obliged to swallow their pride and ask for federal aid. Taking a deep swallow, Texas, which stands sixth in population among the states and seventh in the amount of federal taxes paid, ranks third in the amount of money it takes every year from the federal government. An indication of the Texans' skill at getting into the Washington trough is the fact that their state is first in taking federal handouts for agricultural-experiment stations, child-welfare services, coöperative agricultural-extension work, hospital construction, primary-highway funds, secondary-highway funds, watershed protection, flood prevention, and services for crippled children; second in taking federal funds for old-age assistance, aid to the blind, and wildlife restoration; and third in taking money for interstate-highway construction and the maintenance and operation of schools. By dipping its hand ever deeper into the federal till, Texas has now reached a point where a fourth of the state's annual income is derived from the United States government. Texans talk less about this than about their fiscal skill in getting along without either a state income tax or a state sales tax. Such is their pride in this accomplishment that they suffered no visible humiliation when, in the spring of 1959, the sovereign state and once-sovereign nation was completely flat-pocket, and was forced to pay its employees with hot checks.

Even though Texas takes a highly disproportionate share of federal funds, it lags in the services it provides its citizens. For example, in 1959 Texas was first among the states in the amount of federal money accepted for child-welfare services but forty-fourth in the amount spent for child-welfare services; in other words, Texans will not part with enough of their own money to bring the level of care for their dependent children even up to the national average. The pattern is consistent: Texas is second in the amount of federal money it takes for old-age assistance, fortieth in the amount spent; second in the amount accepted to aid the blind, fortieth in the amount spent; and so on. Texans make no secret of the fact that they lead the nation in cattle production; at the same time, the state ranks forty-seventh in the amount of money the legislature provides for animal-health work. "That's not very much money to do the job right," the director of the State Livestock Sanitary Commission has said of his budget. "It's like trying to paint the Capitol Building in Austin with a pint of paint." The director of the Texas prison system has some concern about his budget, too; he told a legislative committee in February, 1959, "We are absolutely broke. We don't have a dollar. We are the most understaffed of any prison system in the country." The prisons, he added, are so overcrowded that two or three men occupy space designed for one, and some five hundred men are obliged to sleep on the floor. Things had not improved by the early part of 1961, when

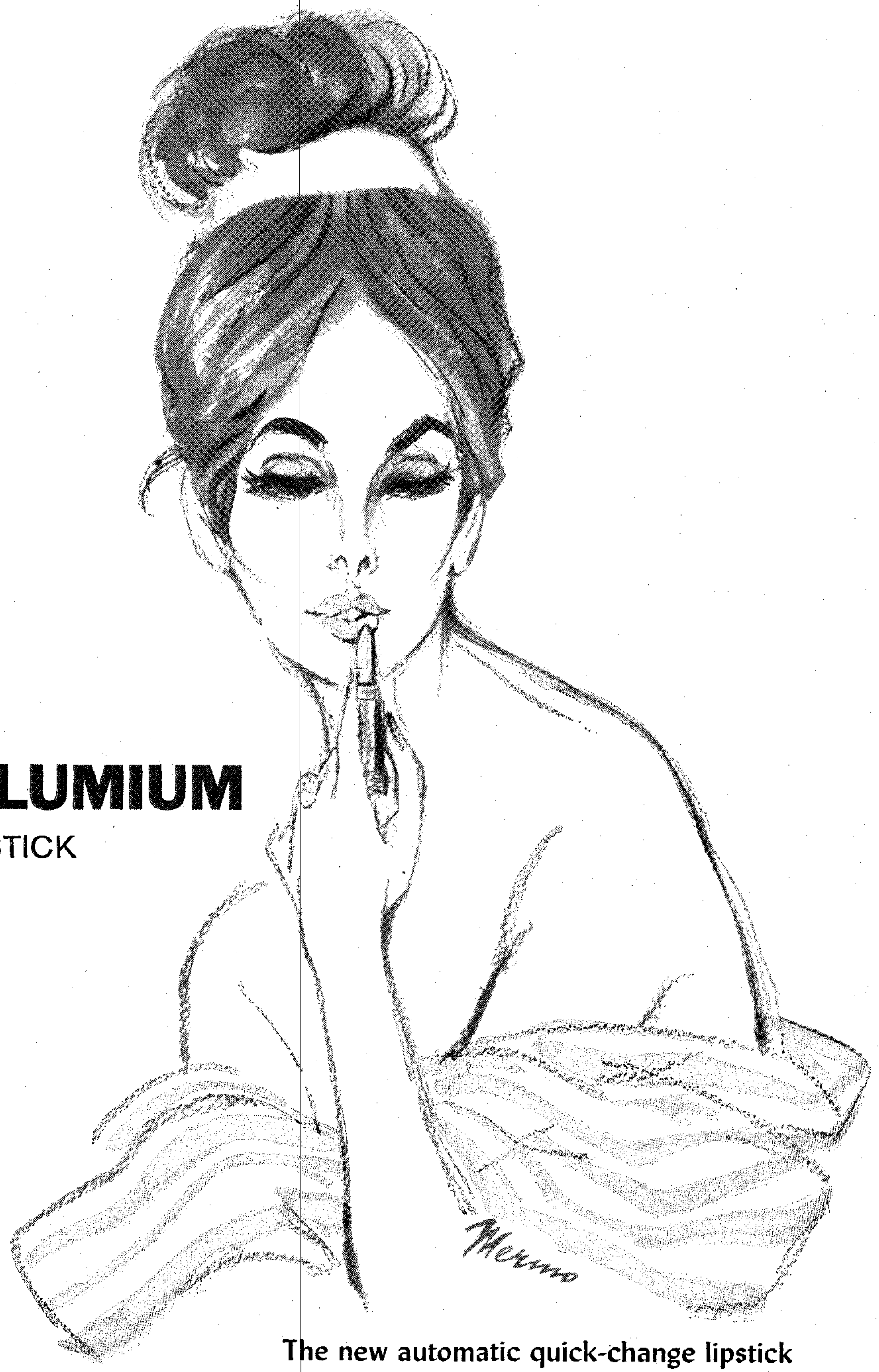
"Ah, Mabel, you're a woman of infinite variety!"



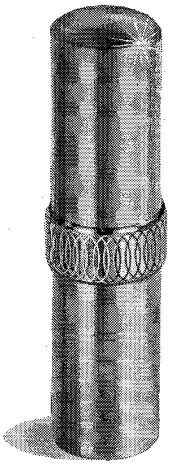
"I've just completed a sort of survey. Every single person here has now told me that he despises cocktail parties."

• •

the director told the legislature that he could not even pay his outstanding bills. "We're running on borrowed time," he said. "We need help." Texans take justifiable pride in their industry, which has skyrocketed to tenth place in the nation; little is heard of the fact that the industrial-accident toll in Texas is one of the highest, if not the highest, in the country. Nobody knows for sure, because Texas, alone among the large industrial states, has no state industrial-safety program and therefore no state agency charged with collecting statistics on industrial injuries. In public-school enrollment and in number of teachers employed, Texas ranks third among the states, but in total spending for education it ranks sixth, in teachers' salaries twenty-eighth, and in spending per pupil thirty-second. It is able to do this well only because it accepts more federal aid for schools than any other state except California and Virginia. And still more could be used, since Texas, whose young men stood fortieth in Selective Service mental tests during the Second World War, has some eight hundred thousand illiterates over the age of twenty-four, thereby placing eleventh among the states in rate of illiteracy. Yet, to judge by their words, Texans are in uncontested first place in opposing federal aid to education. While thundering continuously against this and every other federal grant, the Dallas *News* from time to time prints stories like a recent one headlined "UNCLE SAM'S BUSINESS FILLS IMPORTANT ROLE FOR DALLAS," which reported that the city has more than ten thousand federal employees, with a combined payroll exceeding thirty-five million dollars a year. "That's the federal government in Dallas," the article said. "Big, busy, and vitally important to the city's economy, it ranks as a major 'industry.' " It went on to quote Chamber of Commerce officials, who said, "We are just as interested in attracting new federal offices and keeping the ones we already have as we are in getting and keeping industry and business." There was, therefore, considerable disappointment when, in May, 1960, the House Public Works Committee refused to approve the construction of a new twenty-six-million-dollar Federal Building in Dallas. Nobody was more upset than Representative Bruce Alger, the only Republican member of Congress from Texas, who declared that the Committee's action was an attempt by the Democratic leadership "to punish the citizens of Dallas for daring to elect a Republican congressman." He has made it clear that he intends to keep right on fighting not only for the Federal Building in Dallas but against federal aid in every form. He is so unalterably opposed to it in principle that in 1958 he had the desolate distinction of being the only member of Congress to vote against free milk for schoolchildren. He keeps his constituents informed on how he is saving the taxpayers' money, in this and other ways, in a weekly newsletter, which, alone among congressmen, he has printed in the *Congressional Record*, at a weekly cost to the taxpayers of a hundred dollars a page. The ambivalence that colors some aspects of life in Texas often puzzles outsiders, especially Europeans, such as the Italian industrialist who remarked after a sojourn in Texas, "They treat your Uncle Sam as if he were a complete stranger. You listen to them, and you think he doesn't protect them with an Army, a Navy, an Air



SUPER-LUMIUM
LIPSTICK



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Force; he doesn't make any missiles; he doesn't build any dams; he doesn't build any roads; he doesn't support a Foreign Service, an Intelligence Service—he doesn't do anything for them. They just want to forget him. It's fantastic." Not, however, to an American accustomed to the dualism in the native grain, but even he might be moved to wonder how much federal aid Texans would be willing to accept if they approved of it.

Apart from its ambivalence toward Washington, the state government of Texas is itself quite generally free of hypocrisy. The principal reason for this refreshing state of affairs has perhaps never been more succinctly stated in public than it was in 1947, by Robert W. Calvert, then chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee. "It may not be a wholesome thing to say," Calvert told the Lions Club of Hillsboro, "but the oil industry today is in complete control of the state government and state politics." This being so, there is little need for sham by members of the legislature and other elected officials. Since they—as well as the voters who put them in office—know that their chief allegiance is to the state's largest industry, it is understood that their support of the oil companies is simply the performance of a duty. There is also a sensible understanding of the fact that the oil companies will show their appreciation for work well done, or to be done, by supplying members of the legislature and other state officials with free food and drink on the job. In addition to the free-loading in Austin, the legislators are provided with such amenities as transportation in company-owned planes and gala all-expenses-paid outings to hunt ducks, deer, quail, and whatever else may suit their fancy. There are, of course, more tangible gestures of gratitude, such as the highly popular "retainer fee," paid on a year-round basis. The acceptance of favors by lawmakers is scarcely unique to Texas, but the nice thing about it there is that nobody has to be sneaky about it. As Ronnie Dugger, a contributing editor of the *Texas Observer* and one of the handful of native journalists who take an interest in the local political morality, has pointed out, "The rich think they can buy stock in the legislature or an executive agency as they can in a corporation, and they can." The result is that lobbying is to Austin roughly what gambling is to Las Vegas. When the legislature convenes, close to a thousand acknowledged—and nobody knows how many unacknowledged—lobbyists take up their work in behalf of oil companies,

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RENO, NEV., Wm. Harrah's Modern Classic Motors, 130 North Center St.
RICHMOND, VA., Mooers Motor Car Co., 1114 North Blvd.
SACRAMENTO, CALIF., Oxford Motors Limited, 15th & "I" Sts.
ST. LOUIS, Gruet Motor Car Co., 4733 McPherson St.
ST. PAUL, MINN., Schneider Motors Co., Pleasant at Kellogg St.
*SAN FRANCISCO, British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd., 1200 Van Ness Ave.
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF., Peter Satori of Santa Barbara, Inc., 418 State St.
SANTA MONICA, CALIF., Brentwood Motor Co., 2610 Wilshire Blvd.
SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Van Curler Motor Co., Inc., 123 Washington St.
SEATTLE, British Motor Car Distrs. Inc., 620 Spokane St.
WALNUT CREEK, CALIF., British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd., 2679 No. Main St.
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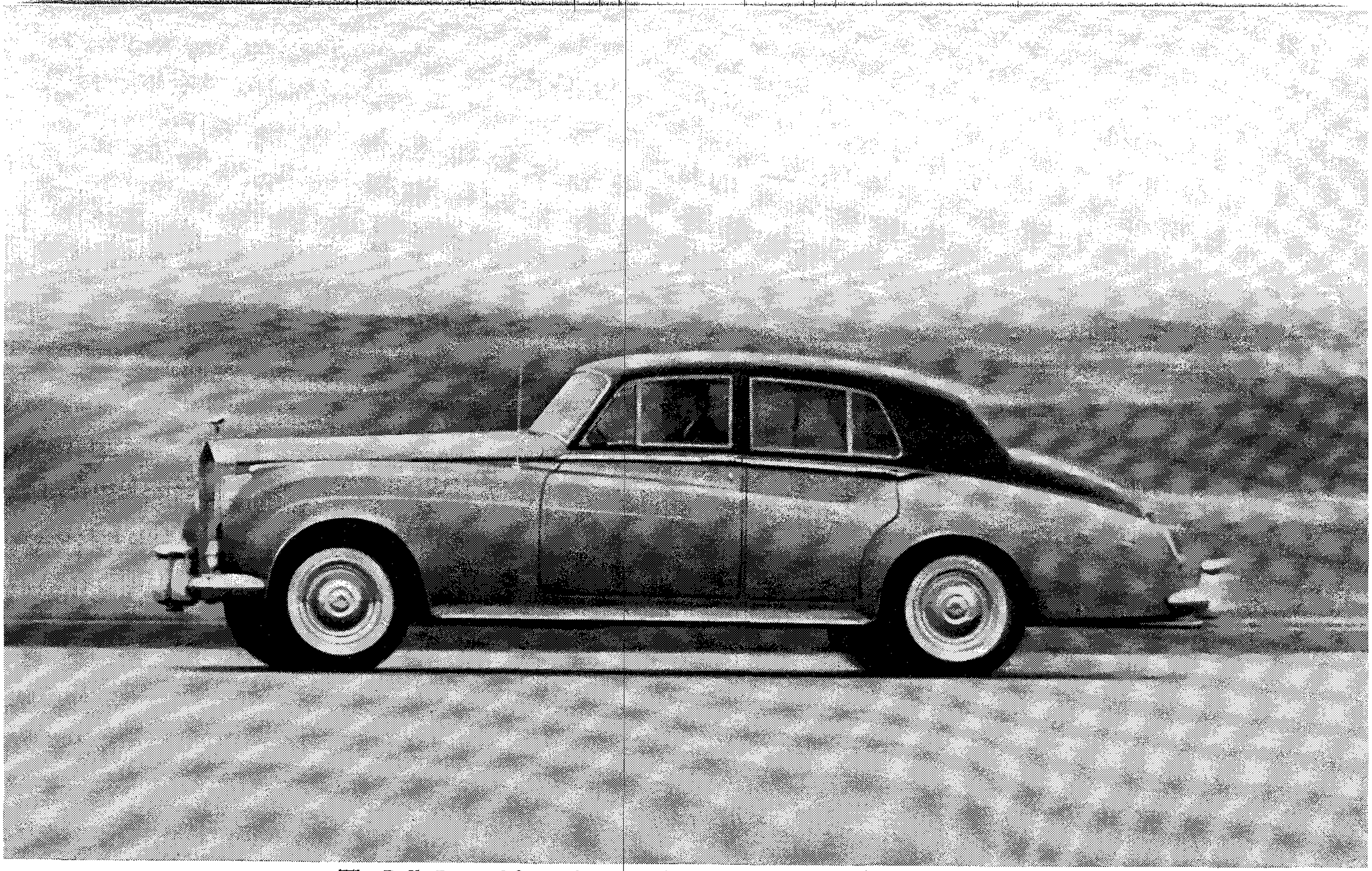


The Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud II—$15,655 P.O.E. (Delivery costs slightly higher in Alaska and Hawaii.)

"At 60 miles an hour the loudest noise in this new Rolls-Royce comes from the electric clock"

What makes Rolls-Royce the best car in the world? "There is really no magic about it—it is merely patient attention to detail," says an eminent Rolls-Royce engineer.

1. "At 60 miles an hour the loudest noise comes from the electric clock," reports the Technical Editor of THE MOTOR. The silence inside the car is uncanny.

2. Every Rolls-Royce engine is run for four hours at full throttle before installation, and each car is extensively test-driven over varying road surfaces. Every Rolls-Royce has its "History Book"—an *eleven-page* signed record of all operations and inspections performed on the car.

3. The Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud II is designed as an *owner-driven* car. It has power steering, power brakes and automatic gear-shift. It is very easy to drive and to park. Women handle the car with ease.

4. The finished car spends a week in the final test-shop, being fine-tuned. Here it is subjected to ninety-eight separate ordeals. For example, the engineers use a stethoscope to listen for axle-whine.

5. The new eight-cylinder aluminium engine is even more powerful than the previous six-cylinder unit. It accelerates from zero to 60 miles an hour in 11.4 seconds. (ROAD AND TRACK test report.)

6. The coachwork is given as many as *nine* coats of finishing paint—*hand rubbed.*

7. Every Rolls-Royce takes the "Monsoon Test." Windows are rolled up and the car is pelted with water and air at gale force.

8. By moving a switch on the steering column, you can adjust the shock-absorbers to suit road conditions. (The lack of fatigue in driving this car is remarkable.)

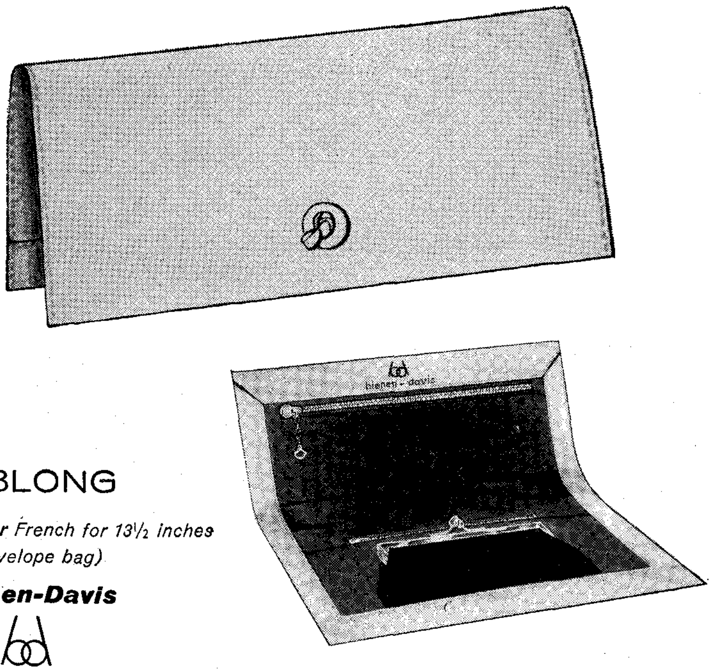
9. There are *three* independent brake linkages. The Rolls-Royce is a very *safe* car—and also a very responsive and *lively* car. It cruises serenely at eighty-five. Top speed is in excess of 100 m.p.h.

10. Automatic transmission, power brakes and power steering are *standard.* So are the radio, heating and ventilating equipment, walnut panelling, seats adjustable for tilt and rake, and white sidewall tires. The Rolls-Royce people do not designate essential equipment as "optional extras."

11. The Bentley is made by Rolls-Royce. Except for the radiator shells, they are identical motor cars, manufactured by the same engineers in the same works. The Bentley costs $300 less, because its radiator is simpler to make. People who feel diffident about driving a Rolls-Royce can buy a Bentley.

PRICE. The car illustrated in this advertisement costs $15,655 at port of entry. Delivery costs slightly higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

If you would like to try driving a Rolls-Royce or Bentley, write or telephone any dealer on page 52. Or write Mr. Norman C. Miller, Executive Vice President, Rolls-Royce Inc., Room 468, 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.



L' OBLONG

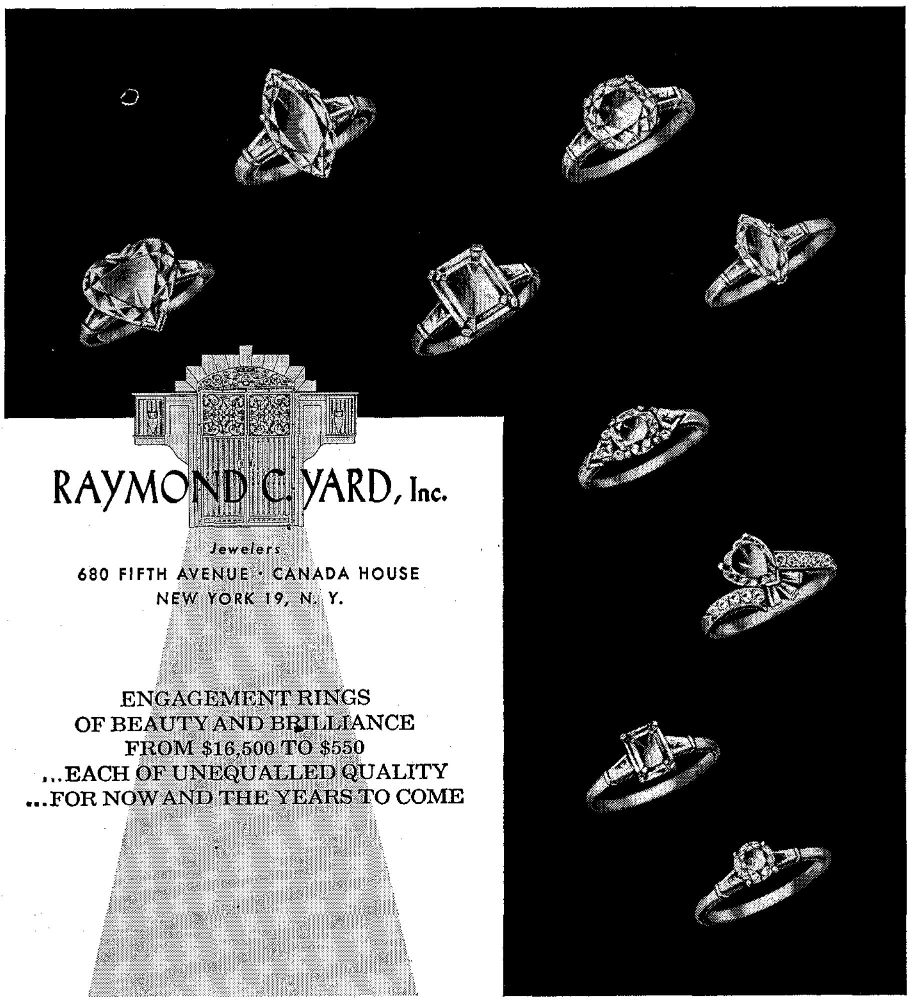
(That's our French for 13½ inches of chic envelope bag)

by ***Bienen-Davis***

Luxurious Calf: black, navy, bone, white, and Black Patent leather, about $26. Rayon Peau de Soie: black or navy, and French Rajah Straw: black, navy, natural, white, shocking, mint, orange, about $17.

Bonwit Teller, all stores; Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Houston; I. Magnin, all stores; Montaldo's, all stores; The J. L. Hudson Co.; Dayton's, Minneapolis.

All prices plus Fed. tax



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ENGAGEMENT RINGS
OF BEAUTY AND BRILLIANCE
FROM $16,500 TO $550
...EACH OF UNEQUALLED QUALITY
...FOR NOW AND THE YEARS TO COME

gas companies, naturopaths, highway builders, unions, brewers, temperance movements, and scores of other worthy principals, including the insurance companies, which conduct a lobbying operation in keeping with their position as the state's second-largest industry. Texas has shown insurance companies such hospitality, in the way of low capital requirements for their establishment and a passionately laissez-faire attitude toward their regulation, that the industry expanded steadily to the point where, in 1955, nearly two thousand companies were registered in the state. That, of course, was not counting some five dozen Texas insurance companies which had gone bankrupt in the previous fifteen years because of comically bad management or outright fraud. Altogether, an estimated half-million Texans have lost money through the failure of insurance companies. One of the more enterprising was the Texas Mutual Insurance Company, which was organized with five hundred dollars in cash and a loan of nineteen thousand five hundred; it went bankrupt, owing a million two hundred thousand dollars in claims. Another that went out with a bang was the General American Casualty Company, which was so imaginatively managed that in the year before its demise it took in six million dollars in premiums and yet wound up a million dollars in debt. Perhaps the most resounding failure was that of the U. S. Trust & Guaranty, in which a hundred and fifty thousand people had invested. After this collapse, some of the stuffier legislators began an investigation of the industry. It developed that the companies had not been remiss in looking after insurance commissioners and examiners, as well as legislators. The U. S. Trust & Guaranty, for example, had paid the chairman of the State Board of Control ten thousand dollars for "legal work" in its behalf, besides passing out cash to nine members of the legislature in amounts ranging from a hundred and fifty dollars to ten thousand. The largest sum went to a state senator who for years had successfully stymied legislative efforts to check up on the company's operations. Among many other disclosures that came as a surprise to few people acquainted with Austin was the intelligence that the Texas Mutual Insurance Company, before going broke, had kept a state senator on its payroll, paying him thirteen thousand dollars over a three-year period. The so-called "insurance scandals" brought about legislation revamping the state organization

Meet The Pepperell Family on Cotton Cay — Imaginary Island in the Sun

father Pepperell paints his conception of "The Pleasant Life"

When it comes to art, it's easy to see that Father is an abstract expressionist. But when it comes to sports clothes, he's both realistic and volubly insistent. They must carry the Pepperell tag. Why? Because this tag means the fabrics are the finest wash-wear in the world. And to a *civilized* beachcomber, this is decidedly important.

You see, these fabrics will machine-wash. Won't shrink, fade, or wrinkle. Need hardly any ironing. And are 'Sanforized Plus' for good measure.

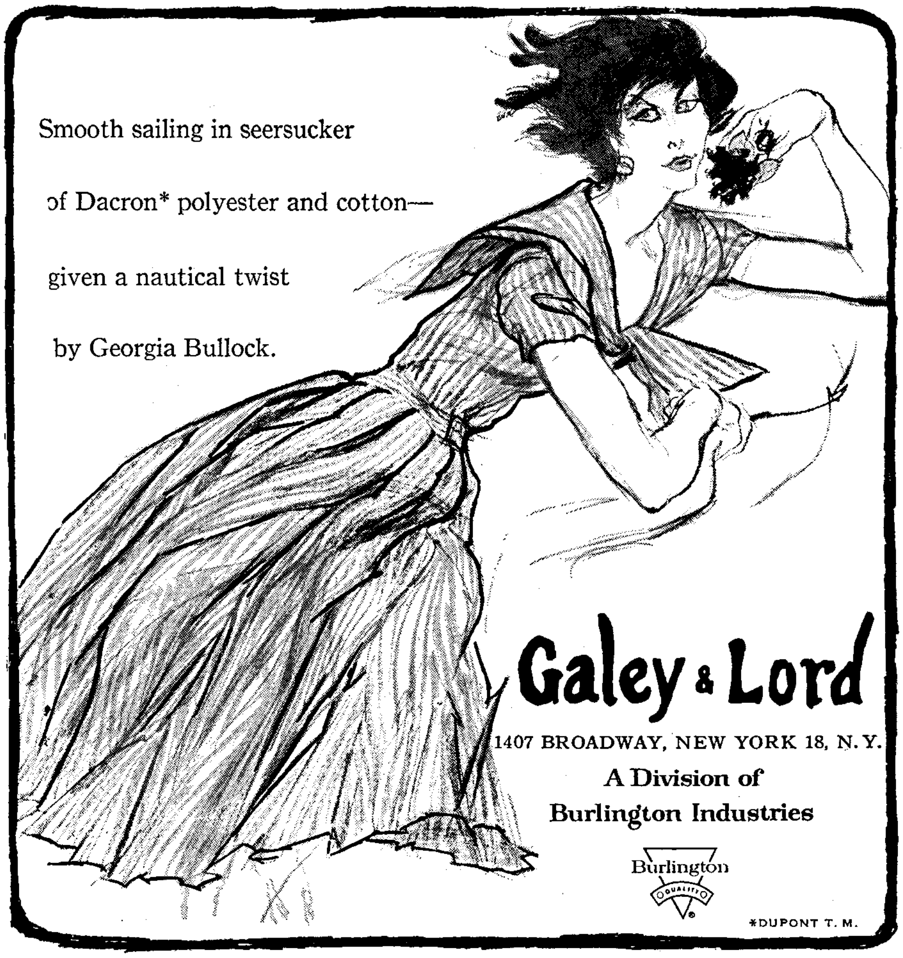
Moreover, the island-inspired colors and weaves combine just the right mixture of bold sophistication and restrained good taste to give a man a good deal of quiet satisfaction in the wearing.

P.S. And, of course, Mother has utter confidence in Pepperell wash-wear. For they come from the same New England company that has been making her Lady Pepperell Sheets for over 100 years.

Pepperell
wash·wear
cottons
CHARTERED

that was charged with administering and regulating the industry. But though the new legal machinery was a notable improvement, it did not operate well enough to keep a smooth-talking manipulator named W. L. Bridges, after serving a sentence in a Kansas prison for violating the state securities laws, from moving into Texas and acquiring a complex of eighteen solvent insurance companies, which, with the help of his son, he systematically drained of assets and sent to the wall in June, 1960, leaving fifty-three thousand policyholders and scores of creditors holding the bag.

The air had scarcely cleared after the insurance scandals when, in 1956, the Texas Land Commissioner was convicted of agreeing to accept seventy-four thousand dollars in bribes and of conspiring to steal tens of thousands of dollars from the state through his administration of the Veterans' Land Board, set up to enable veterans to buy a little place of their own with long-term, low-interest loans. The Commissioner worked in cahoots with shady promoters whose legal work was handled by a state senator for a fee of some twenty-eight thousand dollars. So aroused were the legislators by the land scandals that at their next session they passed what they called a Code of Ethics Bill, which "requires any legislator who serves as a member, or represents, or has a controlling interest in any firm under state regulation to reveal such connections in a sworn statement filed with the Secretary of State." Putting teeth in the measure, the legislators included a provision making "failure to comply to any section of the code grounds for expulsion from the legislature." Extracting the teeth, they set no date for filing such reports. In the same crusading spirit, the legislature went on to pass the Lobby Registration Act, which requires any person who undertakes to influence legislation to register with the clerk of the House, giving his name, the organization he represents, and the legislative measures with which he is concerned; he must also file, between the first and the fifteenth of each month after the legislature goes into session, a sworn statement showing how much money (minus a fifty-dollar-deductible arrangement) he has spent for "direct communication" with the legislature. "Of course," the San Antonio *Express* commented in an editorial, "that part of the law is as loose as your maiden Aunt Minnie's kimono. How direct must the communication be?" After the law went into effect, in January, 1959, the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of Dacron* polyester and cotton—

given a nautical twist

by Georgia Bullock.

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A Division of
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RAPHAEL PARIS

The perfume men love on women

Also toilet water, bath oil, soap and dusting powder at all fine stores.

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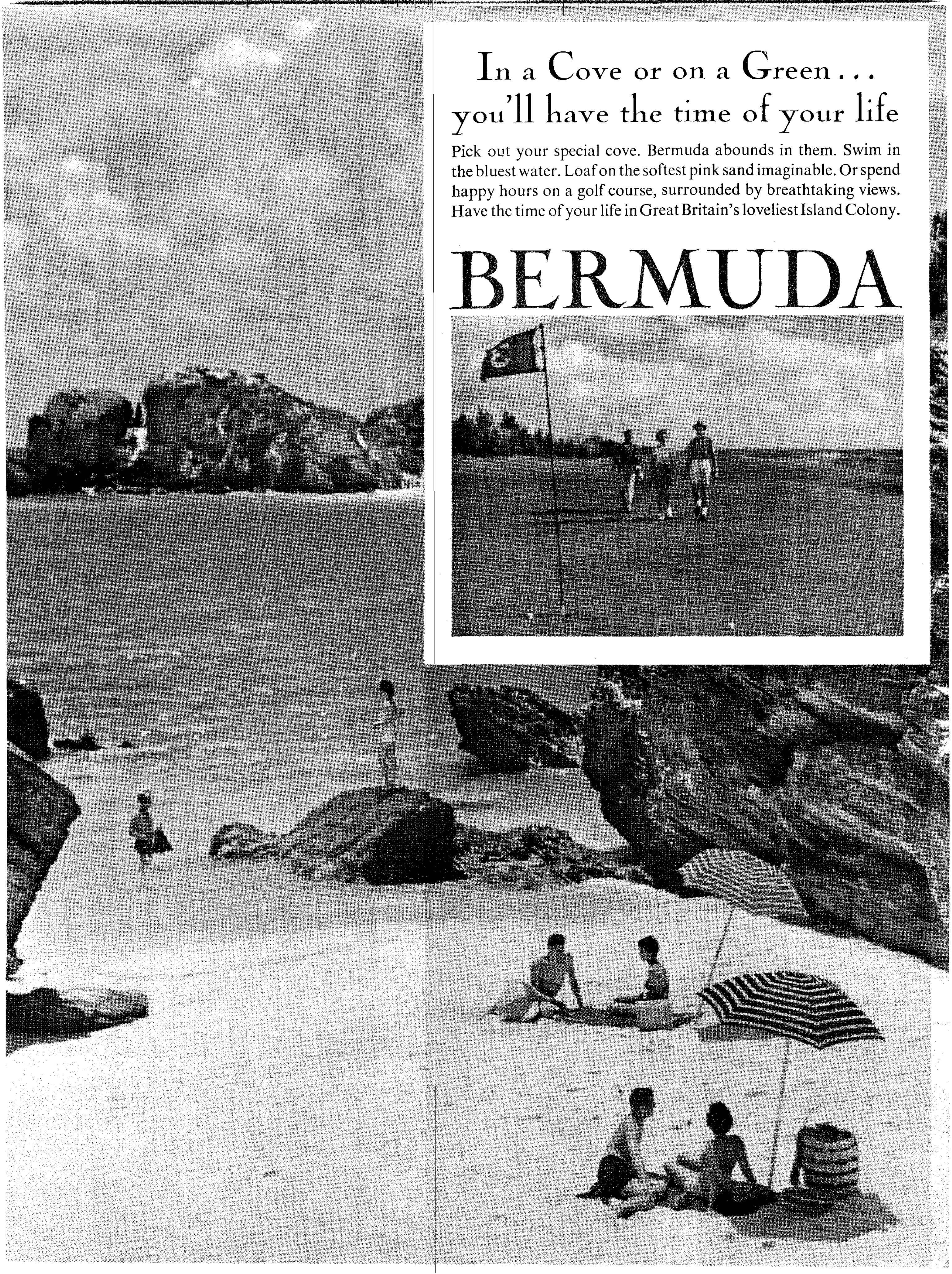

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Pick out your special cove. Bermuda abounds in them. Swim in the bluest water. Loaf on the softest pink sand imaginable. Or spend happy hours on a golf course, surrounded by breathtaking views. Have the time of your life in Great Britain's loveliest Island Colony.

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Be busy or be lazy. Five championship golf courses. Superb tennis courts. One of the world's great game fishing areas. Sail, skindive, or water ski. Shop in stores displaying the finest British and European merchandise. See historic sites. Swim in the clearest water, loaf on the softest beaches. Dine and dance. See your travel agent, or write "BERMUDA", 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.

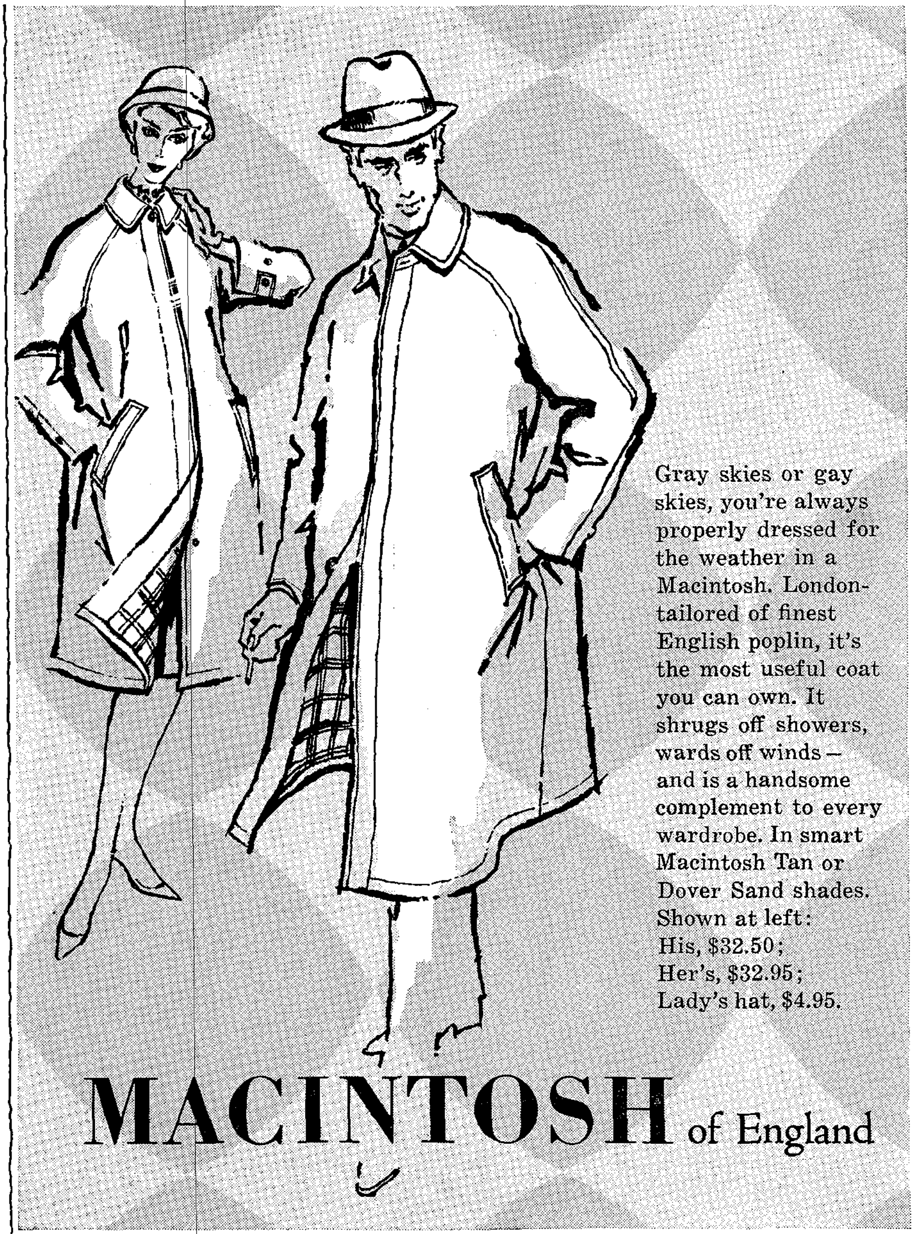
follow that car! Wherever it goes, whatever the occasion, its driver will have more fu and heaviest traffic will seem like a relaxing Sunday promenade with a old friend. It's a 1961 Corvette, and it's just the nature of the machine to make things seem that way. The Corvette is f any good driver who wants a car that's as good as he is; it's a first-class automobile and it'll stir up a man's drivin pleasure just the same way it turned production sports car competition upside down and made it a private playgroun The best thing about the Corvette is that its racehorse performance in no way compromises maximum go-anywhere co fort and reliability. So, follow that Corvette (if you can); you're going to like it. We know, because we've been there.

Corvette by Chevrolet

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michig

lobbyists apparently started to work almost entirely by indirection, for of nearly nine hundred then registered, less than an eighth felt called upon to file an expense report for that month. Few students of Texas politics take these figures to mean that the legislators are not dining and wining as well as ever. The state treasury, meanwhile, has become steadily more emaciated. When the legislators convened for the session beginning in January, 1961, they were faced with the necessity of passing new tax measures not only to erase a sixty-three-million-dollar deficit but also to provide for three hundred million dollars' worth of proposed new spending. Not a dollar of the needed funds had been appropriated by the time the session was three-quarters over. The lawmakers had, however, found time to vote themselves a comfortable raise in pay. They took care of that the second day they met.

A GENIAL, rough-and-ready spirit; a willingness, born of the conviction that only the future counts, to let bygones be bygones; an air of sprightly casualness—these are some of the things that give a sense of Texas. The easy-does-it approach to work and play that is one of the attractions of life there has been ascribed by the Dallas psychiatrist Dr. Perry Talkington to the comparative youthfulness of the region. "As a culture grows older, life becomes more ritualistic," he has remarked. "There is much more ritual in Boston, for example, than in Dallas. And more ritual in London than in Boston. The relative absence of ritual tends to make life here more casual." J. Frank Dobie, the distinguished free-lance analyst, has suggested that the pace of Texas life reflects the Texas character, which, he has observed, contains such tranquillizing elements as "the leisureliness of the Old South, the *mañana*-ness of Mexico, and the waiting quality of the Indian." The first hint of easygoingness that a visitor from the North or the East is apt to notice in Super-America is the language, which, compared with what he hears at home, is softer, spoken more slowly, and, being less aggressive, easier on the nerves. Words are often slurred, and little energy is wasted on sounding the final "g" of participles. The tide of immigration in recent years has resulted in a modification of the local accent, especially in the cities, and even in out-of-the-way places one is no longer apt to hear any of the old-time indigenous expressions, such as "knee-weakener," for a pretty girl, or "windmill-fixer," for a know-



Gray skies or gay skies, you're always properly dressed for the weather in a Macintosh. London-tailored of finest English poplin, it's the most useful coat you can own. It shrugs off showers, wards off winds—and is a handsome complement to every wardrobe. In smart Macintosh Tan or Dover Sand shades. Shown at left: His, $32.50; Her's, $32.95; Lady's hat, $4.95.

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*Carries "Lady Macintosh" only

it-all. However, a gift for the laconic, another quality long associated with Texas speech, still turns up in remarks like that of James A. Elkins, Sr., the Houston lawyer and banker, whose favorite maxim is "Remember, you never learn from talkin'. Every fish ever caught on a hook had his mouth open" (Sid Richardson, another successful Texan, had a similar mot: "You ain't learnin' nothin' when you're talkin' "), and in Clint Murchison's haunting declaration, "Cash makes a man careless." The usual form of greeting in Texas, which tends to establish a tone of informality, is "How y' doin'?"—sometimes put more specifically as "You all right?" In either case, the salutation implies a warmer interest in one's welfare than the curt Northern "Hi" or "Good morning." People meeting on the street have time for joshing. Sam Cantey III, walking out of the First National Bank of Fort Worth, of which he is a vice-president, is not surprised to be greeted on the sidewalk by the president of another bank with "Why, if it ain't old Sam! Who let you out?" In Texas, you call a friend "old" if you are really fond of him, and you never give offense by addressing him or introducing him by his nickname. The use of nicknames is so common that one gets the impression that all Texas millionaires are called Jim, Joe, Billy, Ted, Ed, Mike, Kip, Dutch, Slats, or something equally breezy, and the value attached to them is so generally recognized that some millionaires have incorporated theirs into their given names. For example, Robert E. Smith, the Houston oilman and civic leader, is always referred to in the newspapers as "R. E. (Bob) Smith," and in Midland the firm of J. P. (Bum) Gibbins is listed in the telephone directory as "Gibbins, J. P. Bum, Inc."

The soft-sounding language, the penchant for joshing, and the widespread use of nicknames and affectionate terms like "honey" and "sweetie" combine to give Texas talk an easy, friendly tone. That it also seems calm and unruffled arises in part from the preference for such polite-sounding phrases as "I'm not about to," to convey a sense of determined opposition. If a person says, for example, "I'm not about to go to that party," he is, in effect, saying, "You couldn't drag me to it." However, putting the thought with a whim-of-iron expression keeps the conversational surface placid. If, as foreigners keep telling us, the habit of conversation does not exist in the United

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"Does that mean go light on the Scotch?"

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Here is a whisky of such incomparable quality that you will pronounce it the finest light Scotch ever made. Next time, say "Scotch me lightly" for Ambassador Deluxe, won't you?

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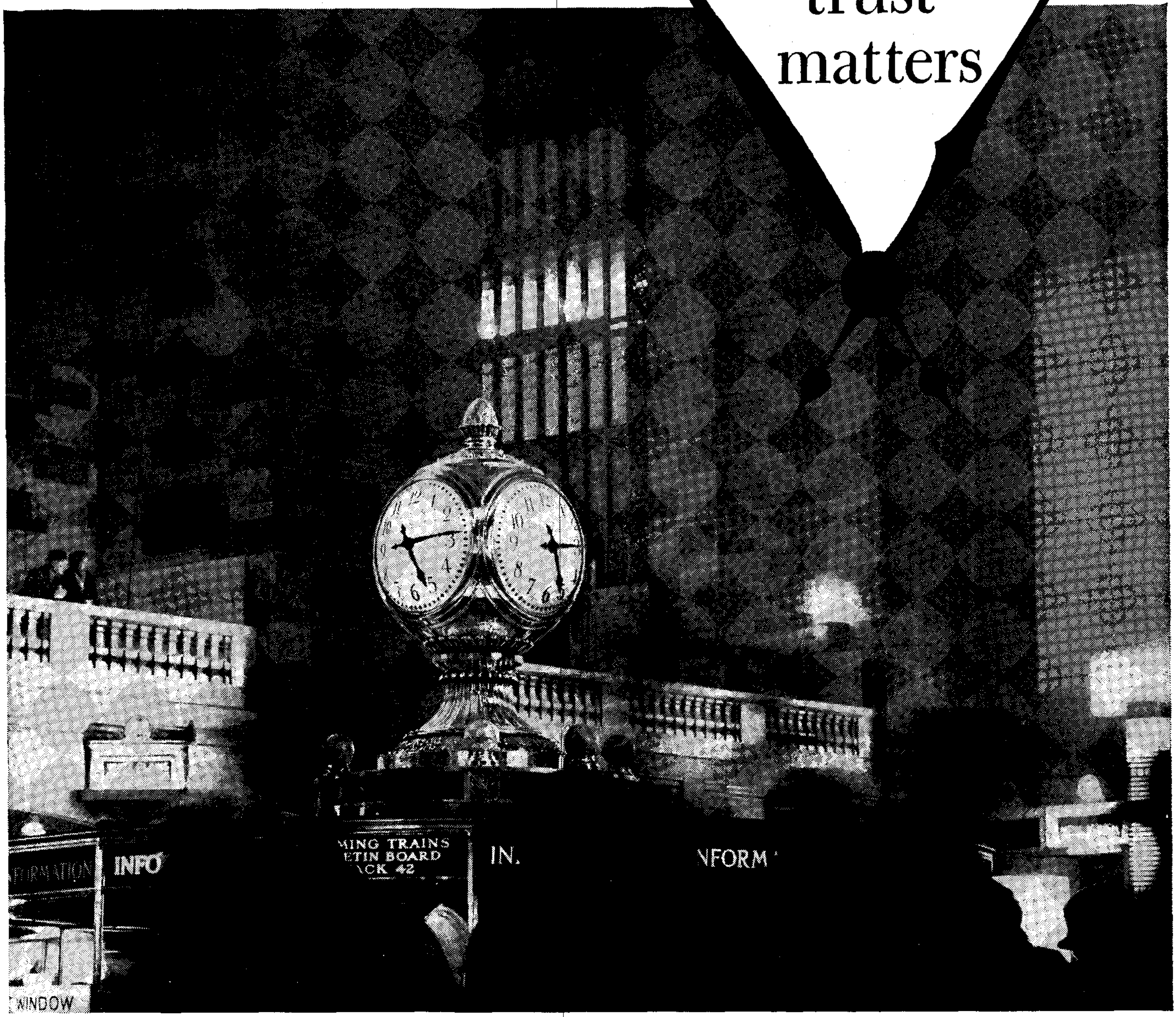
The famous clock above the information booth in Grand Central Terminal has served thousands of commuters each business day for nearly half a century.



Past the clock in Grand Central Station, seven days a week, hurry thousands of America's busiest men and women. Many are so deeply involved in personal estate *building* that they often have insufficient time for personal estate *planning*.

If you are such a person, you may find that the trust and investment services of The Bank of New York can help you to deal with this problem. Working in cooperation with your own lawyer, the Bank's officers will assist in planning your affairs using the skills and experience of our specialized staff to your advantage. Your estate can only benefit from the continuity of attention which it will receive, and you will be freed to concentrate on your daily business.

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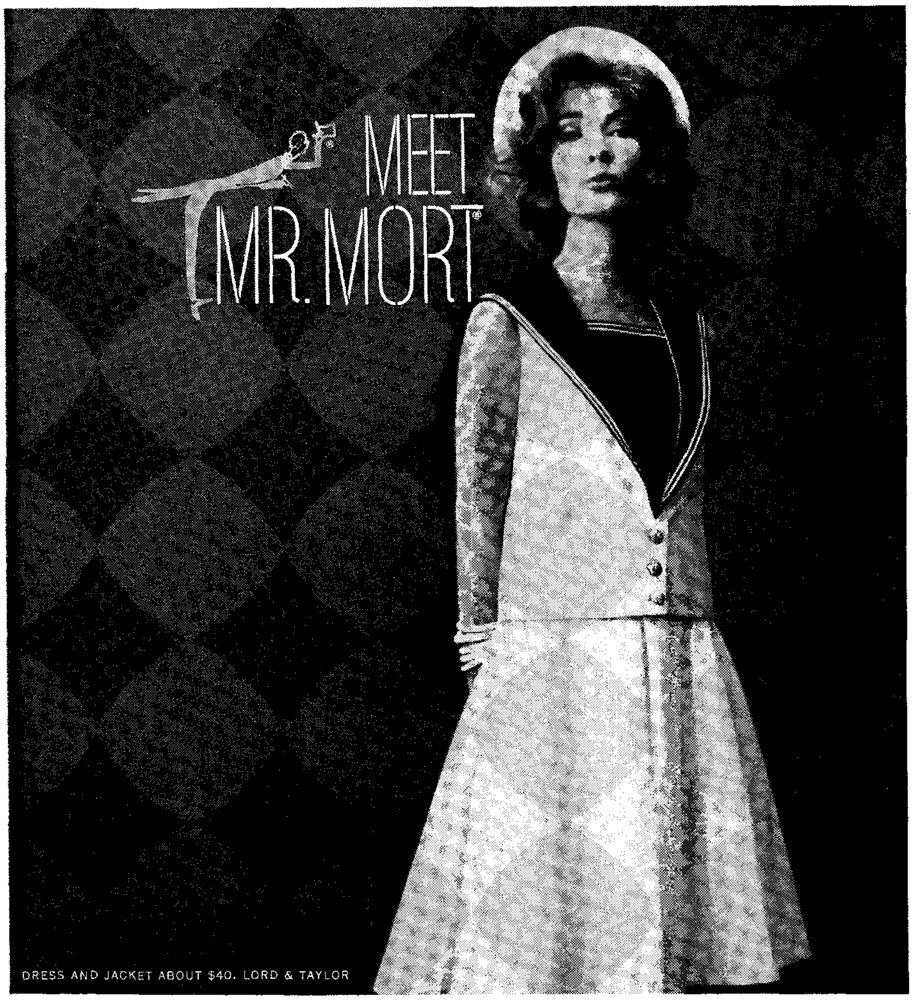
Lord & Taylor

Newton Elkin paints a sandal in unreluctant colors—yellow, green, fuchsia, bright blue (or white) kid, or black patent leather. 25.95

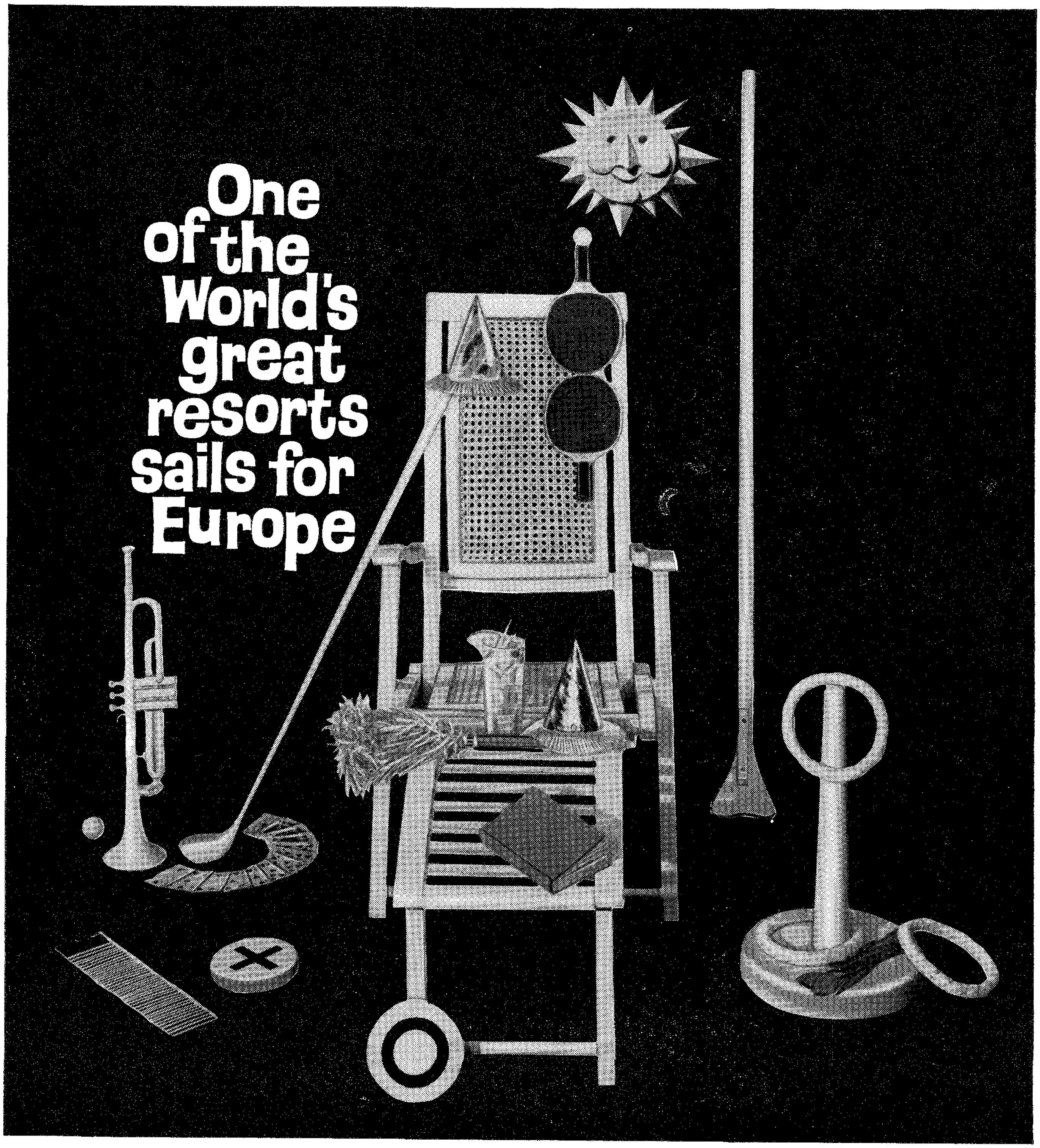
Fourth Floor designer shoe collections, Lord & Taylor, New York



DRESS AND JACKET ABOUT $40. LORD & TAYLOR

States, nobody should be surprised to find that what generally passes for conversation among Texas millionaires—aside from the anecdote, usually risqué and often told in dialect—is a mélange of talk about sports, television, bridge, gin rummy, poker, movies, parties (past, present, and future), cars, cooking recipes, travel plans, gossip about friends, and similar matters, which are touched on so pell-mell that anybody who wants to participate must be ready to jump in quickly whenever he sees an opening. It is perhaps a commentary on the state of social discourse in Texas that probably nowhere else does one so often hear the term "conversation piece." Salespeople at Neiman-Marcus use it to develop interest in merchandise ranging from cigarette lighters to mutation-mink coats. A handbag is advertised as a "conversation starter," and an art show is recommended as a "conversational leader." The food editor of the Dallas *News*, in presenting a recipe for "*hors d'œuvres délicats*," gives it the nod as "a conversation piece, a spread which will have the sophisticated group raving." If a visitor finds his group talking irrationally about the hors d'oeuvres and the conversation, accordingly, somewhat unrewarding, he cannot deny that it has the charm of being neither stodgy nor taxing, and usually seems aimed to please.

In addition to their gift for communicating more easily than people in the North, the Super-Americans are a more favored nation in their management of the simple mechanics of living. This accomplishment results in part from their sense of courtesy. Terms like "please," "thank you," "pardon," and "sorry" are still in common usage. Men and boys, and even younger women, give their seats on buses to the elderly. Children are taught manners. Men tip their hats. Women acknowledge having a door held open for them. Courtesy also prevails among those who serve the public. Except in some private clubs, waiters generally act as if they believed that their first duty was to serve food and their second to collect tips. By and large, the natives still adhere to the ten-percent rule in tipping, and, to the astonishment of outlanders, are not snarled at but smiled at. No gratuities are expected by the squad of men who descend upon a car entering a filling station, one to fill the gas tank, another to "check under that hood," as it is put, and still another to wash all the windows; if the day has been dusty, an attendant brushes out the floor. Upon paying for his purchase, a customer—in a gas station or



Come aboard and play your way to Europe! The choice of fun and festivities is so wide, you'll wish the ocean were wider. Sample the delightful entertainments of nightclubs and gala parties. Try deck tennis or golf or just a lazy swim in the pool. Luxuriate in the gourmet dining, in the attentive special services of a glamorous resort hotel afloat. When does it start? The moment you check in—aboard the fabulous flagship Rotterdam, the stately Nieuw Amsterdam, the spirited Statendam, or any ship of the famous Holland-America Line.

First Class or Tourist . . . it's good to be on a well run ship

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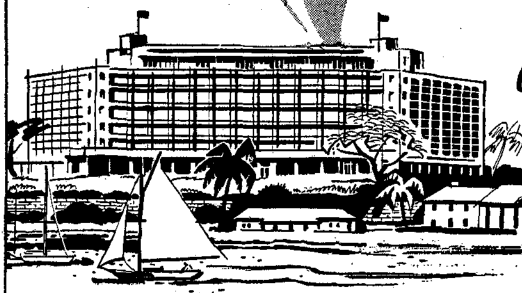

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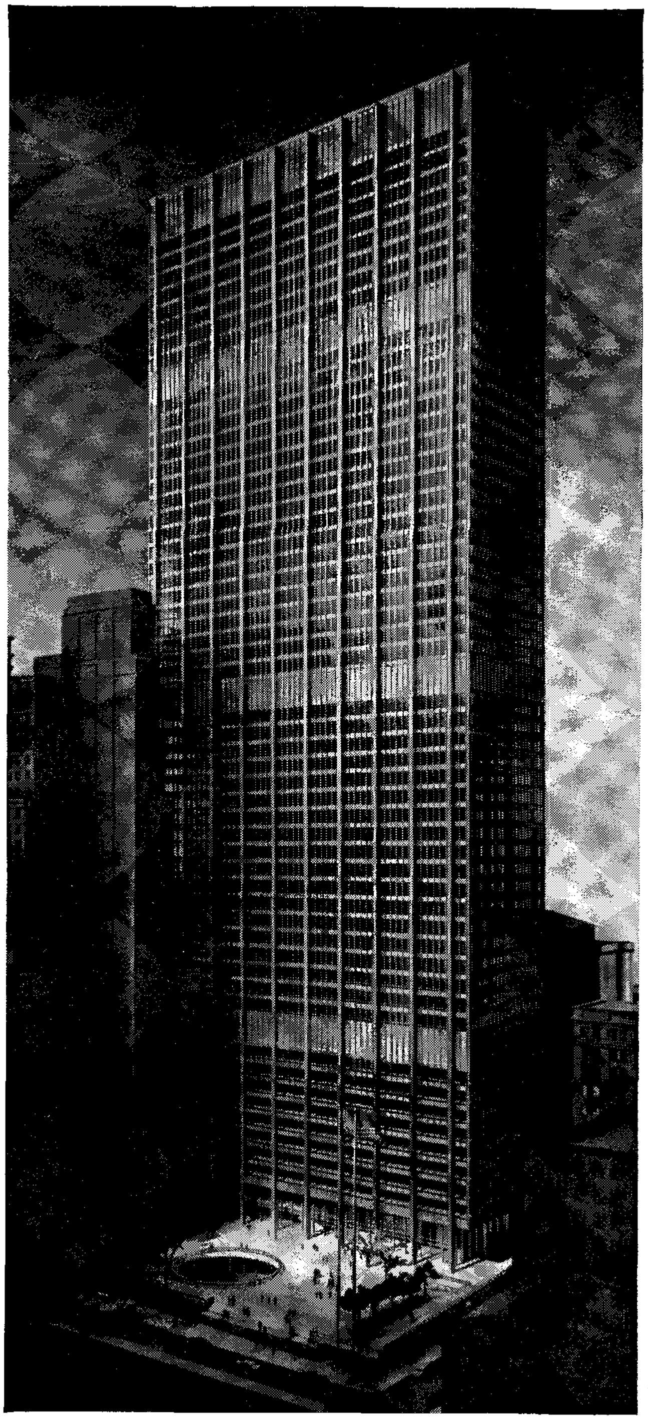
anywhere else—receives not just a nod or a grudging "Thank you" but usually a smile and a remark such as "Come back and see us," "You hurry right back, now," or simply "Come back," and always delivered as if they were meant. Trivial though such gestures may seem, they contribute to a net gain in living by diminishing, to a certain extent, the abrasiveness of existence.

The ease of manner that lubricates life in Texas goes hand in hand with another quality characteristic of the frontier—hospitality to strangers. Americans have so often been told that they are the most hospitable people in the world that they are now almost ready to believe it; Texans have never needed any convincing, as witness their state motto: "Friendship." Texans like to do favors for strangers and then turn aside expressions of gratitude. On whatever scale it is offered, Texas hospitality is a fact, and its manifestations are many. The essence of its spirit was touched on by Thomas W. Blake, Jr., a fourth-generation native, in his casual remark "If your car breaks down at night somewhere out on the highway, the chances are ninety-nine out of a hundred that somebody will stop to help you." This ready willingness to put oneself out for strangers—American hospitality in its most noticeable form—is, of course, a holdover from pioneer days, when loneliness and the need for reinforcements assured newcomers of a warm welcome. There is more to it nowadays. Other sentiments that have been added to the amalgam include a measure of pride and ostentation, an honest desire to oblige, and, above all, a craving to be liked. One reason for this has been suggested by the British anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer: "The signs of friendship, of love, are a necessity for the American. . . . There is no occasion, however trivial or however important, which brings two or more people together in which such signs are not desired. The smallest purchase should be accompanied by a smile and by the implied assurance that the vender is delighted and privileged to serve you. . . . There are no alternatives to these signs; unsmiling subservience produces discomfort, unsmiling arrogance, fear and hostility. The emotional egalitarianism of America demands that all relationships bear some resemblance to those of love and friendship." Our determination to win the approval of everybody in sight—and even out of sight—is so fierce that, according to Louis C. Jones, executive director of the New York State Historical Associa-

Number 29 of a series



On Manhattan Island the only way to build is *up*. But Chase Manhattan's new building has made a significant break in the canyon-like pattern of downtown Manhattan. This was achieved by devoting 70 per cent of the two-block site to an open plaza. Main attraction of the plaza is a sunken garden. At 813 feet, the building is the sixth tallest structure in the world. There are sixty floors, five underground working levels and office space for approximately 15,000 people. Architects are Skidmore, Owings and Merrill.

The Value of the Architect

He seeks a finer balance between tradition and individualism

The professional architect does not flaunt tradition, but neither does he surrender to meaningless conformity. Two fine illustrations are seen in the Chase Manhattan Bank Building and the Wappinger Falls, New York residence of Dr. and Mrs. William Abruzzi.

From the beginning, it was recognized that the Chase Manhattan's new building would be a skyscraper in the best New York City tradition. The question was: how to avoid being *just another skyscraper?* The answer: a large, beautiful open plaza, which serves as inspiration for future buildings in the area.

At Wappinger Falls, Dr. and Mrs. Abruzzi built their unique "H-shaped" residence. This deviation from usual floor plans is an excellent example of knowing when to depart from the traditional to serve best the needs of a particular client.

Both of these examples emphasize the wisdom of calling an architect early in the planning stage when you are thinking of building or remodeling.

This page is published in the interest of all who are considering construction, that they may experience the advantage of professional advice—of both an architectural and an engineering nature.

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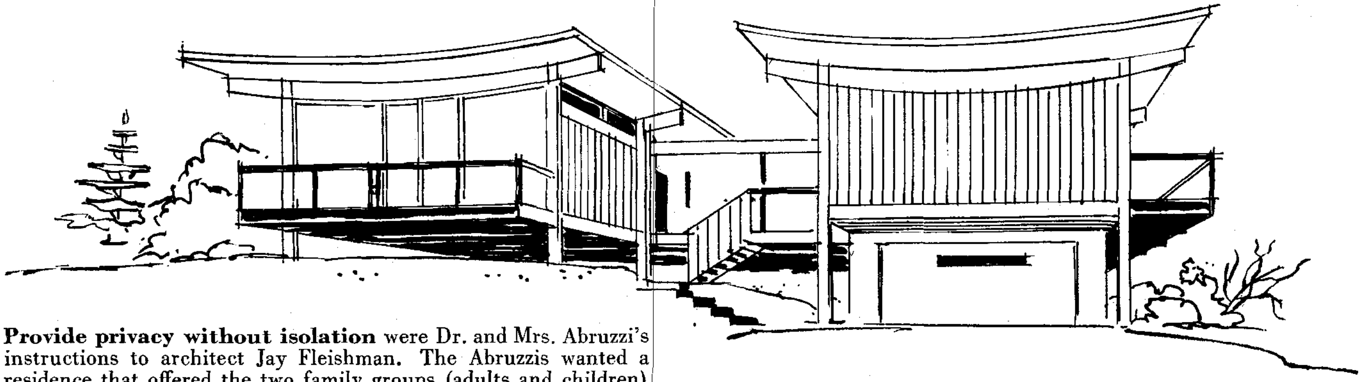
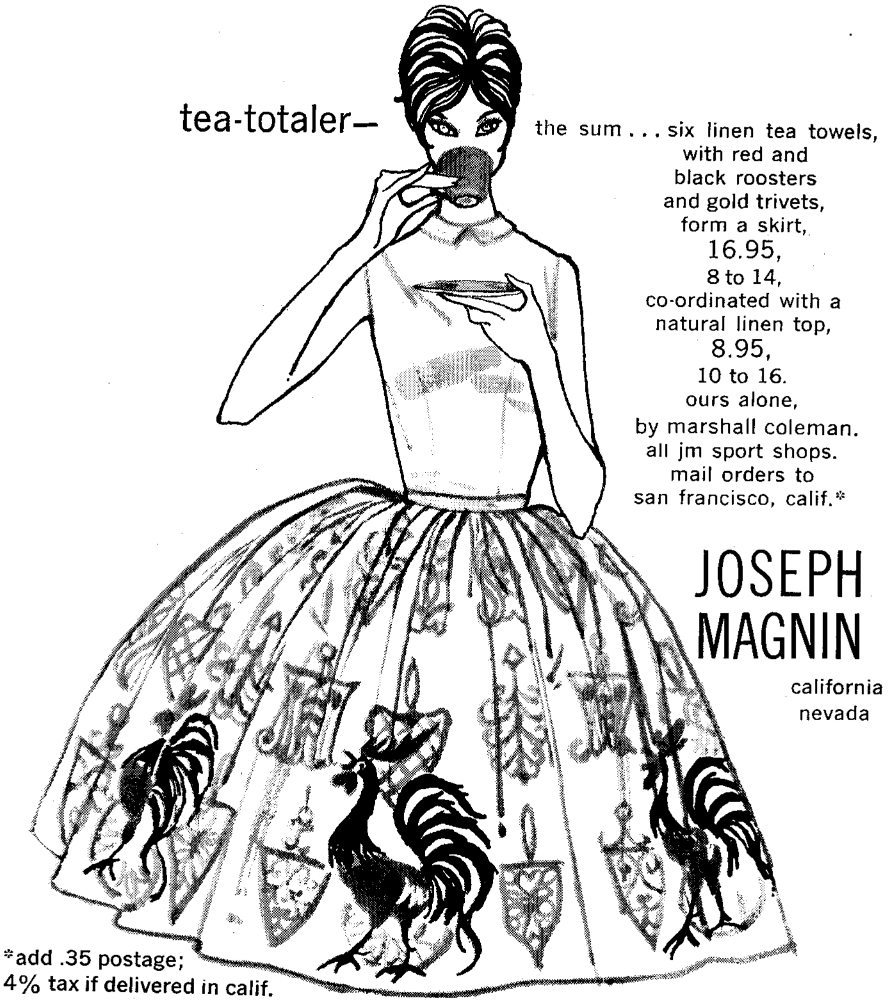


Provide privacy without isolation were Dr. and Mrs. Abruzzi's instructions to architect Jay Fleishman. The Abruzzis wanted a residence that offered the two family groups (adults and children) their own private areas for play, entertaining or sleeping, without disturbing the others. The final result exhibits ingenuity both inside and out. A distinctive profile was given the residence by using concave beams. The beams are spanned by 4-in. red cedar planking, which forms roof and ceiling and overhangs the house on all sides.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the sum . . . six linen tea towels, with red and black roosters and gold trivets, form a skirt, 16.95, 8 to 14, co-ordinated with a natural linen top, 8.95, 10 to 16. ours alone, by marshall coleman. all jm sport shops. mail orders to san francisco, calif.*
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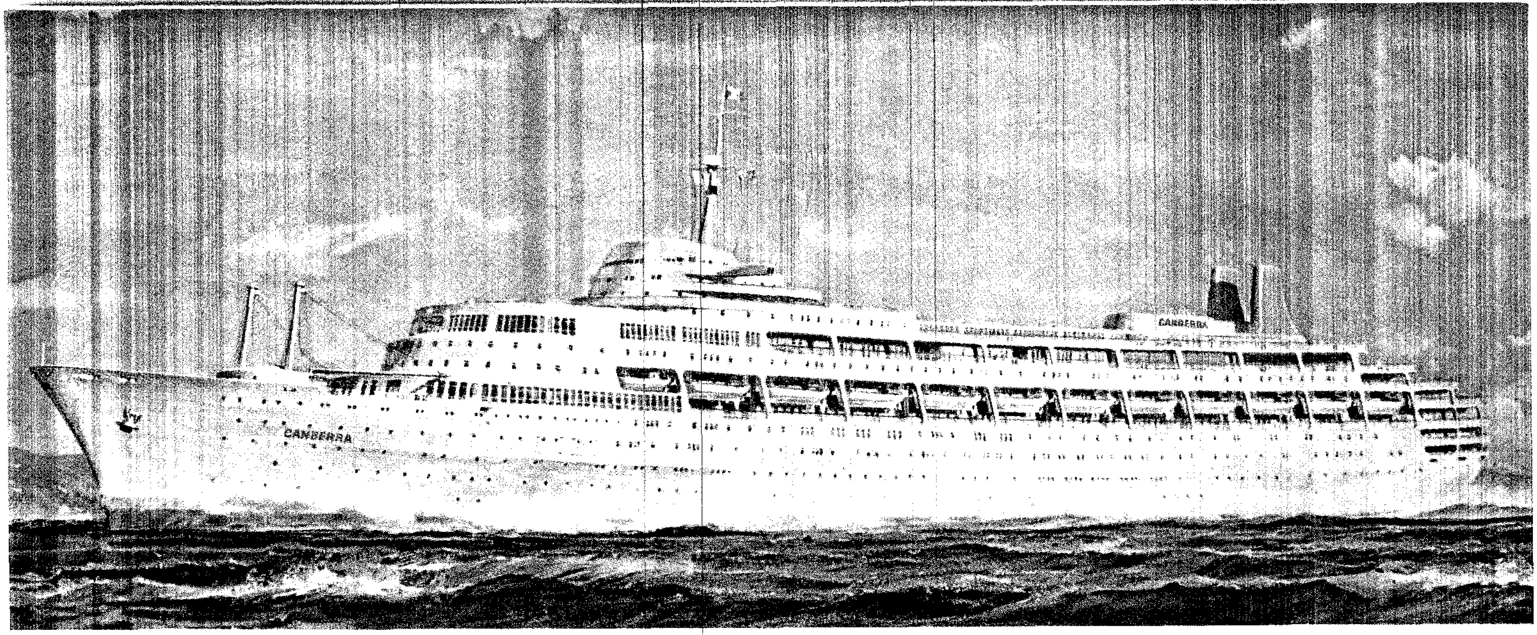
tion, even American ghosts, on whom Jones spent twenty years of research, "display definite tendencies of wanting to be liked, like the rest of us." The essential nature of American hospitality, which is perhaps more interesting than its surface indications, has not changed much since Francis and Therese Pulszky remarked about a century ago, after a trip here, "The Americans are cordial, frank, anxious to oblige, and ready to make friends. In the fullness of their hearts, they generally promise more than they can keep." There is a curious echo of this observation in a letter written recently by a New York woman who has been living in Texas for the past three years. "On the social side of things," she said, "it is exceptionally hard to make friends here, and quite deceptive. People take to you most cordially, but they practically never follow up on it. They mean to, but they never get around to it. They make overtures, which rarely materialize. Nor is this just my experience. It is a common complaint among newcomers. Yet, everyone wants to be a good guy, which I find far more unkind than being less affable and more dependable." This sort of disappointment arises from, as it were, a hasty reading of the Texas social contract. With their easy "How y' doin'?" in the streets, their spontaneity and informality, their native courtesy and kindliness to travellers, and their general dukes-down approach, Texans indicate their willingness to make the acquaintance of practically any stranger. It is down in the fine print that they reserve the right not to make him a friend. The ancient European animadversion holding that Americans have hundreds of acquaintances but no true friends may not be wholly without foundation, even in Super-America. But Texas hospitality, whatever its motivations and shortcomings, is a thing to take pleasure in, after the fashion that Caitlin Thomas, widow of Dylan Thomas, recommended for the enjoyment of American hospitality. "To us of the frozen north, as I always think of our chilblained island," she has written, "it is very hard at first not to suspect such a basketful of warmth, generosity, and hospitality; but whether it springs pristine from the heart, or is a cultivated college art, it is equally pleasant; and should be taken at face value: appreciated, and responded to; not carped at, as some nasty people do."

NOT far below the frontier ebullience that dominates the surface of life in Texas, a visitor soon becomes



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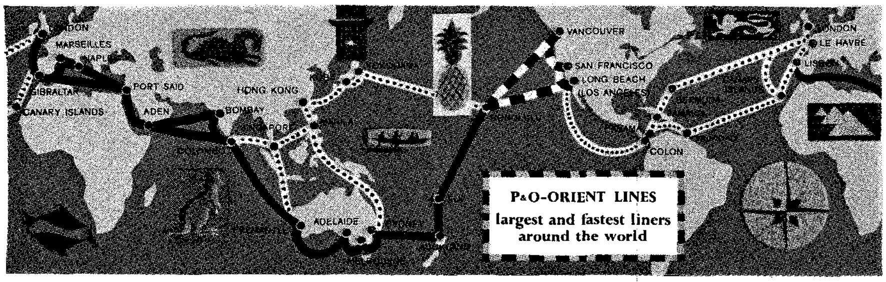

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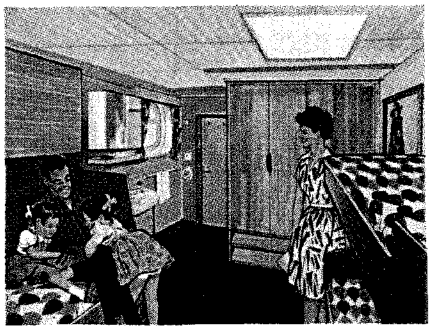

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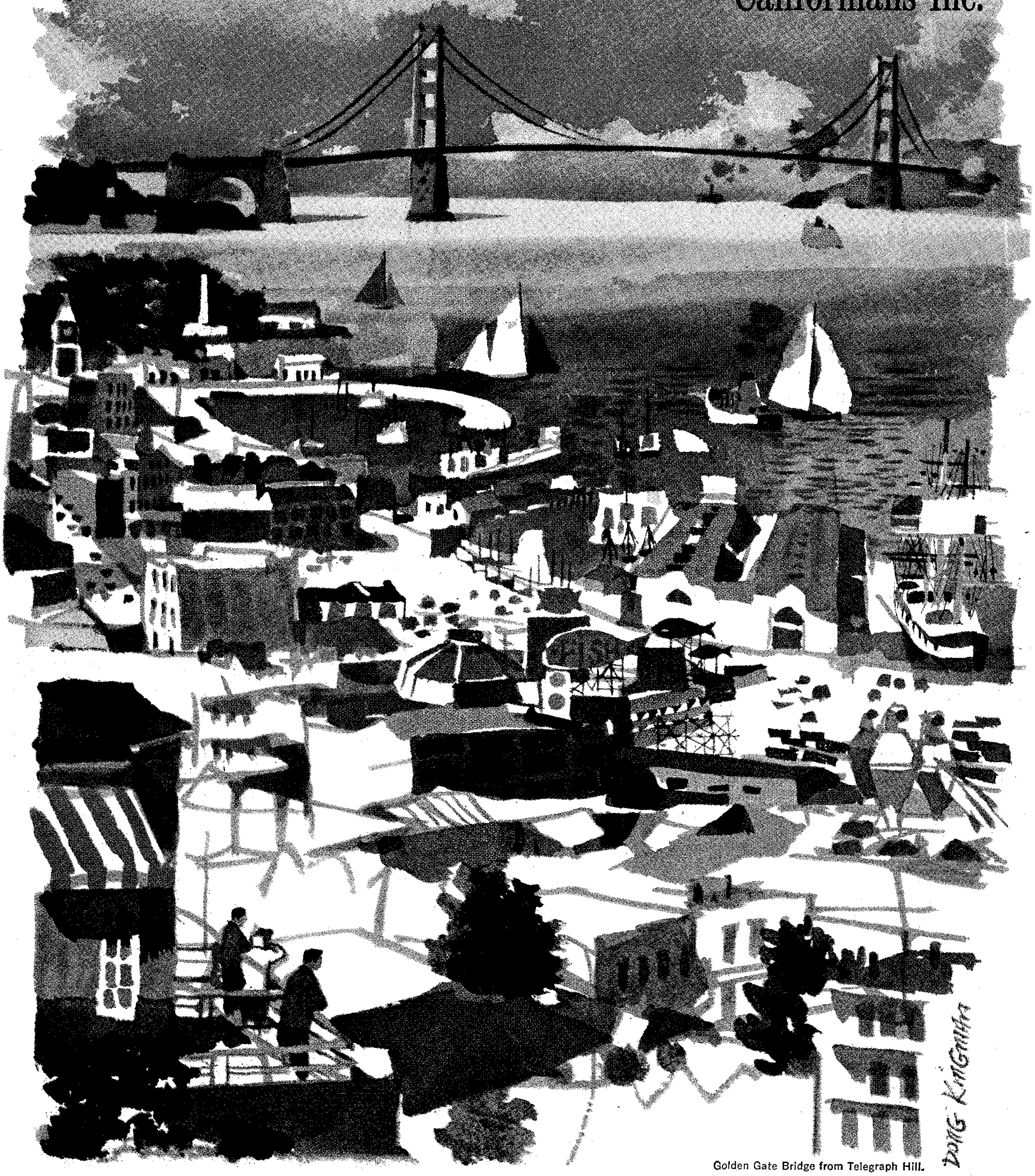

Golden Gate Bridge from Telegraph Hill.

aware, there exists a bed of conservatism as expansive and unyielding as the rock that underlies Manhattan. The flourishing of fierce intellectual resistance to change in a land that is changing physically by the minute strikes some newcomers as a peculiar dissonance, but the seeming incongruity is really very American. The conservative impulse came over in the Mayflower and has been the central influence in our politics, economics, and culture from Cotton Mather to Clint Murchison. If the conservative streak is broader in Texas millionaires than in others, it is because the Super-Americans are more fearful that their money, which most of them made fast and recently, will be taken from them by the machinations of "the Communists," the Super-Americans' habitual designation for all persons and institutions of which they disapprove. High on their blacklist, of course, is the federal government, which in the Super-American view is an insidious apparatus made up mostly of traitors, misfits, fools, and knaves bent on ruining the millionaires by socializing the country. The prevailing opinion was voiced a while back by William Fleming, a Fort Worth millionaire and prominent lay Baptist leader, in the course of an address to the Baptist Brotherhood Convention. Departing from his prepared text, entitled "Christ and the Brotherhood of My Church," Fleming said, "There are good men in Washington—you can find them if you look hard enough—but most of them are rotten. All they think about is getting enough votes to be elected. I spent fifty thousand dollars on lawyers going to Washington to defend my companies on this infernal income tax when I could have sent a mink coat or a silk petticoat and got the job done cheaper. Free men are just not free any more." According to the consensus of Texas millionaires, the country has been going to the dogs since McKinley was shot, and was damaged beyond repair by Franklin D. Roosevelt. On the day of Roosevelt's death, a San Antonio millionaire hastily improvised a cocktail party to celebrate the event. An Army Air Force captain who was stationed in San Antonio at the time found himself briefly at the macabre affair and recalls how his host raised his glass and said, "Let's drink to the son of a bitch, now that he's dead." Long before that, a Fort Worth millionaire offered to donate a pair of gorillas to the local zoo, provided they were named Franklin and Eleanor. The Zoological Association refused the offer. (There was a precedent; another wealthy citi-

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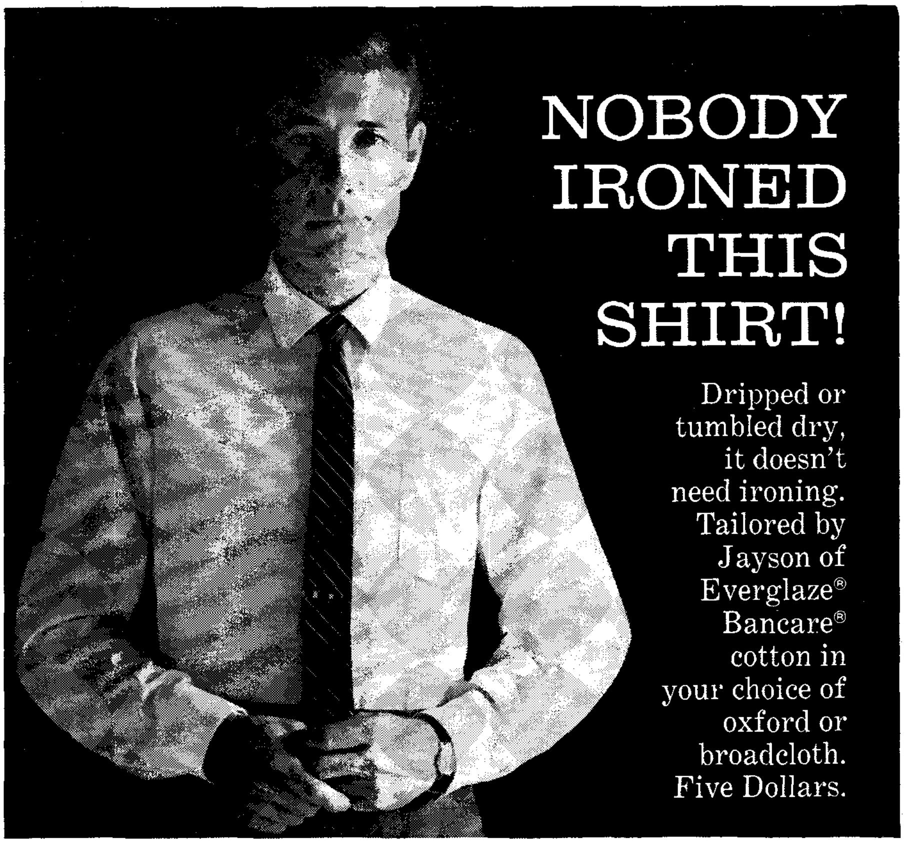

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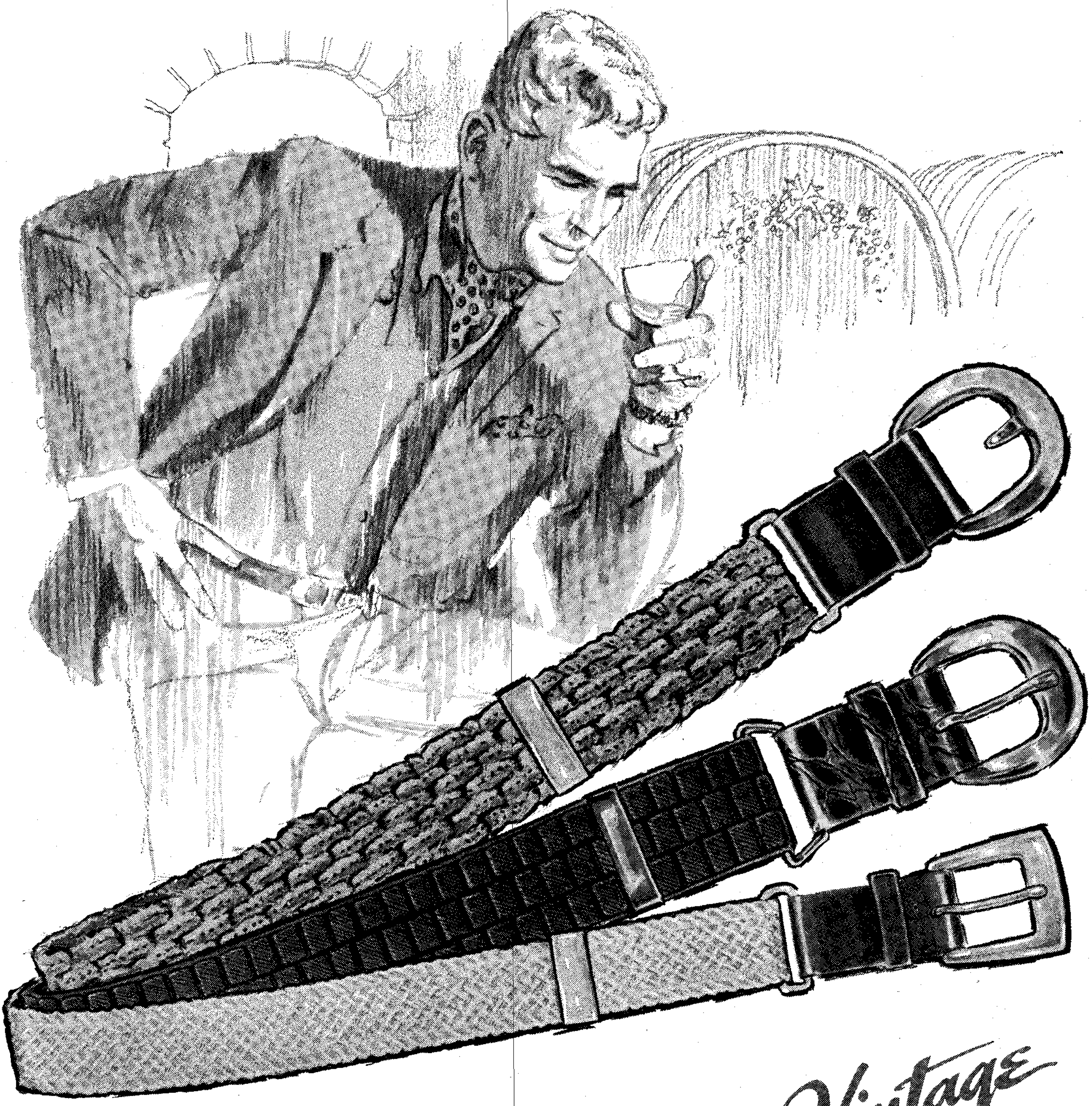
zen had been rebuffed in his effort to present the zoo with a rare and expensive female baboon on condition that it bear the name of the donor's ex-wife.)

Though the majority of Texas millionaires have traditionally been, and still call themselves, Democrats, their money and votes for the past quarter of a century have been going to Republican candidates for President. Adlai Stevenson was considered so dangerous that during the 1956 campaign the San Antonio chapter of the Minute Women, an extremely right-wing national organization that thrives in Texas, put a watch on the local Catholic archbishop, who had been reported endorsing the Democratic candidate, and on the First Unitarian Church in Dallas, for having permitted the Young Democrats to hold a meeting on its premises. Organized labor has also always been looked on with suspicion in Texas. When the State Capitol was being built, in the eighteen-eighties, a strike of the International Association of Granite Cutters was broken by importing sixty-two scabs from Scotland. The Texas attitude toward organized labor has remained consistent. For example, in Texas today such measures as the union shop, the closed shop, and maintenance of membership are illegal. So is picketing, if the picket line has more than two demonstrators every fifty feet. A union demonstrator who gets into trouble on a picket line can be known thereafter under the law as a felon, and the law prohibits felons from holding office in a union. Officers and organizers of unions are compelled by law to register with the state and to carry special identification cards. A union official who uses violence in dealing with a non-striker can count on receiving a penalty more severe than that customarily imposed in Texas for murder. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that of some two and a half million non-agricultural workers in the state, only slightly more than fifteen per cent are union members. Much of the anti-union legislation was enacted during the regime of Governor Allan Shivers, who in 1954, with the backing of many of his fellow-millionaires, pressed for a law making membership in the Communist Party a crime punishable by death. He felt that a rather strong deterrent was needed, even though he acknowledged at the time that Texas had been troubled with so little Communistic activity "that it can't be called a problem." To the Governor's disgust, the legislature chickened out and made the maximum



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Cognac Gold
Martini Olive
Pale Champagne

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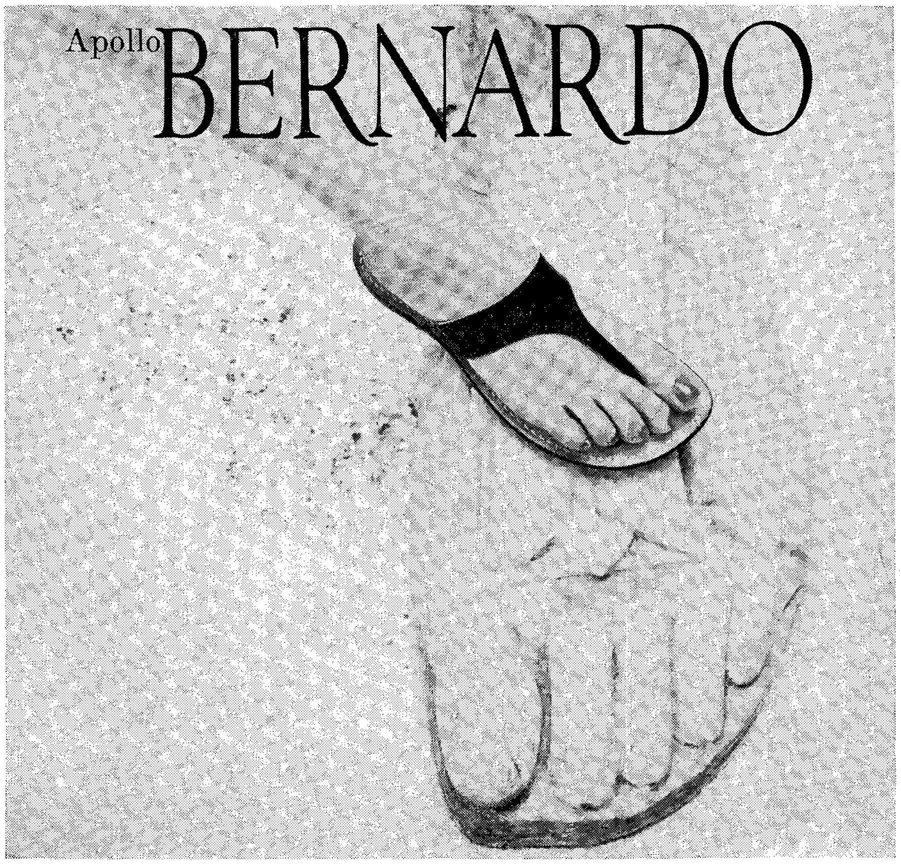

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penalty for Party membership merely a fine of twenty thousand dollars and twenty years in prison.

Measures such as this reflect the Super-Americans' overriding interest in fighting Communism at home rather than abroad, where it costs money. The fact that Senator Joseph McCarthy was a tireless espouser of this bargain-basement concept of dealing with Communism helped him become the hero of the Texas millionaires. Though not all went as far as Hugh Roy Cullen, who said, "I think Senator McCarthy is the greatest man in America," his prestige among Texas businessmen was, Charles J. V. Murphy reported in *Fortune* in 1954, "higher by a considerable margin than *Fortune* found in any other section of the U. S. business community, with the possible exception of Chicago." The Texas businessmen bought the whole McCarthy package—allegations of "twenty years of treason," the villainy of General Marshall, the homosexuals in the State Department, and all the rest. In the days when McCarthy was their anti-Communist candy kid, Texans not only helped him out financially in a substantial way but showered him with other tokens of esteem: a six-thousand-dollar Cadillac sedan as a wedding present; a scroll signed by Governor Shivers proclaiming that "Joe McCarthy—a real American—is now officially a Texan;" making him guest of honor at a hundred-dollar-a-plate Republican dinner (the second ever held in Texas) and principal speaker at the San Jacinto Day exercises, an honor fraught with emotional significance; and so on. When his star began to dip, following the Army-McCarthy hearings, the enthusiasm of Texas millionaires for what they liked to call their "third Senator" began to wane. And when, toward the end, McCarthy was ailing and desperately anxious to accumulate enough money to buy a ranch where he could retire with his wife and daughter, his Texas patrons seemed to evaporate—even the big Dallas wheeler-dealer who in earlier days had habitually wound up his letters to McCarthy with the promise "I'm with you Joe, to the bitter end." In death, however, McCarthy became something of a martyr in Super-America, and many Texas millionaires now talk about how "old Joe" is needed to bring Khrushchev, Castro, and other latter-day foreign devils to heel. No one seems able to take his place, although the John Birch Society—whose aims, according to a letter to the editor of the Houston *Press*, are

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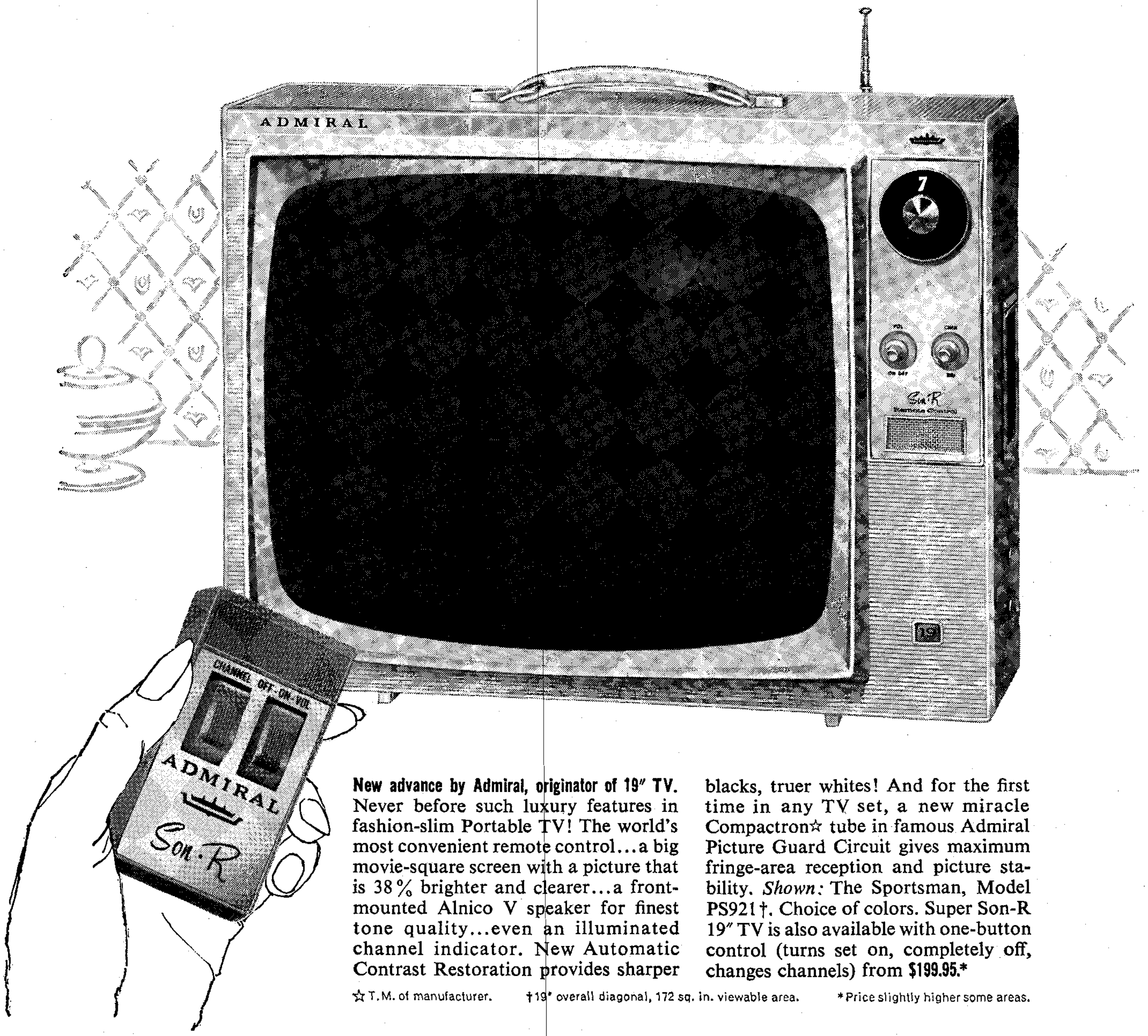

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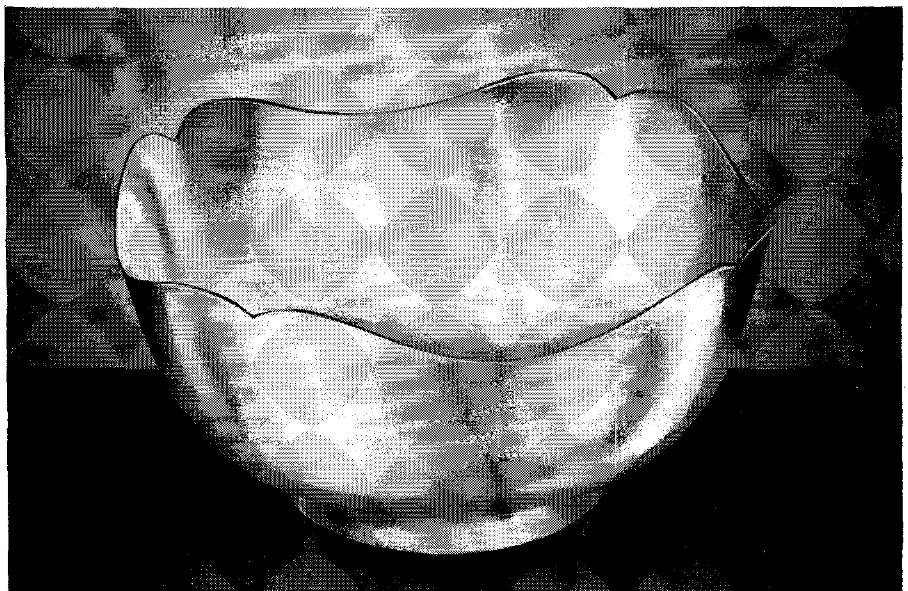

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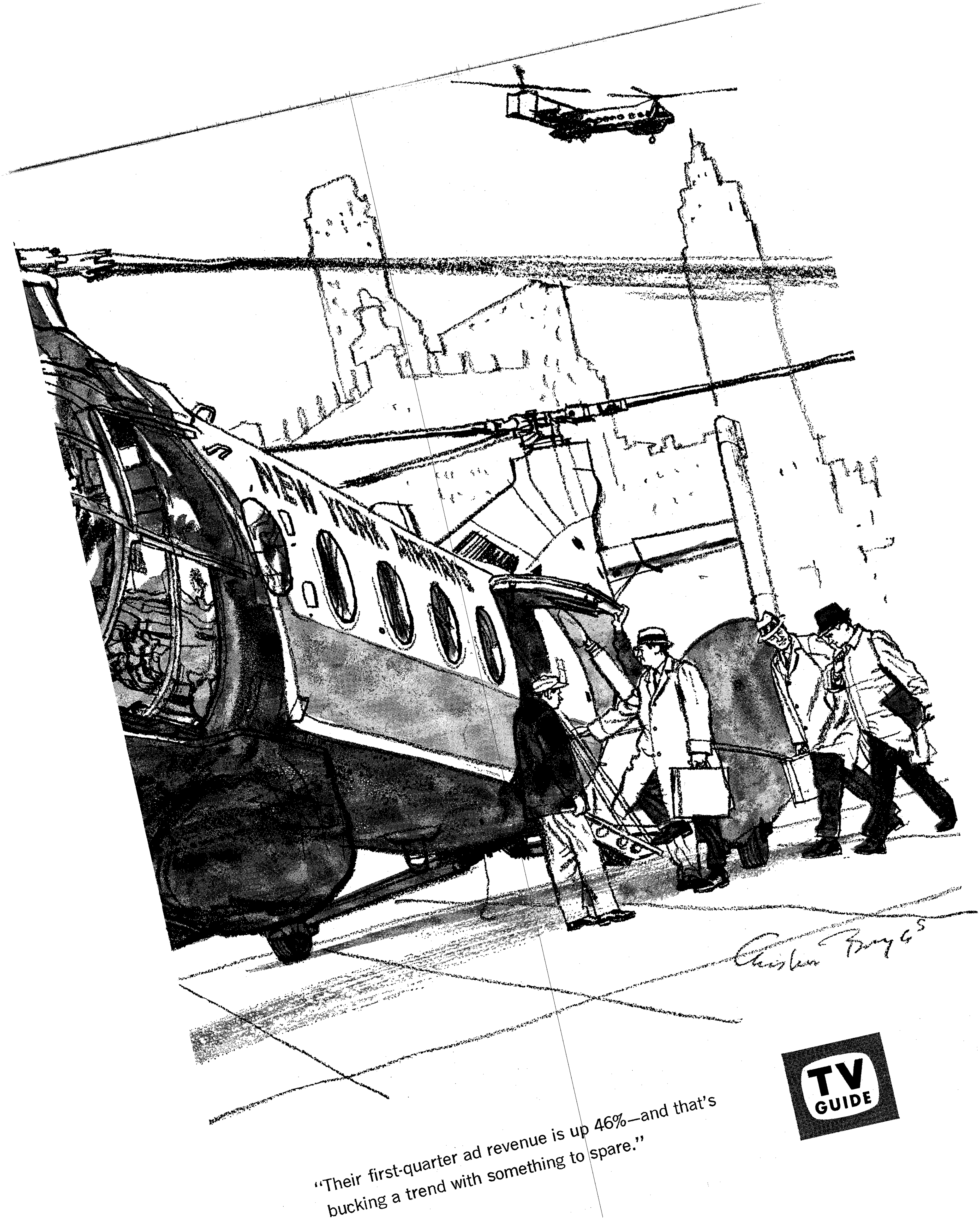
"as American as apple pie"—is making a try.

Since Super-Americans have, to the usual exaggerated degree, the built-in American suspicion of Europe and the rest of the world, they believe that we ought to cut loose from all foreign entanglements. In May, 1960, a Church of Christ preacher named Wayne Poucher, visiting Dallas on a speaking engagement as the guest of H. L. Hunt, said that our salvation lay in breaking off diplomatic relations with Russia and all other Communist countries. "If we did that," he remarked confidently, "I believe Communism would collapse within twelve months." In the popular Super-American view, foreign aid is the most demoniac scheme yet invented to ruin the country. "I don't know much about all these world affairs," a Texas millionaire remarked at the time of the Hungarian uprising, which generated about as much public interest in Super-America as a run-of-the-mill football game, "but one thing I do know: Uncle Sap always picks up the bill." Ten years ago, another Texas millionaire, named H. Neil Mallon, seeking to encourage a somewhat broader view of Uncle Sam's role, founded the Dallas Council on World Affairs, which weathered a Texas-size campaign of slander and vilification, and now, with some twenty-five hundred members, is generally considered one of the top organizations of its kind in the country. Credit for the Council's flowering is unreservedly given to Mallon, board chairman of Dresser Industries, Inc., which supplies equipment for oil, gas, and chemical industries around the world, and to his foresight in having originally elicited support for the Council from numerous other leading businessmen, who, though not wild-eyed one-worlders, saw the organization as a possible civic asset. That possibility has been realized. The Council, which has brought (usually in private planes belonging to Mallon's company) Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., John Foster Dulles, Herbert Hoover, Lewis M. Douglas, Alfred M. Gruenther, and scores of other world figures to speak in Dallas, has, as the *News* said a while ago, "spotlighted this metropolis as a visiting center for the world's policymakers." Serving as a counterbalance to the Council is the Public Affairs Luncheon Club, whose speakers may seldom be luminaries on the international scene but are nevertheless colorful in their opinions. In recent months, club members have heard that "international Socialists still control the State Department;" that "the United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Nations is the springboard from which the great Communist movements are coming;" that "the U.N.'s illegitimate child is UNESCO, and UNESCO is the fountainhead carrying the main line of the Socialist front;" that "the internationalists have all but completely destroyed U. S. national independence;" that we should "give Red China a seat in the United Nations—our seat;" and many similar arguments. In the spring of 1960, Texas newspapers announced that a group of fourteen businessmen from Houston, Dallas, Midland, Wichita Falls, and other Texas cities, alarmed over "the possibility of Texas becoming another liberal state," had launched a campaign to "carry on the fight to maintain conservatism." And so they are at work, figuratively carrying timber into a wood.

"LIKE one huge children's party, endless fun and games and expensive presents for all." So the British traveller Lord Kinross recently wrote of Texas, and so—the patina of life there being what it is—Texas appears to the fast-moving visitor. Unfortunately, the fly-by-night disciples of Herodotus, as Stanley Walker describes swift observers of his country, miss many of the values of the Super-American way of life, such as the latent violence expressed covertly in the uglier manifestations of the conservative spirit and openly in the nonchalant attitude toward the taking of human life. An example: Shortly after eleven o'clock on a recent February evening, Mrs. John Smith (as she will here be called), an attractive, twenty-seven-year-old bride of three months, broke off a quarrel with her husband, a former assistant district attorney in Houston who was fifteen years her senior, by packing a bag and walking out of their apartment. She drove her car to the Luxury Motel, registered, left her bag in her room, and drove on to the Club Kohinoor. There, by chance, she met a twenty-three-year-old securities salesman, here called Richard Baker, with whom she had had dates before her marriage. They each downed a beer, and then, since it was closing time, Mrs. Smith bought half a dozen cans to take out. "Richard asked me where I was going," she later recalled, "and I told him I was going to have a beer. He asked me where John was, and I told him he was at home. Richard then told me he would go with me to have a beer and asked me where I was staying. I told him the Luxury Motel." Mrs. Smith and Baker proceeded to the motel in

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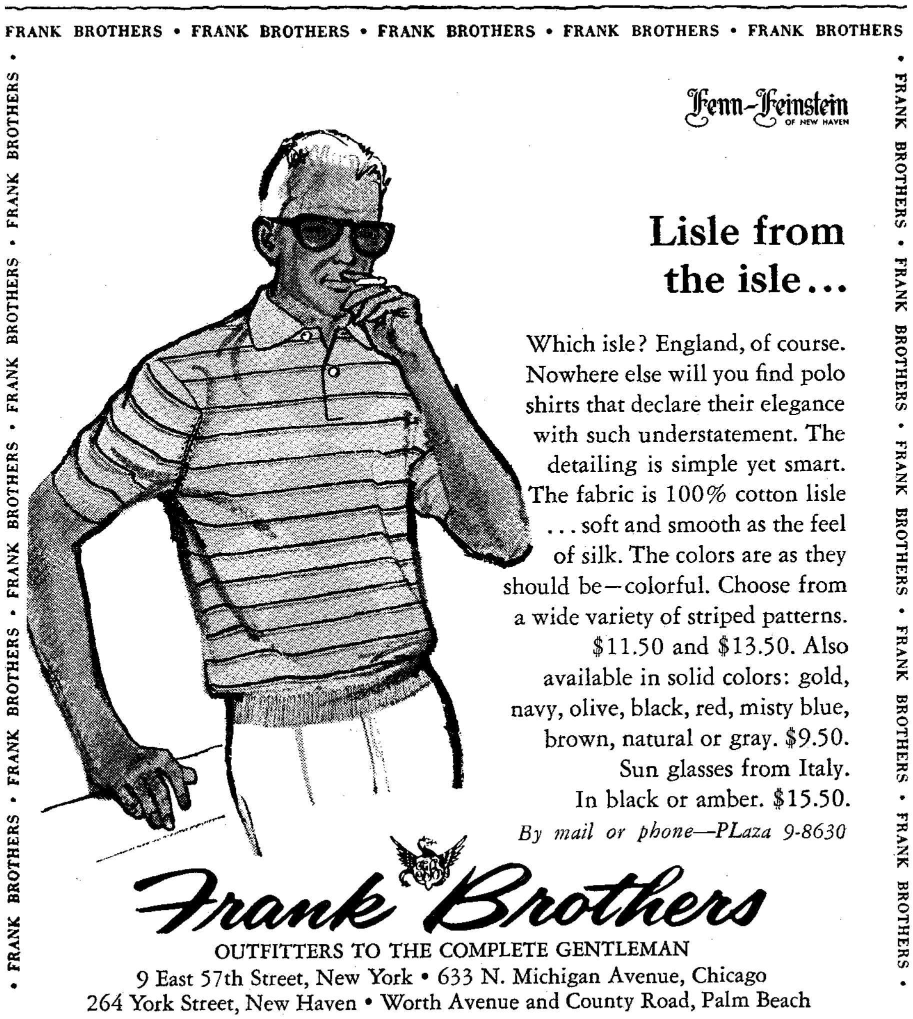
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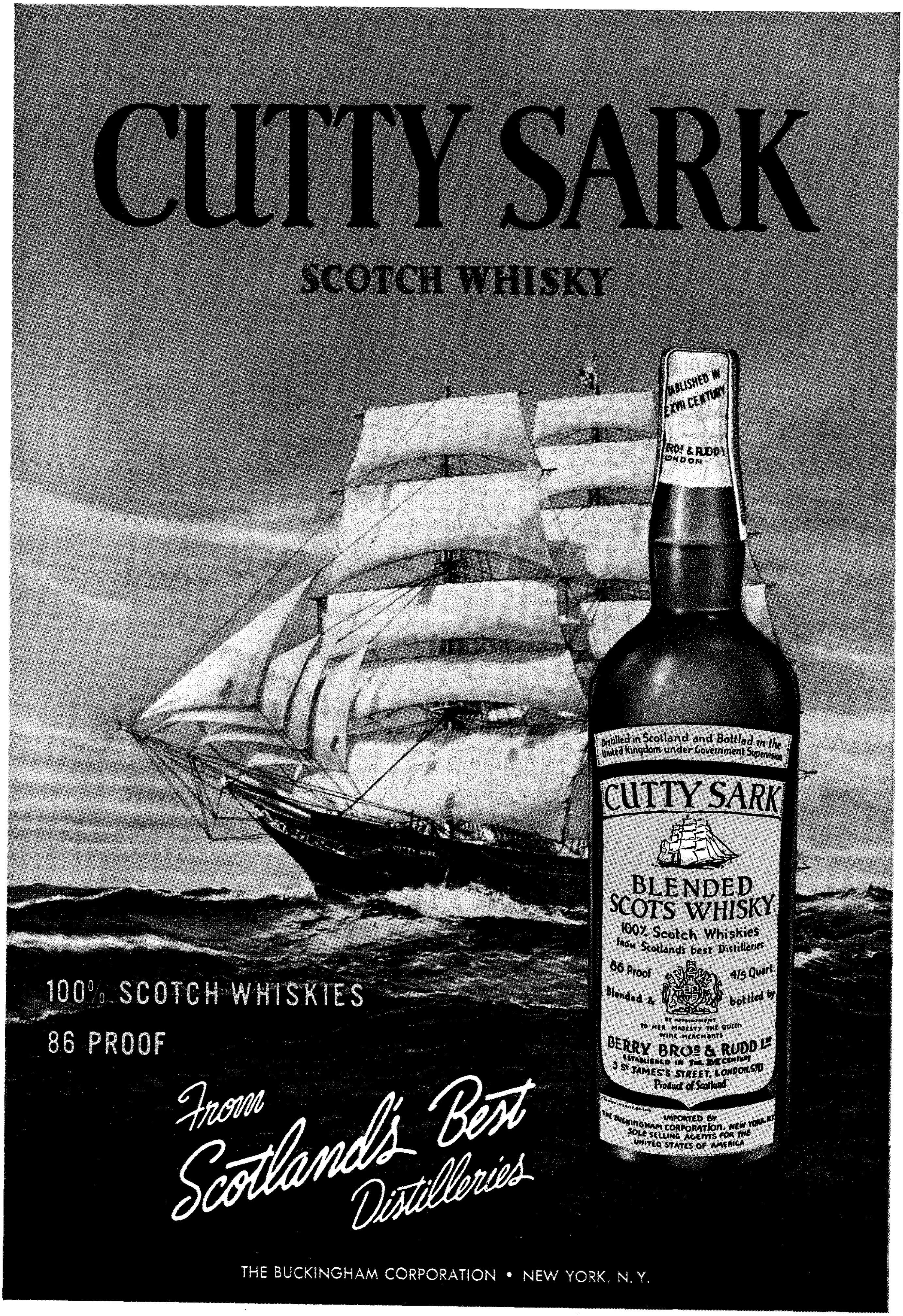
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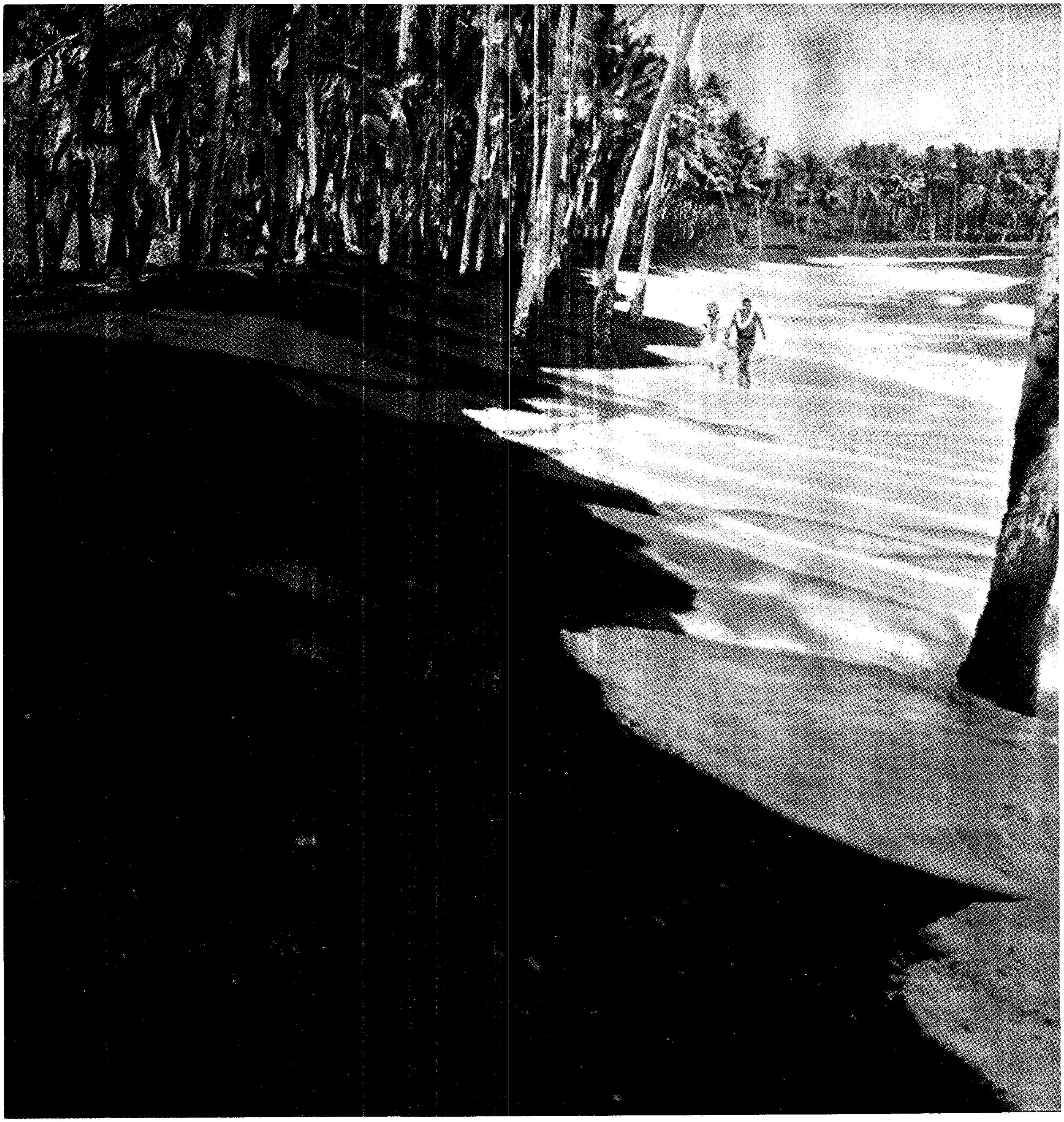

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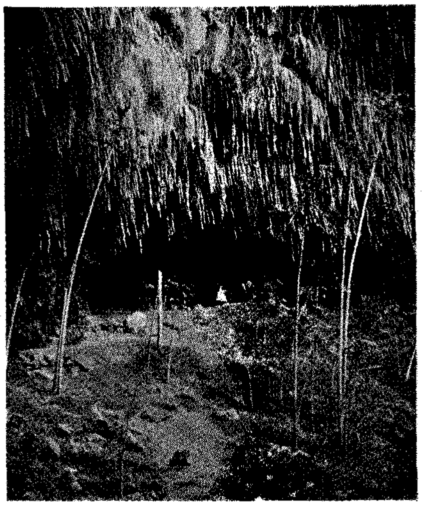
Fern Grotto on the Island of Kauai.

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her car, went to her room, and locked the door. While Baker sat on the bed and removed his shoes, Mrs. Smith opened two cans of beer. Before they had taken more than a couple of swallows, there was a knock on the door. After affixing the safety chain on the door, Mrs. Smith opened it and discovered the caller to be her husband, who had been scouring the area and had found her car in the motel's parking area. There was a bitter argument, and Smith, upon learning that Baker was also in the room, abruptly left and started walking toward his car. Mrs. Smith, evidently sensing what was in the wind, opened the door and ran after him. "I asked him not to be stupid," she said later. "I told him what he was thinking was not true, and I knew he was thinking there was something between Richard and me." Her protestations did not convince her husband, however. He went to his car, took a .25-calibre automatic pistol from the trunk, returned to the room, and shot Baker five times in the chest, killing him. Then he called the police. When they arrived, Smith readily admitted murdering Baker, adding that he had only done what any other man would have done in the circumstances, and turned over his pistol, together with another one, which he had found in his wife's handbag. He was taken before a justice of the peace, charged with murder, and released on his own recognizance. He was never brought to trial; the grand jury, after hearing testimony from Houston's chief of police and two of his subordinates, handed down no indictment. The grand jury evidently took the same understanding view as Mrs. Smith, who remarked after the shooting that she still loved her husband, and added, "I don't blame John for thinking what he did. Although there had been nothing between Richard and me, it looked bad from where John was standing." The incident aroused no particular public interest, because it was just a standard murder—the kind that happens all the time in Texas.

The prevalence of this type of casual killing and capricious punishment, if any, has enabled Texas to maintain a crime rate that is consistently imposing, even by American standards. That takes some doing, for, as everybody knows, we are the most lawless of all so-called civilized peoples. We lead the world in homicides, in other violent crimes, and in juvenile delinquency; we have one burglary almost every minute; and, according to F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover, crime costs the nation

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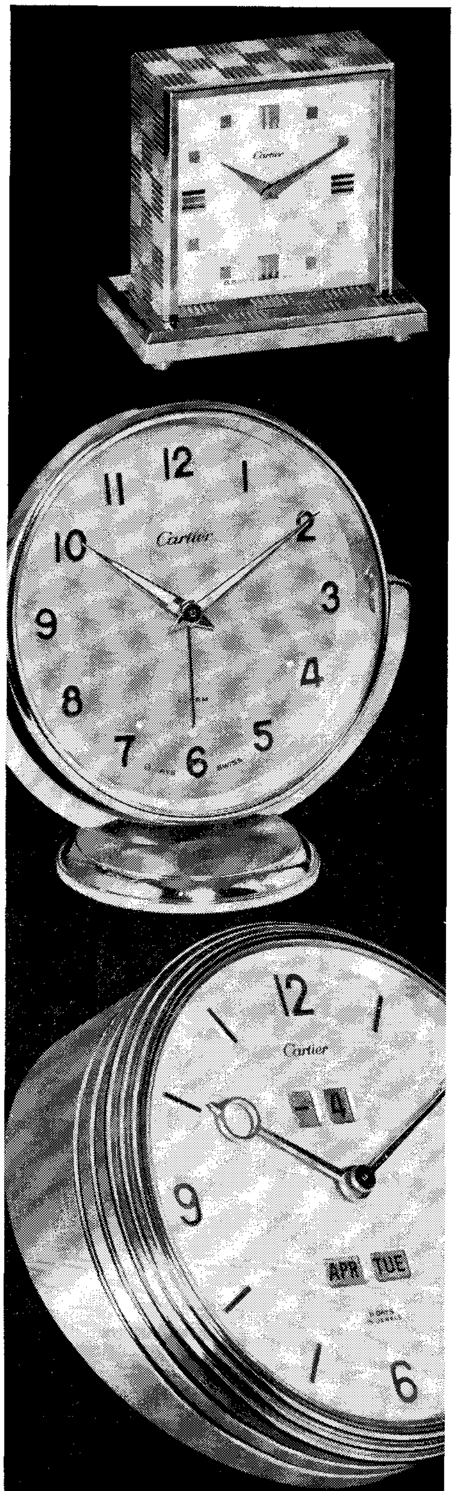

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approximately twenty-two billion dollars a year. While foreigners find our crime rate at least astonishing—it was one of the things that Kipling said made us "the scandal of the elder earth"—we fail to find the subject of much interest; head-hunters don't see anything novel in head-hunting. Our attitude seems to be that crime statistics, like those for the population, the gross national product, and everything else in an expanding economy, should show a steady upward trend, and we are never disappointed. "We make more laws and break more laws than any other people on earth," an American judge matter-of-factly told the English traveller William Dixon in 1876. More than a century before that, our Colonial ancestors, who were not keen on many kinds of social restraint, had set the pattern by thumbing their noses at British customs regulations. Contempt for law, part of our national heritage, has always been most powerfully illustrated on the frontier. "In the new states of the Southwest, the citizens generally take justice into their own hands, and murders are of frequent occurrence," de Tocqueville recorded. "This arises from the rude manners and the ignorance of the inhabitants of those deserts, who do not perceive the utility of strengthening the law, and who prefer duels to prosecutions." While the Texans' manners have noticeably improved since that observation was made, their ability to appreciate the usefulness of strengthening the law has not kept pace. "You get in law enforcement what the people demand," John Crooker, Sr., of Houston, remarked a couple of years ago when he was chairman of the Texas Law Enforcement Study Commission. The state of the demand in Texas is suggested by the fact that in all categories of violent crime Texas ranks, in proportion to population, in the Top Ten among the states. An incident reflecting the Super-American attitude toward strengthening the law occurred in August, 1958, when some citizens of Boyd, a town twenty-eight miles north of Fort Worth, became so angry with their chief of police for enforcing the law, in their opinion, too zealously that they shot him and sent him to the hospital in serious condition. With assists like this, it works out that a major crime is committed in Texas every three and four-tenths minutes. In the past two years, Texas, while ranking sixth in population, walked off with third place in aggravated assault (otherwise known as attempted murder), non-negligent

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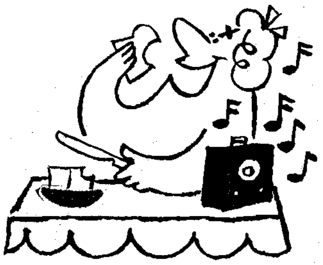

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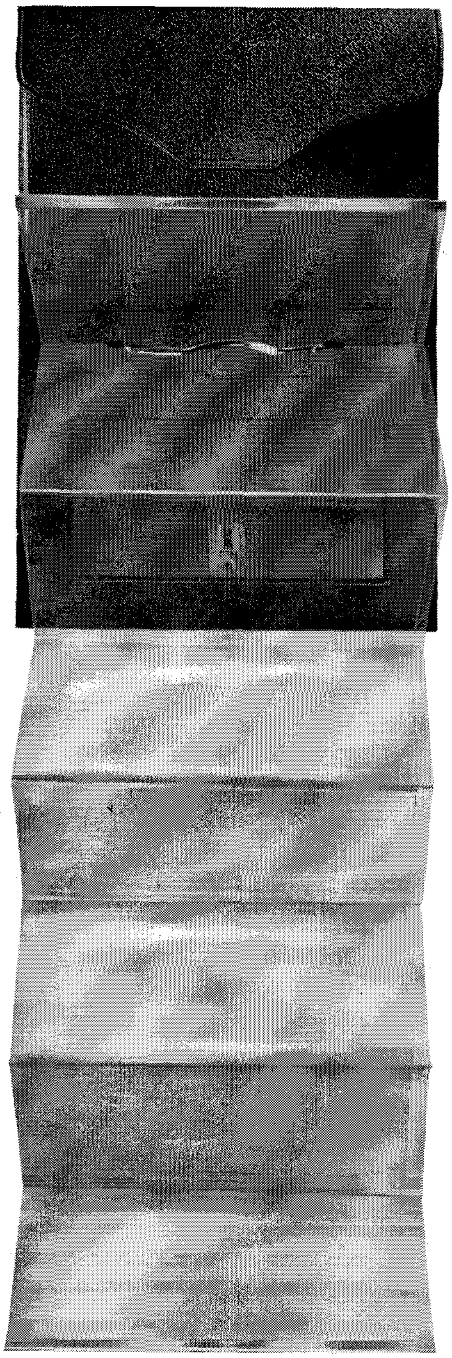

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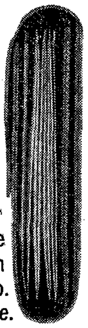
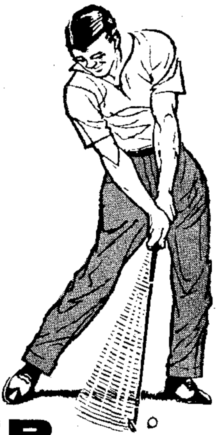


manslaughter, and burglary. (No cash is kept in the vault of the state treasury, a policy dating from June 11, 1865, when the treasury was burglarized by bandits, who rode off with the swag.) In the past ten years, youthful crime in Texas has increased more than fifty per cent, and the number of inmates of Texas prisons has increased more than a hundred per cent. However, nothing indicates the low state of the demand for law in Texas more clearly than the figures on homicides. Of all crimes, murder, as W. H. Auden has pointed out, is alone in being an offense against both God and society. Murder is, therefore, *the* crime, the main event in the criminal sweepstakes. Here Texas wins handily. In each of the last four years, more murders have been committed in Texas than in any other state, regardless of population. In 1959, a thousand and ninety-four persons were shot, stabbed, clubbed, or otherwise snuffed out in Texas; that was more than twice as many as in New York, which has seven million more people. Put another way, more people killed other people in Texas in 1959 than in all the New England states together, plus Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Utah. To make an international comparison: Every year there are more murders in Dallas alone than in England, which has approximately thirty-five million more people. And every year Houston has more murders than Dallas. Any way you look at it, Texas is tops in murder.

The pinnacle was not reached overnight. Back in 1879, a correspondent who had travelled through Texas reported in *Harper's* that "Texas is charged with some three hundred murders within the past twelve months, against which is credited eleven executions." He seemed to find both the number of murders and the ratio of executions to killings, which was 3.6 per cent, impressive. Visitors still do. In 1960, a thousand and eighty murders were committed in Texas, but executions for murder under civil authority dropped to five, thus reducing the ratio to less than half of one per cent. In those early days, Walter Prescott Webb has pointed out, travellers from the East were ill-equipped to understand the Westerners' extralegal custom known as the Code of the West and the place that killing played in it. "Under the social conditions," Webb has written, "the taking of human life did not entail the stigma that in more thickly settled regions is associated with it. Men were



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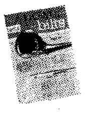

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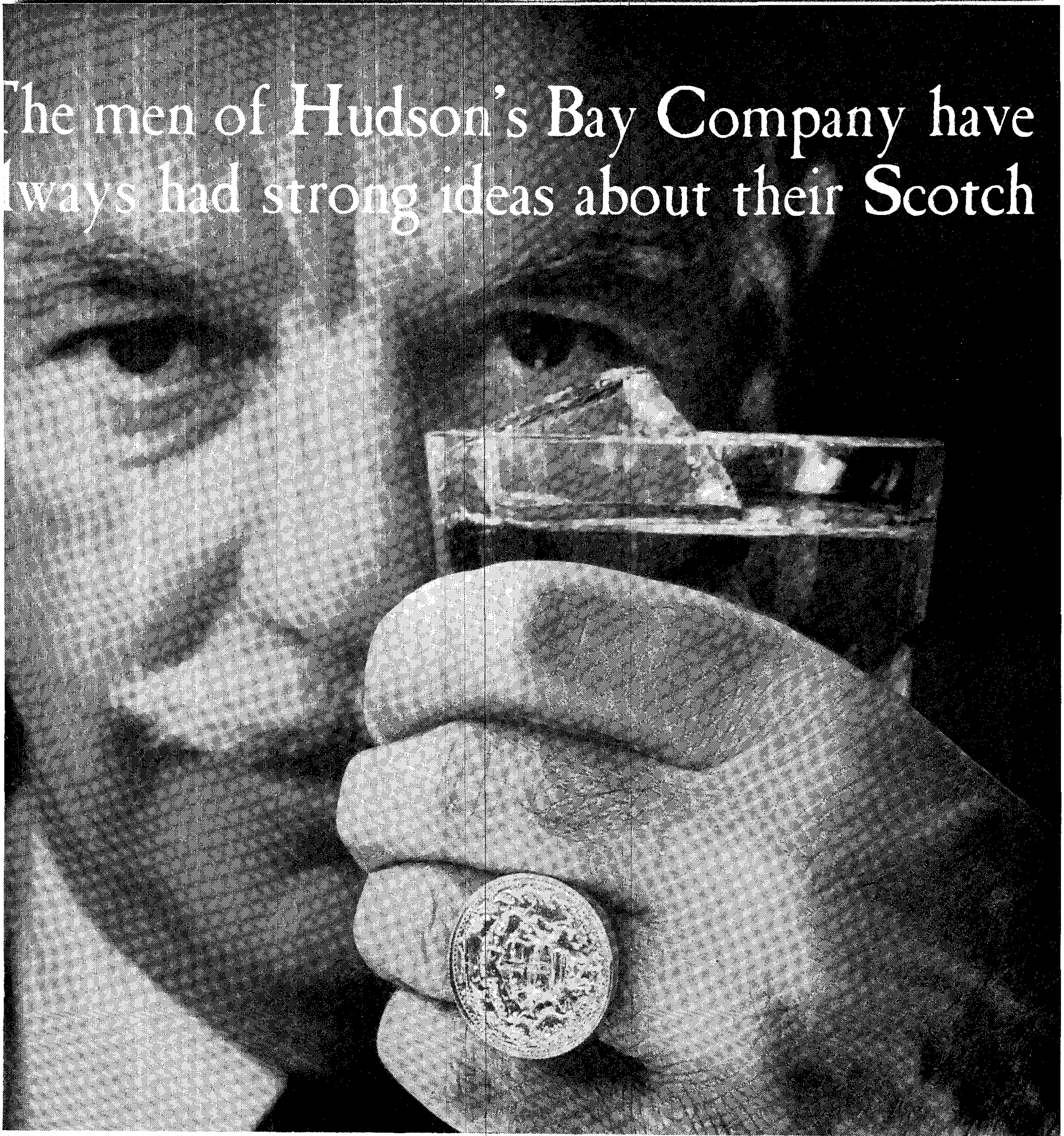

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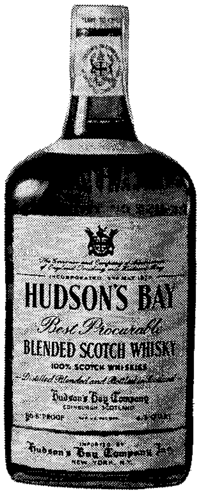
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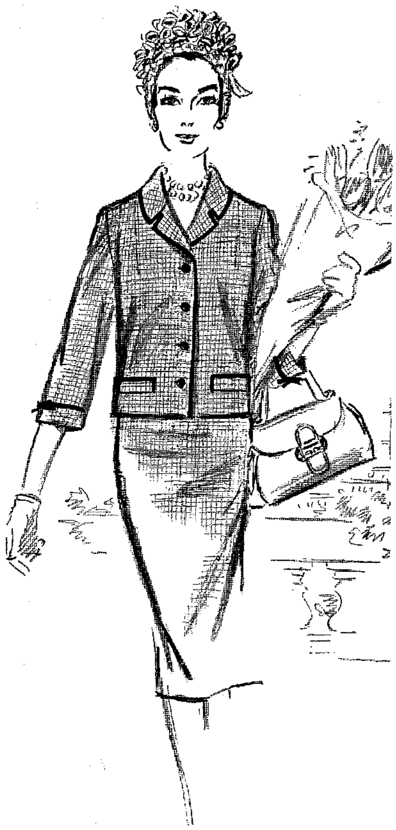

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all equal. Each was his own defender. His survival imposed on him certain obligations which, if he were a man, he would accept. If he acted according to the code, he not only attested his courage but implied that he was skilled in the art of living. Murder was too harsh a word to apply to his performance, a mere incident, as it were. But how could the Easterner, surrounded and protected by the conventions, understand such distinctions?" Quite a few Easterners still have trouble regarding murder as a mere incident, even in Texas, where they are surrounded by signs that homicide is a casual act. One sign is the use of the word "fuss." In Texas, a fuss can lead to murder. A recent headline in the Dallas *News* read, "HOME FUSS ENDS WITH MAN'S DEATH," and an equally even-tempered one in the Houston *Post* read, "THIRTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD FATHER OF SIX KILLED AFTER FUSS." In February, 1960, the wealthy owner of a chain of restaurants in Dallas was rubbed out by his brother-in-law, who had been employed as manager of one of the restaurants. Explaining his action, the brother-in-law said that the restaurant owner "started fussing at me and told me to get out," so he took a .38-calibre revolver out of a paper bag behind the cash register and shot the boss to death. In July, 1960, a forty-year-old woman living in Farmers Branch shot her husband in the head with a .22-calibre rifle because he refused, she said, "to leave me alone and quit the fussing." If a fuss goes on for a long time, it becomes a feud, and a feud can lead to what is known in Texas as folk justice. An expert on this subject, Dr. C. L. Sonnichsen, Dean of the Graduate Division of Texas Western College, has explained, "You won't find a better laboratory for the study of feuds than the State of Texas. The roughest kinds of people sought refuge in this frontier state. The only way the good settlers could deal with them, in order to protect their families and possessions, was to resort to folk justice. Nobody feuded for fun. These were mostly good people, 'no hands for trouble,' but sometimes a man had to fight, and when he had to, he did. Even today, if a man's life and his livelihood are endangered and he has no recourse to law, he will resort to folk justice, as did his ancestors." A fairly recent instance of the operation of folk justice occurred in June, 1960, when the secretary of the school board in Brownsboro punctuated years of bitter feuding over local school affairs by shooting and killing a fellow-townsman

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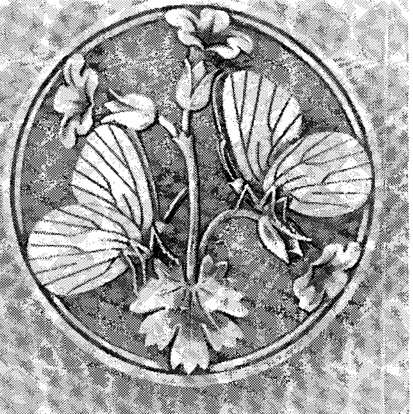

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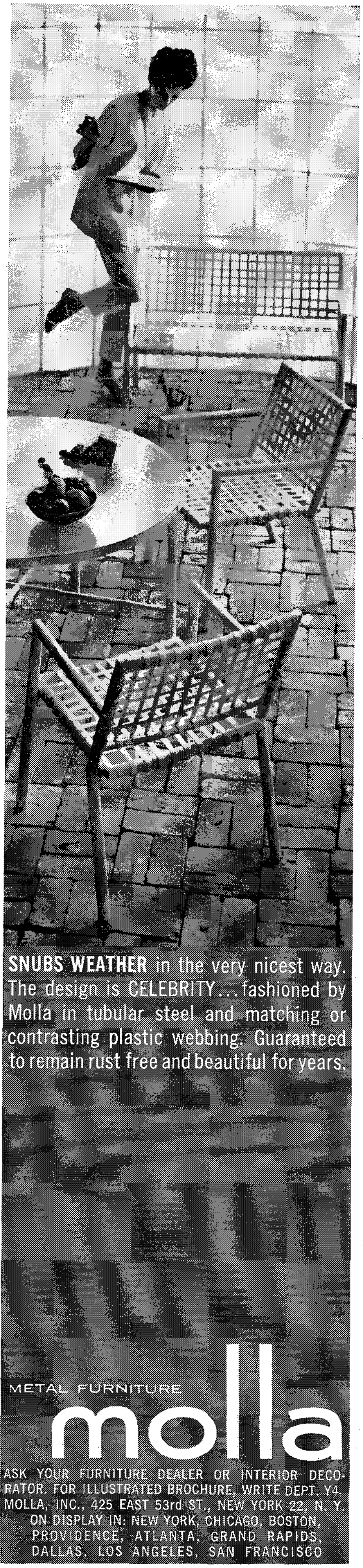

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after a free-for-all at a school-board meeting.

How extensively folk justice is practiced in Texas nobody knows for sure, but the Texas Society of Pathologists believes it is meted out so freely that for every murder on record nine go undetected. The reason for this uncertain state of affairs is that of the two hundred and fifty-four counties in Texas, only three—those in which Houston, Dallas, and San Antonio are situated—employ a pathologist as a medical examiner to determine the cause of questionable death. The rest give this responsibility to justices of the peace—elected officials who need have neither medical training nor experience in scientific crime detection. In March, 1960, Justice of the Peace H. M. Newman, of Wichita Falls, decided to change his verdict that a local resident had died of natural causes when the undertaker reported he had found a bullet hole through the dead man's heart. If the Texas pathologists' suspicions are true, it would turn out that in 1960 the state chalked up a total of 10,800 murders, or one every 48.7 minutes, day and night. However, on the basis of recorded figures, a murder occurred in Texas only once every eight hours around the clock.

Perhaps because Texas's frontier-type coroner laws make getting away with murder easier in rural than in urban areas, the preponderance of recorded homicides occur in the large cities and are distributed roughly in proportion to population, although Fort Worth, slightly smaller than San Antonio, sometimes surpasses it in homicides. Still, there is always enough action in San Antonio to make it worthwhile for Alex's Reweavers, at 319 North Main Street, to keep in its window a large sign reading, "We Weave Bullet Holes and Knife Cuts." The proprietor, Alex Martinez, says that he averages about four such jobs a month and can usually spot patrons seeking this type of service by their bandages—the wound stripe of civilization in Texas. Of all the contributions to the state's impressive murder record, Houston's is the most generous. "The murder capital of the United States," as Billy Graham describes Houston, has not only more murders annually than any other city in Texas but, on a per-capita basis, more than any other big city in the country. For at least the past eight years, Houston has averaged slightly more than a hundred and fifteen murders annually. In 1952, a strong year, the number climbed to a hundred and thirty-four, but even that was topped in 1957, when the total went to a hundred

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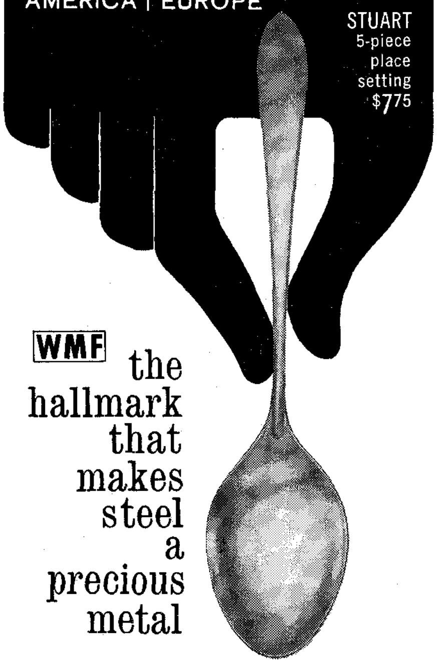

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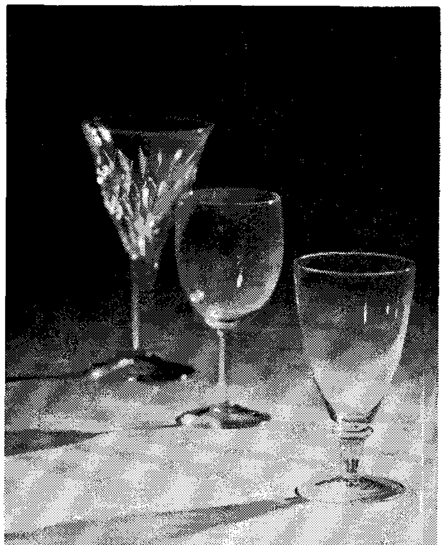

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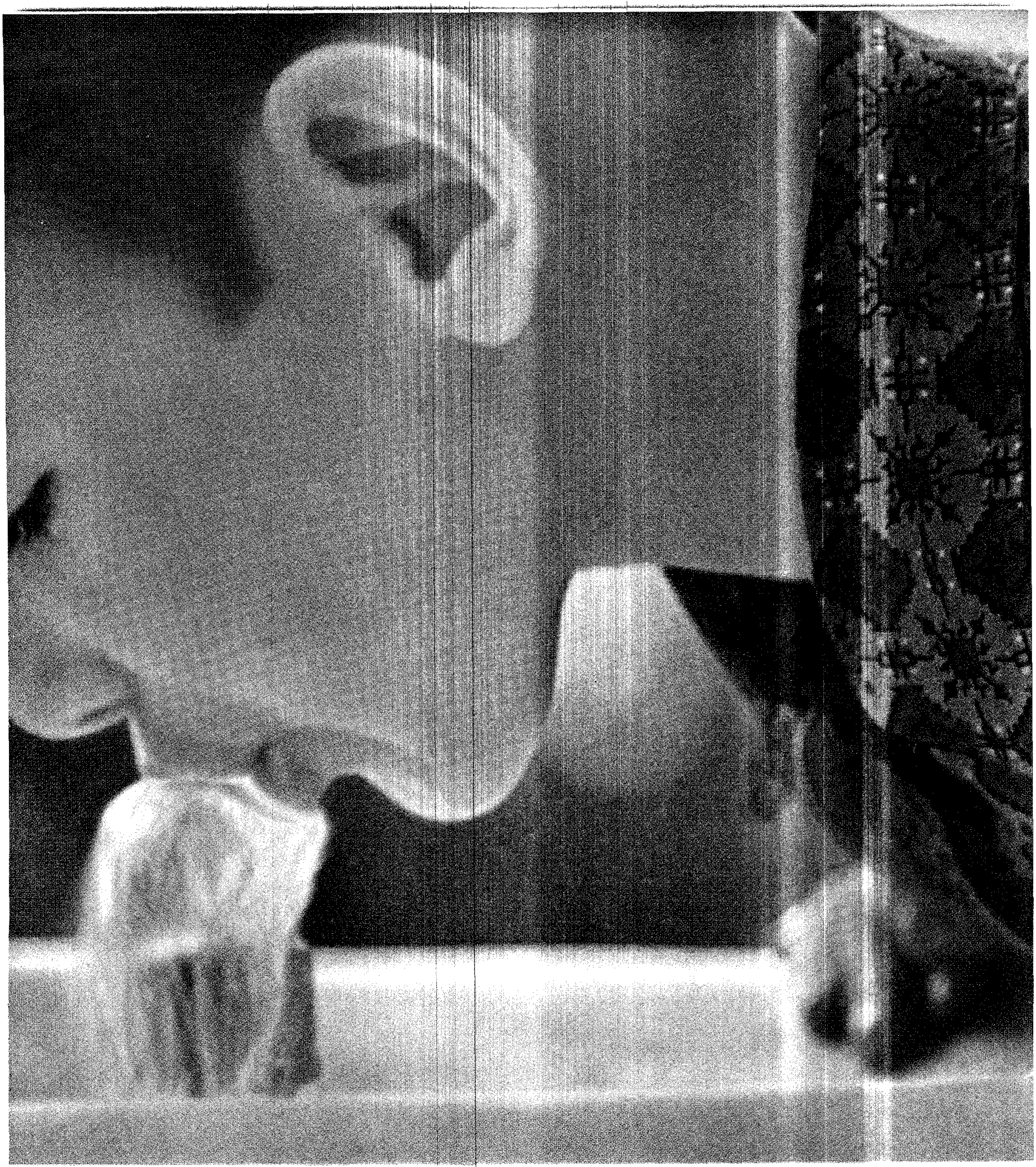

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and thirty-six. The record-setting murder occurred late in the year, just under the deadline, on December 29th. That day, a thirty-year-old resident of Brownsville named Richard Roe arrived in Houston to pay a Christmas visit to his mother, who operated an inn. It seems that Roe walked into the inn, pointed his finger at a customer named Harry Smith, and said to his mother, "Why do you serve these wore-out people?" Smith, who was forty-seven at the time, told police that he objected to being called "wore-out," and consequently took out his .38-calibre revolver and shot Roe to death. Since the vintage year of 1957, murders in Houston have declined—a development that the city's chief of police, Carl L. Shuptrine, attributes simply to an increased budget, allowing him to hire more men, including a number of Negro recruits. "It has been a fact," Shuptrine said recently, "that seventy per cent of our murders were committed by Negroes, who comprise only twenty-two per cent of our population. Now we have thirty-eight Negro officers. Our figures on murder decrease as we give the Negro people better police protection." (Murders involving Negroes exclusively, whether in Houston, Dallas, or elsewhere in Texas, are reported in the newspapers very briefly, if at all.) At present, Houston's homicide rate per hundred thousand inhabitants, which stood at 24.4 in 1946, has been cut to 10.9—that is, only two and a half times the national rate, three and a half times the New York rate, and nine times the Massachusetts rate.

"Murder without motive"—the phrase used by a Houston police official to describe the local situation—occurs widely in Texas, as it did in San Angelo in November, 1959, when a twenty-two-year-old former Waf shot her daddy to death, as she later told police, "for the hell of it." Just two years earlier, a sixty-six-year-old native of Houston was playing dominoes with a friend half his age when an argument arose, and the elder man took out a .38 Colt revolver and shot his opponent between the eyes. "I didn't have anything against the boy," the hot-tempered player told the police. "I just killed him. That's all." However, there is usually some fairly sound reason behind the shootings. For example, in July, 1959, a sixty-three-year-old Houston grandmother, having become exasperated with her son-in-law, who was arguing with his wife about some furniture, brought the argument to an end by firing eight shots into the young

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man. An equally good motive lay behind a shooting in Dallas the same month. A thirty-three-year-old interior decorator returning to his apartment house about midnight found a number of youths, who had been drinking beer at a party nearby, milling around his driveway. After telling them to move on, he went to his apartment, called the police, armed himself with a .22-calibre pistol, and went downstairs, where he opened up on the youths, shooting a seventeen-year-old schoolboy above the heart and killing him instantly. "I felt they might start ripping my convertible top," he explained to the police. A similarly valid motive caused another bit of gunplay in the summer of 1959, in San Leon, where a father and son had a falling out at the dinner table. The father, getting ready to sprinkle salt on his mashed potatoes, found the shaker clogged, and grumbled about it. His son got up, walked to the kitchen, and returned with a full box of salt, which he set down next to his father's plate. For some reason, this infuriated the older man. He and his son began to argue, and the ladies of the house, wanting no part of the trouble, went outside to wait until peace was restored. When they heard shots, they rushed inside, to discover that their menfolk had engaged in a duel; the father had been cut down with eight slugs from a .22-calibre pistol in his heart and neck, and the son had been killed with a single shot in the heart from his daddy's .38-calibre pistol. A while ago, a short-tempered Houston contractor resolved an argument with one of his workmen over a matter of thirteen dollars and fifty cents by shooting him dead—an action apparently in accord with the Code of the West, since the murderer was no-billed by the grand jury. In March, 1960, a Houston woman eliminated her husband because he had made her very angry by spitting out some black-eyed peas she had cooked specially for him.

In contrast to murders with such understandable motives, others are committed inadvertently, as it were; participants in these often explain that the shootings were really just a mistake, growing out of a desire to have a little fun or to scare somebody. In June, 1960, a forty-eight-year-old San Antonio man killed his wife with one shot from a .22-calibre pistol, and explained later to the police, "I was only trying to scare her." In May, 1958, a former infantry officer showed his displeasure with his estranged wife by turning a German burp gun on her

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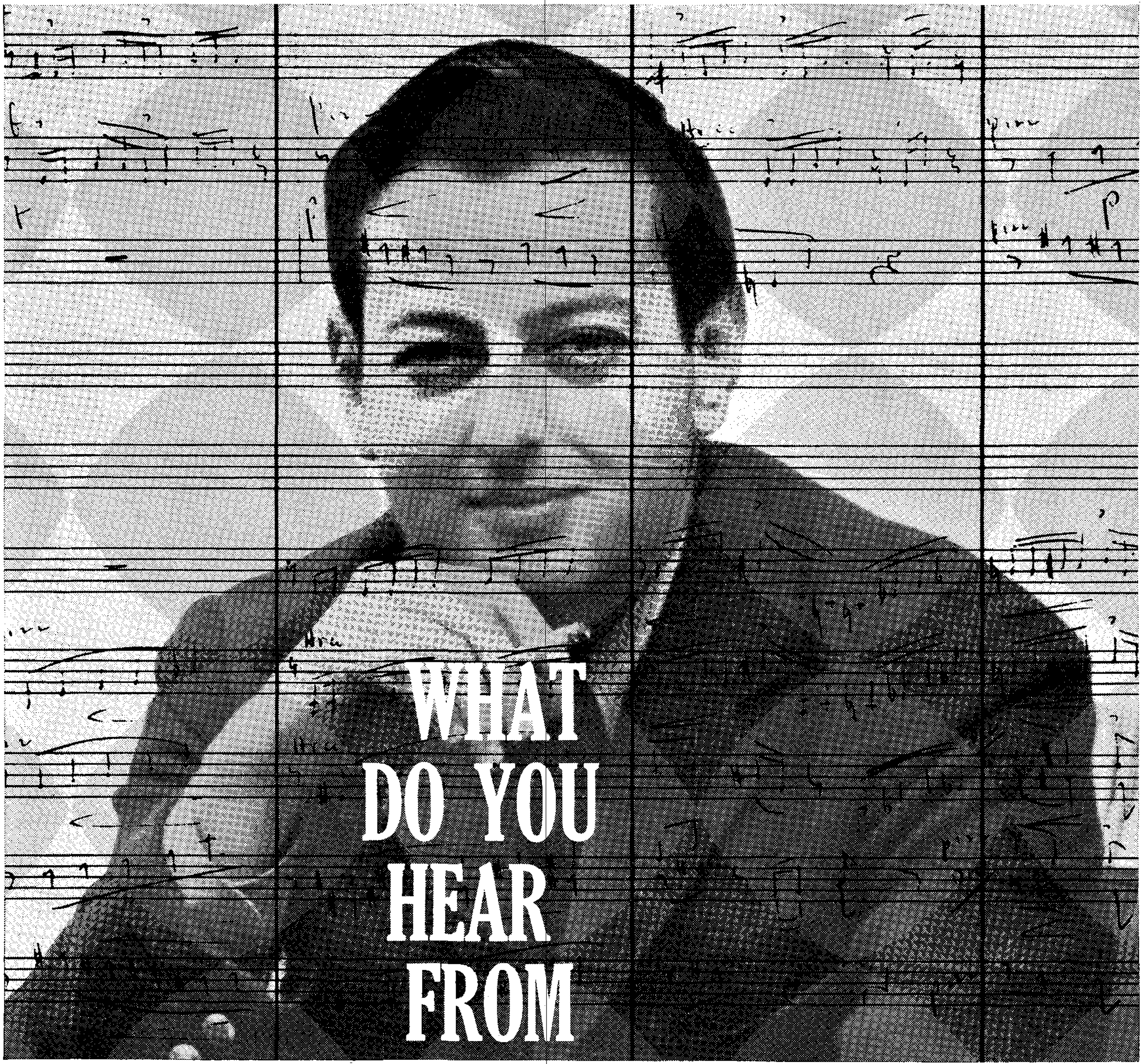

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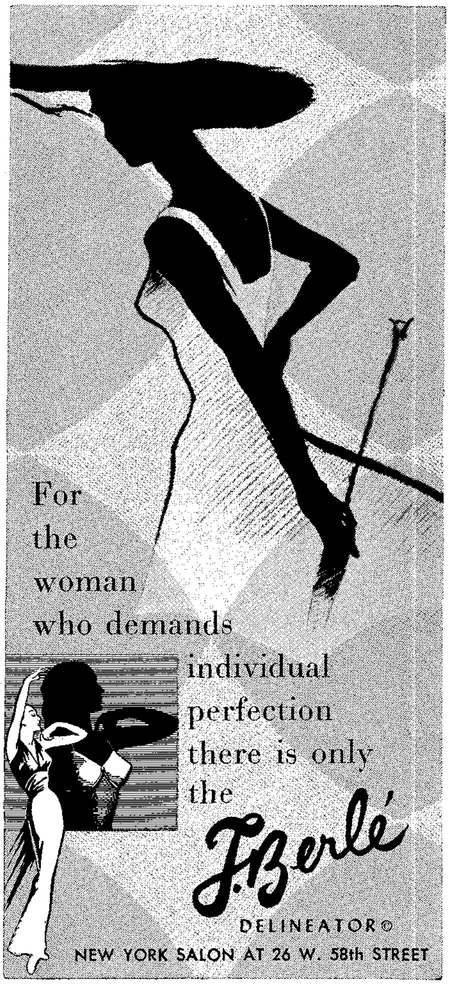
while she was sitting in her car. Although a dozen bullets were found in the car, and one had torn through her handbag, which was lying on the seat next to her, the woman was unharmed. This, the husband said, was what he had had *in mind*. "I didn't intend to kill her," he told police. "I just wanted to scare her." That was also what the wife of a drugstore manager in San Antonio said she was trying to do when she let her husband have it with a .32-calibre revolver. "Come in, Officer," she said when the police arrived. "I just shot my husband. He's in the bedroom." She added confidently, "He won't die—I know, because I'm a nurse. I aimed above the heart." She was wrong. In May, 1960, a Houston woman stabbed her seventeen-year-old son to death with a kitchen knife by mistake; she had planned to stab her husband. "I didn't mean to hurt anyone," she said. Sometimes both parties to a murder explain that they didn't plan to have it turn out that way. The woman who shot her husband over the black-eyed peas told the police, "I did not intend to shoot him," and her nine-year-old daughter testified that after her daddy had been plugged, he had said, "Mama shot me, but she didn't mean it."

The fact that Texans prefer folk justice is no proof that they are inherently mean; after killing somebody, they often express regret. In the spring of 1958, a young Dallas father of three children became angry with his wife, who had left him and refused to return, so he looked her up and shot her three times. "I wish I hadn't done it," he told reporters afterward. "I'd give anything if it hadn't happened." Somewhat more specific remorse was voiced by a young Dallas man who, in September, 1958, shot and killed a packing-plant employee in the course of an argument. "I'd give all the money in the world if it hadn't happened like this," the young man said. The Dallas restaurant manager who shot his brother-in-law to death said, "I wouldn't have done it for the world." In July, 1960, a Dallas bride of two months shot her husband, but said soon afterward, "I didn't want it to happen this way." In August, 1959, a young Houston woman, who had been married the preceding June, became angry with her husband because he turned the garden hose on her while they were washing the car. She shot him to death, but later regretted it. "I don't care what you do," she said. "I just wish I could bring Bob back. I loved Bob very much." The Dallas interior decorator, after killing the schoolboy, said, "I'm



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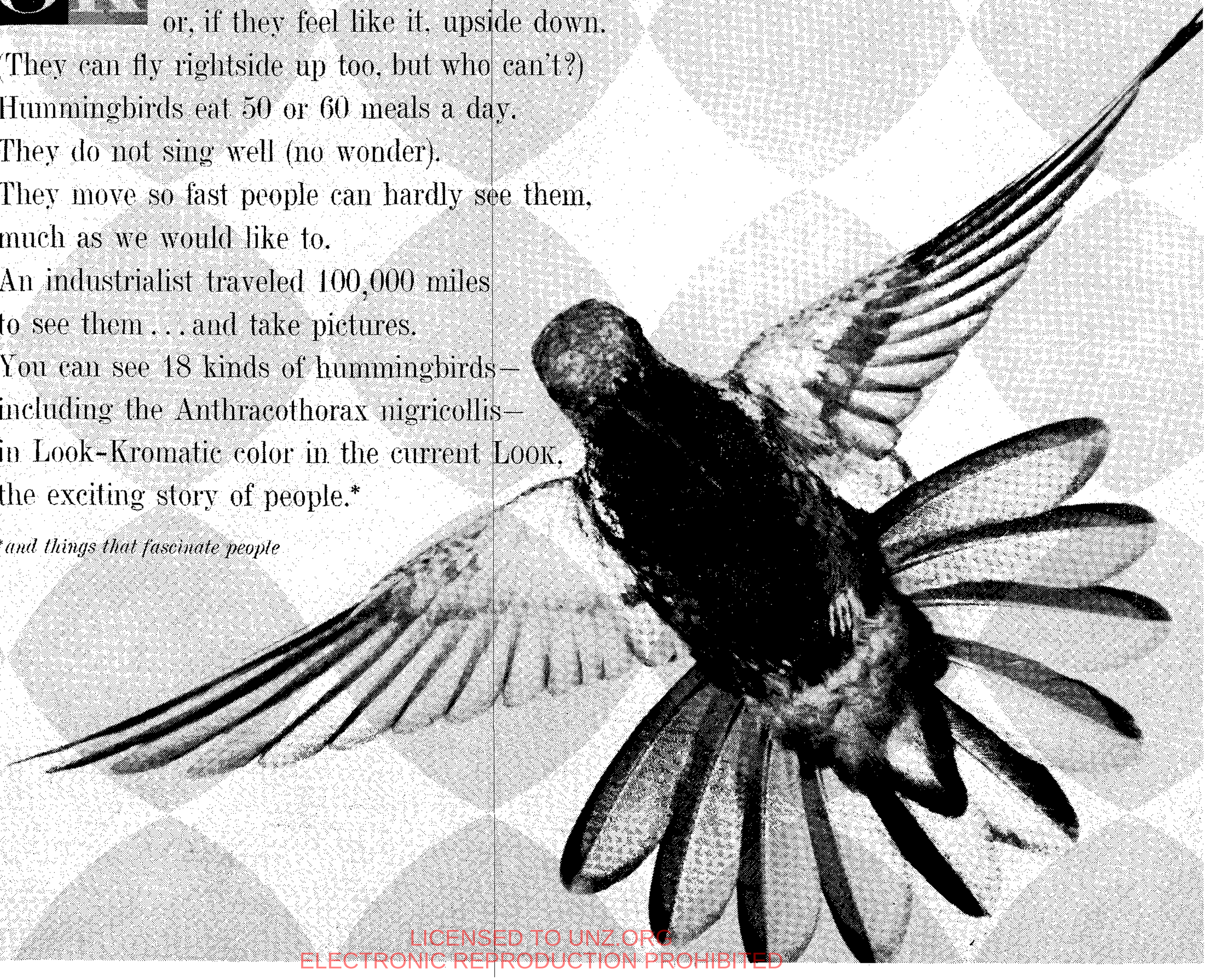

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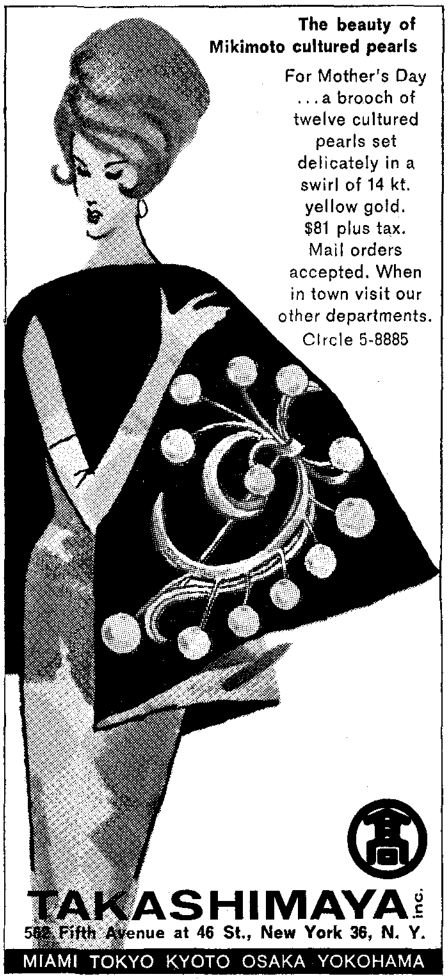
awfully sorry it had to happen this way."

According to the so-called paramour statute in Texas law, a husband is permitted to shoot any man if "he has reason to believe the man is committing adultery, has just committed adultery, or is about to commit adultery on his wife." As a consequence, there is a tendency among men who live by the Code of the West to resolve marital troubles by the use of firearms, a habit that produces a surfeit of newspaper stories bearing headlines such as "HUSBAND KILLS 'BEST FRIEND' IN 'TRIANGLE' " and "MAN GIVEN 2 YEARS, SUSPENDED, IN SHOTGUN SLAYING OF WIFE'S LOVER." Actually, there is seldom serious prosecution or punishment of any mate who does in a spouse because of a real or suspected wayward romping on the counterpane. In August, 1959, the owner of a nursery in Houston was acquitted of murdering a man whom he had discovered sitting in a parked car with his wife. He was later asked what he would do if he were ever again confronted with such a predicament, and he said, "I believe I'd be a little more tolerant. I didn't hate Bill, and I don't hate him now, but I hate men who set forth examples as Bill did." Apparently, a sizable number of men in Texas are setting forth Bill's kind of example, for in October, 1958, the sheriff's office in San Antonio received an unsigned letter saying that the writer planned to kill his wife and her paramour the following day, at 3 A.M., and within a couple of hours after this information was printed in the newspaper the sheriff's office received telephone calls from fifteen women demanding protection. Texas juries habitually show a nice gallantry toward women who dabble in homicide, especially if they plead that they have been badly treated. "I like to defend women in murder cases," Percy Foreman, the colorful Houston criminal lawyer and millionaire, has said. "Juries will turn a woman loose on the same evidence they'd convict a man on." Perhaps Foreman's finest hours were reached in the year when he defended thirteen high-spirited women accused of murdering their husbands. His record was not perfect—one of the women received a suspended five-year jail sentence—but the twelve others got off without even an unkind word from the judge.

It is not only wronged wives and husbands who are not penalized for murder; lenient punishment for wrongdoing is the rule in Texas. The minimum sentence for assault with intent to murder without malice (cases where the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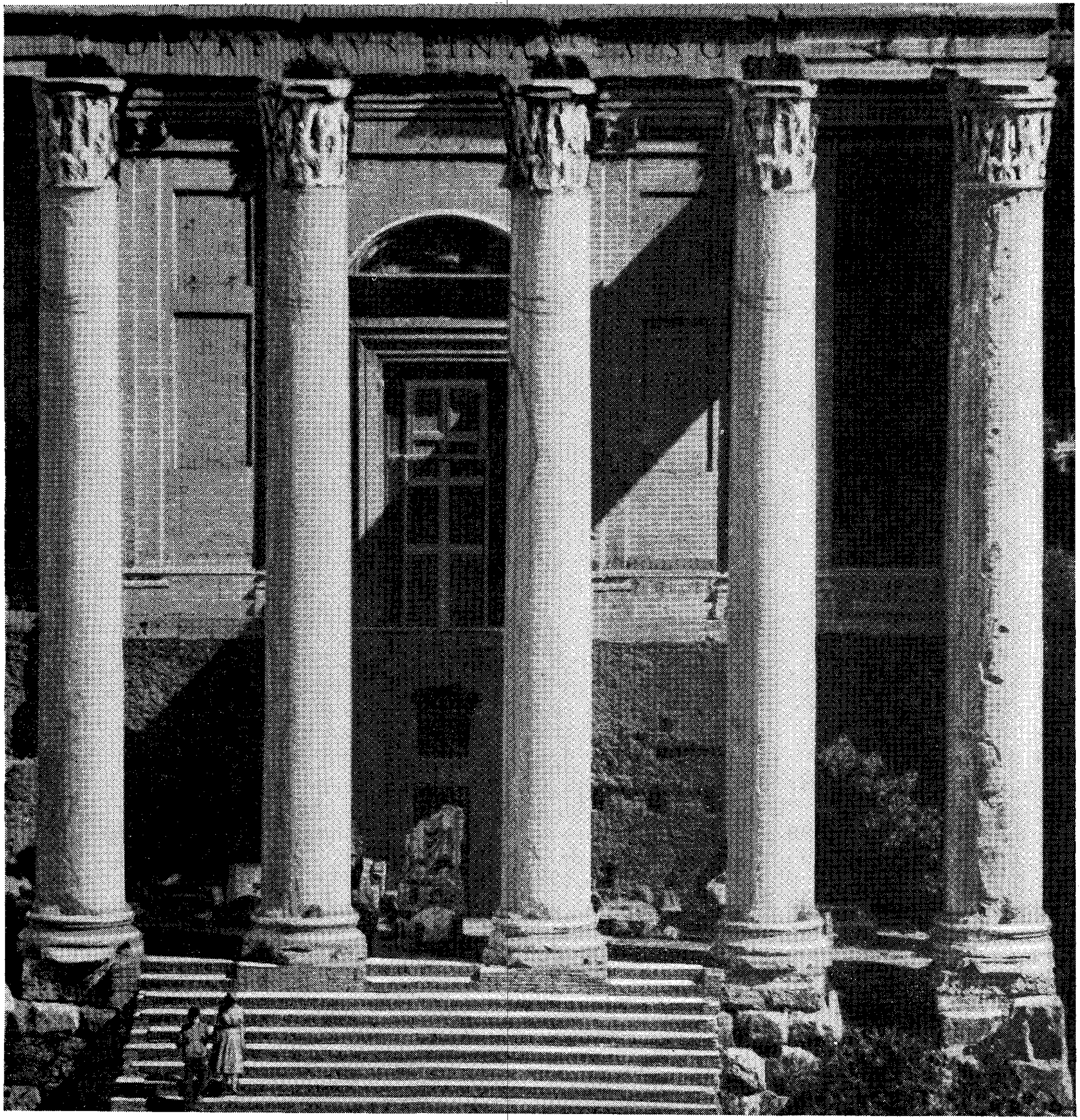

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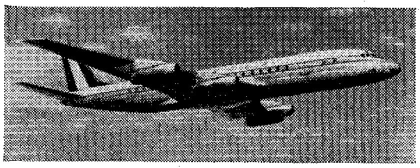

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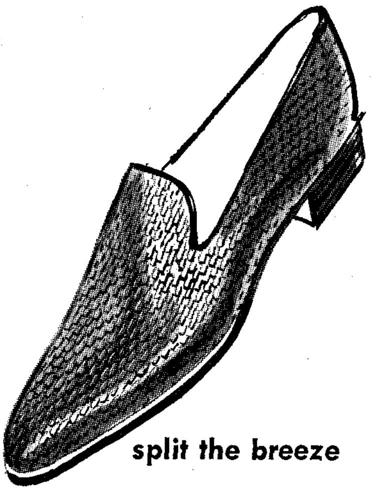
party involved says, "I didn't mean to" or "I was only trying to scare him") is one year, and the maximum is three. The maximum sentence for murder with malice is death—a penalty seldom assessed by Texas juries. (In Texas courts, juries impose sentence.) Of Houston's hundred and thirty-six murders in 1957, seventy-two went to trial; two defendants received the death penalty, two received life sentences, and the rest got prison terms of varying length, ten being given five-year terms that were suspended. In January, 1959, a man pleaded guilty to murdering an acquaintance during an argument in a restaurant and, in a fight that followed, inadvertently shooting and critically injuring a woman bystander; the murderer was given five years for killing the acquaintance and two for shooting the woman. In March, 1958, a woman who shot and killed her husband and pleaded guilty to a charge of murder without malice (she said the deceased had threatened to kill her, so she took a pistol from under his pillow and beat him to it) drew a five-year sentence, which was suspended. In February, 1961, a man in Houston was given a three-year term for his second murder; this was harsher than the punishment for his first, which drew a five-year suspended sentence. A murderer who has the bad luck to land in prison can take comfort in the fact that the Texas parole system is marked by Southwestern openheartedness. According to J. C. Roberts, chief of the Records Bureau of the Texas Department of Correction, a person sentenced to ninety-nine years in prison in Texas spends, on the average, about ten calendar years behind bars. Many spend a good deal less; a person sentenced to ninety-nine years can be considered for parole in five and a half. Shorter sentences are reduced proportionately. The disinclination of juries to assess penalties elsewhere thought appropriate to the crime, along with the liberal parole system, often tend to discourage the more zealous district attorneys. One of this group, recently prosecuting an A.W.O.L. soldier for a particularly vicious crime, asked for a ninety-nine-year sentence; the jury settled on ten. "Ten years!" the prosecutor exclaimed later, adding an expression common among his colleagues: "He'll beat the jury home."

If Texas justice is not always majestic, it can, on occasion, be awesome. The case of Miss Candy Barr is one in point. Miss Barr, an accomplished exotic, or strip-tease, dancer, played such an important role in the popular



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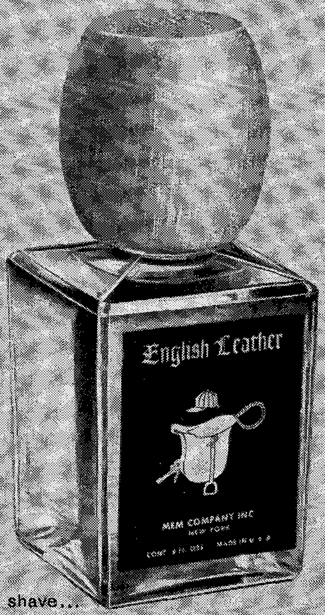

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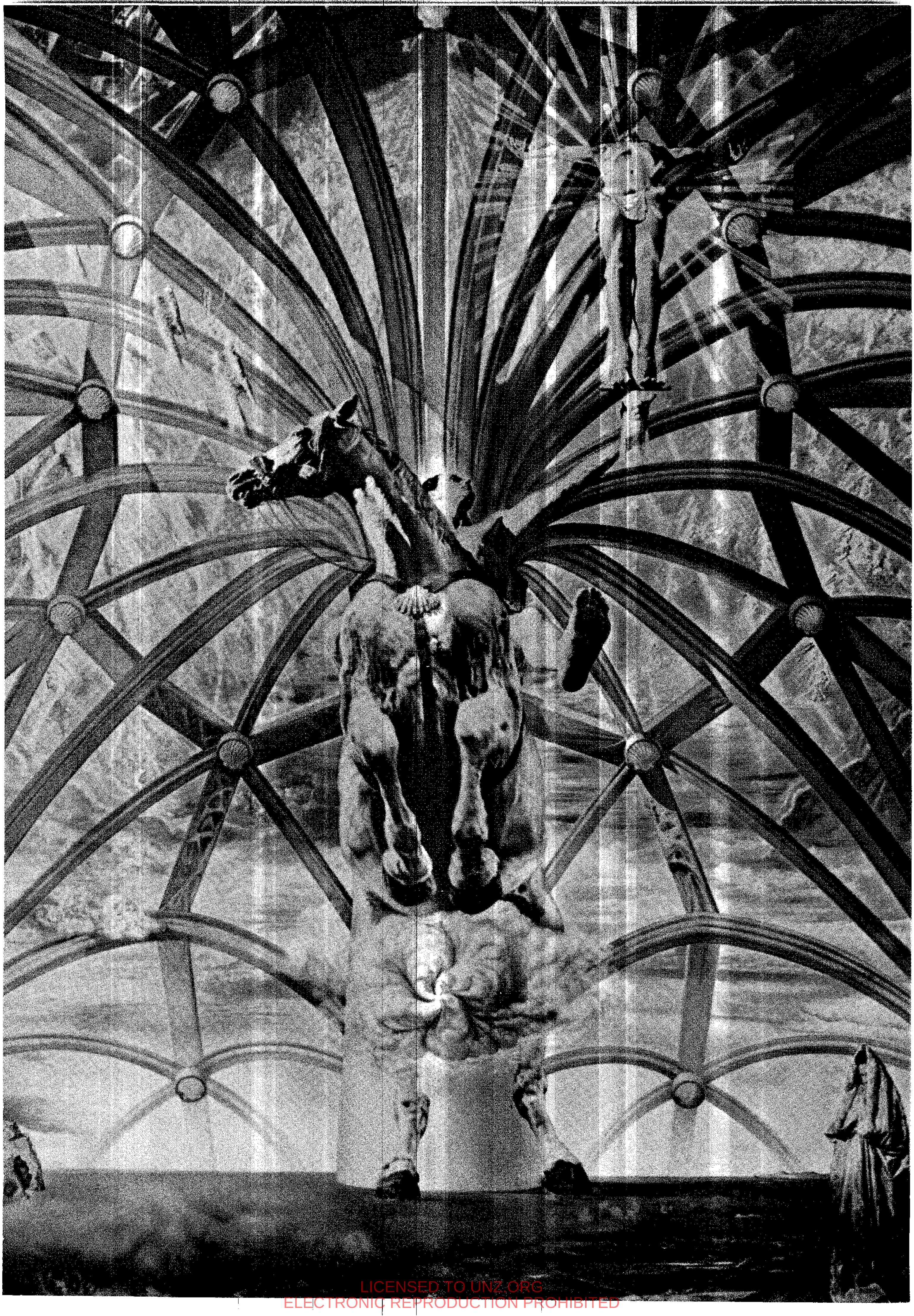

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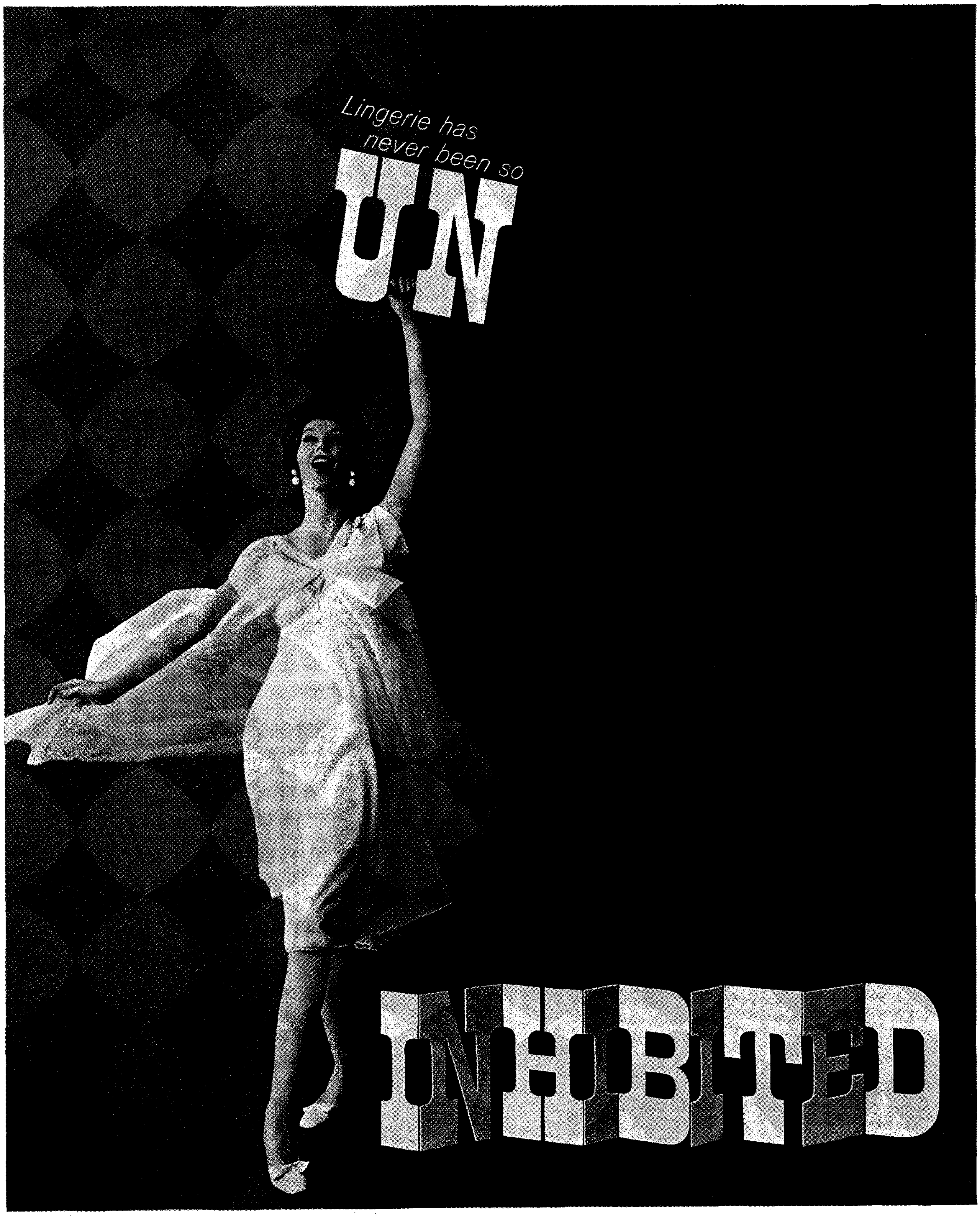
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cultural life of Dallas in recent years that she was once favorably mentioned in the chaste editorial columns of the Dallas *News* and for a time became something of a Texas institution. A native Texan with the given name of Juanita Dale, she moved to Dallas in her teens and, after working for a while as a waitress, enrolled in an institution sometimes referred to locally as Strip-Tease University. This is actually a night club called the Theatre Lounge, which features strip-tease entertainment and also serves as a school for aspiring exotic dancers. The owner of the club and dean of the school, a thoughtful Texan named Barney Weinstein, founded his unique contribution to the halls of academe some ten years ago when faced with a scarcity of performers who had sufficiently mastered the indigenous American art form to meet his exacting standards. The undergraduate course includes instruction in music, singing, makeup, and undressing. The school charges no tuition, but graduates, in return for their education, are expected to engage Weinstein as their manager and agent, and if they succeed when they go out into the world, his philanthropy and investment are rewarded in the form of commissions. (Weinstein also offers what he calls a "special course," a session lasting three days, for students who wish to learn the technique as an adjunct to professional skills they have already mastered. Carol Channing recently completed the cram course.) Commencement exercises at the school occur when the students, bearing stage names concocted by Weinstein, make their initial appearance before an audience in the Theatre Lounge. Since its establishment, Strip-Tease U. has turned out some two dozen graduates, including several who have made a name for themselves, such as Holly Day, Black Velvet, Nikki Joye, and Honey Bare, but perhaps none climbed higher than Candy Barr, whose professional name Weinstein regards as one of his happier inspirations. (As a connoisseur of such matters, Weinstein has nothing but praise for whoever named a West Coast stripteuse Norma Vincent Peel.) Miss Barr not only became the best-known artist of her genre in the Southwest (she received considerable free publicity in 1956 when she shot her husband in the stomach, because, she said, he tried to break into their apartment after a fuss; she was not, of course, indicted) but showed marked versatility by modelling lingerie, posing for calendar art, and starring in a Little Theatre

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Miss Barr's career was speeding swiftly upward until ten-thirty in the evening of Sunday, October 27, 1957, when, upon answering the doorbell of her apartment, which had ostensibly been rung by a Western Union messenger, three detectives from the Dallas Police Department burst in, and, flourishing a search warrant (which did not state the reason for the search), started to give the premises a going over. They later testified that they had found a marijuana cigarette on the floor and were looking for more when a man walked into the apartment. The detectives announced that they were going to arrest him, whereupon Miss Barr said, "If you let him go, I'll give you the rest of the marijuana." She thereupon produced from her bosom a bottle containing three hundred grains of marijuana—enough to make some seventy-five cigarettes. Miss Barr's friend was released, and she was taken off and charged with possession of narcotics. Her trial, held some three months later and lasting four days, was a civic event; as the Dallas *News* put it, in a headline over a year-end-review article, "CANDY'S TRIAL LED '58 SCENE." The courtroom was filled to capacity every day, and the proceedings were widely covered by both radio and television. District Judge Joe B. Brown, who presided, did some of the camera work himself; during one recess, he borrowed a movie camera from a television photographer and shot considerable footage of "the shapely defendant," as she was customarily called, who smiled sweetly for the Judge as she obligingly sat, stood, and walked about the courtroom. As the trial proceeded, it developed that the detectives who made the raid had acted on a tip from an unnamed informant; that it was staged shortly after another young exotic dancer, presumably a friend of Miss Barr's, had paid a quick visit to the apartment and asked Miss Barr to keep the bottle containing the three hundred grains of marijuana; and that some time before the raid a Dallas detective had rented an apartment under an assumed name in the building where Miss Barr lived. A telephone-company repairman, testifying for the defense, said that when he inspected the telephone equipment in the apartment building twelve days before the raid, he found what he called a "jumper tieup" linking the detective's phone with Miss Barr's apartment and enabling him to listen to conversations on her line. In their final argument,

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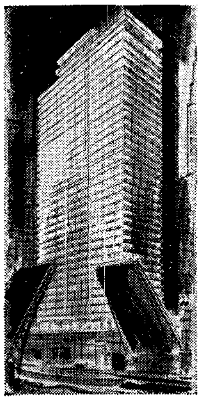

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Miss Barr's counsel, acknowledging that she had been "stupid" to hold the marijuana for her friend, tried to convince the jury that she had been "trapped" by the use of illegal wire-tapping. However, the prosecuting attorney declared that the wire-tap claim had not been proved, and that the detective who had taken up residence in Miss Barr's building was working "on another case" at the time. "They caught her with the goods, and she's got to be punished," the prosecutor concluded. The Judge, in his charge to the jury, which was composed of eleven men and one woman, said that Miss Barr should be acquitted if the jurors thought that any evidence in the case had been collected through wire-tapping. After deliberating for two hours and forty-five minutes, the jury convicted Miss Barr and sentenced her to fifteen years in prison. ("CANDY BARR GETS FIFTEEN-YEAR WRAP," the San Angelo *Standard-Times* reported.) Around the same time, a man convicted in Dallas on six separate counts of transporting and selling heroin received a five-year term, and a former airline stewardess who had pleaded guilty to possession of narcotics—the same charge made against Miss Barr—received a five-year sentence, which was suspended. Miss Barr also encountered unusual difficulty in getting released on appeal bond. While a third-generation Dallas police character, convicted for the second time of possession of narcotics, received a five-year sentence and was released from jail minutes after his conviction on a twenty-five-hundred-dollar appeal bond, Miss Barr spent eighteen days in jail before she was released on a fifteen-thousand-dollar bond.

In January, 1959, the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals upheld her conviction in a two-to-one decision. In his fourteen-page dissenting opinion, Judge Lloyd W. Davidson, holding that the conviction resulted from an illegal search warrant, remarked, "So the time has come in this state when peace officers can kick in the door of one's home and search and ransack it at will and without any lawful authority to do so and in total disregard of the law, and the owner of that home, upon trial for possessing property found therein, must submit to such outrage and deprivation of her constitutional right against unlawful search before she can show that she was innocent of any unlawful connection with the property so found. If that is equal justice under law, I want no part of it. If a conviction obtained under such circumstances is due process of law, then

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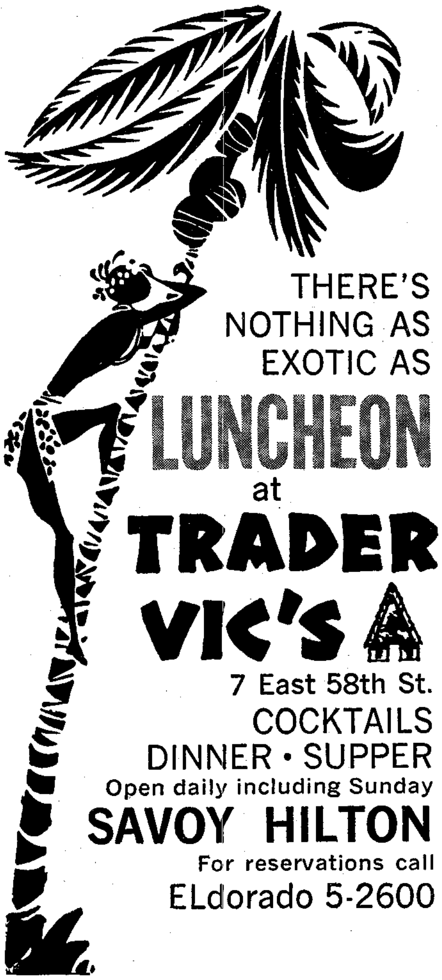

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there is no due process of law." Miss Barr's attorneys next undertook an appeal to the United States Supreme Court, but in October, 1959, the court unanimously refused to hear it, and, the following month, wiped out any chance of changing her conviction and sentence by denying without opinion her attorneys' motion for rehearing. On November 25th, Miss Barr was divorced in Dallas from her husband, to whom she had been married for six years, and a few hours later she married a Los Angeles beauty-salon operator in Las Vegas. A justice of the peace performed the ceremony after two ministers had refused to do so on the ground that it might bring them bad publicity. On December 4th, after parting with her four-year-old daughter, her stepmother, and her husband of nine days, Miss Barr was taken to the Goree Prison Farm for Women, in Huntsville. (If accorded the treatment given other prisoners under the Texas parole system, she could be released toward the end of 1964.) Though out of sight, she was not out of mind. In its 1959 year-end-review article, the Dallas *News* again put Miss Barr in the headlines, and her name continues to crop up in conversation. To many out-of-state visitors, the severity of her sentence is a matter of some astonishment, but not to knowledgeable local analysts. "Why, there's no deep mystery to the matter at all," a native of Dallas who is possessed of a philosophical cast of mind and a family pedigree going back to Sam Houston recently remarked. "That girl was framed like a window in a church, because she was endangerin' the morality of our fair city. She was takin' money to let menfolk come look at her dance around when she wasn't wearin' so much as a petticoat. That was enough to rile up the women's chamber of commerce—not an official organization, you understand, just a group of middle-aged-and-over ladies bound together by a common aim to stamp out dancin', drinkin', and enjoyin' the company of women. Besides Candy Barr's fancy dancin', the chamber-of-commerce ladies were disturbed by what they called her gross impudence. I never knew Candy Barr, but I used to have coffee in the hotel where she lived. She was exceedingly shapely, but there was this downright impertinent air about her. I guess she was just about as impertinent as she could be to everybody, includin' the cops. The worst of it, as far as the chamber-of-commerce ladies were concerned, was that she was gettin' away with it. She was showin' her bosom and

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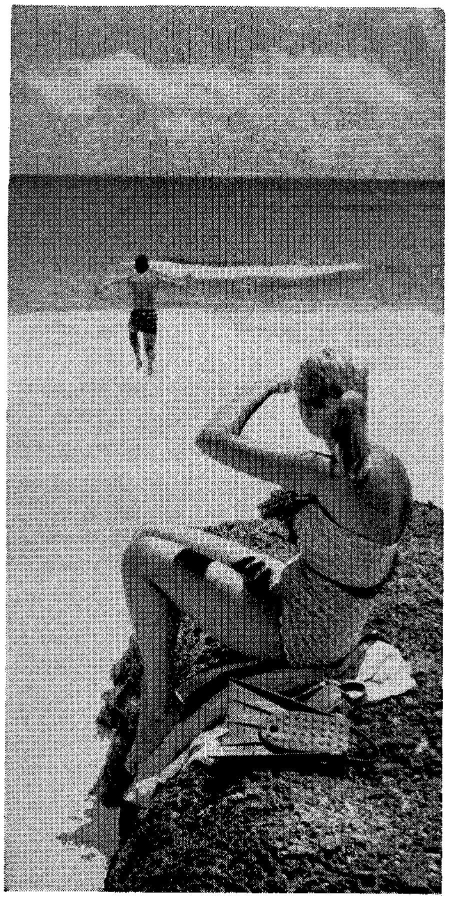

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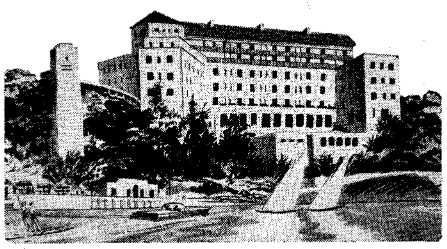

bein' snippy to anybody she pleased, and all this time she was goin' up in the world—gettin' her picture and write-ups in the paper and makin' a fat lot of money. She wasn't sufferin' at all, the way the chamber ladies thought she should, and they began sayin', 'That Jezebel has got to go.' Pressures got to movin', and pretty soon the cops were after her, and they took her away. The jury gave her a sentence five or six times what's usually given for doin' what they said she did. There were eleven men on the jury and one woman. We won't worry about the woman. But those eleven men, they got a chance to go home that night and say to their wives, 'Well, Maude, you can brag on me for what I did today. We put that shameless creature away for a good long spell.' Texas isn't the only place where you find people who act mean and hypocritical, but some of ours, they've got a genius for overdoin'."

NO doubt the most important circumstance promoting the gunplay that enlivens existence in Texas is the fact that anybody there can buy a pistol as easily as a fishing rod. To be sure, the law provides a mild penalty for selling a pistol to "a minor, or any other person under the heat of passion," and requires, furthermore, that anybody buying a pistol present the dealer with "a certificate of good character" secured from a judge or a justice of the peace. How much attention is paid to this provision of the law is indicated by the experience of a former mental patient who, in August, 1959, went to a pawnshop in Dallas; bought, after haggling, a fourteen-dollar-and-ninety-five-cent pistol for thirteen dollars and ninety-five cents; and, four days later, used it, as he had planned, to shoot to death an Air Force sergeant. Aside from the purchase price, the murderer had furnished the pawnbroker with nothing more than his name, address, and telephone number. As a Houston *Post* reporter named John Davis wrote, after an intensive shopping tour in Houston for firearms, "All you need to buy a pistol is money." The same is true everywhere in Texas. Though anybody can buy a deadly weapon, the law says that "any person who shall carry on or about his person, saddle or in his saddlebag, or in his portfolio or purse, any pistol, dagger, dirk, slungshot, blackjack, hand chain, nightstick, pipe stick, sword cane, spear, knuckles made of any metal or hard substance, Bowie knife . . . or any other knife manufactured or sold for the purposes of offense or defense, shall be

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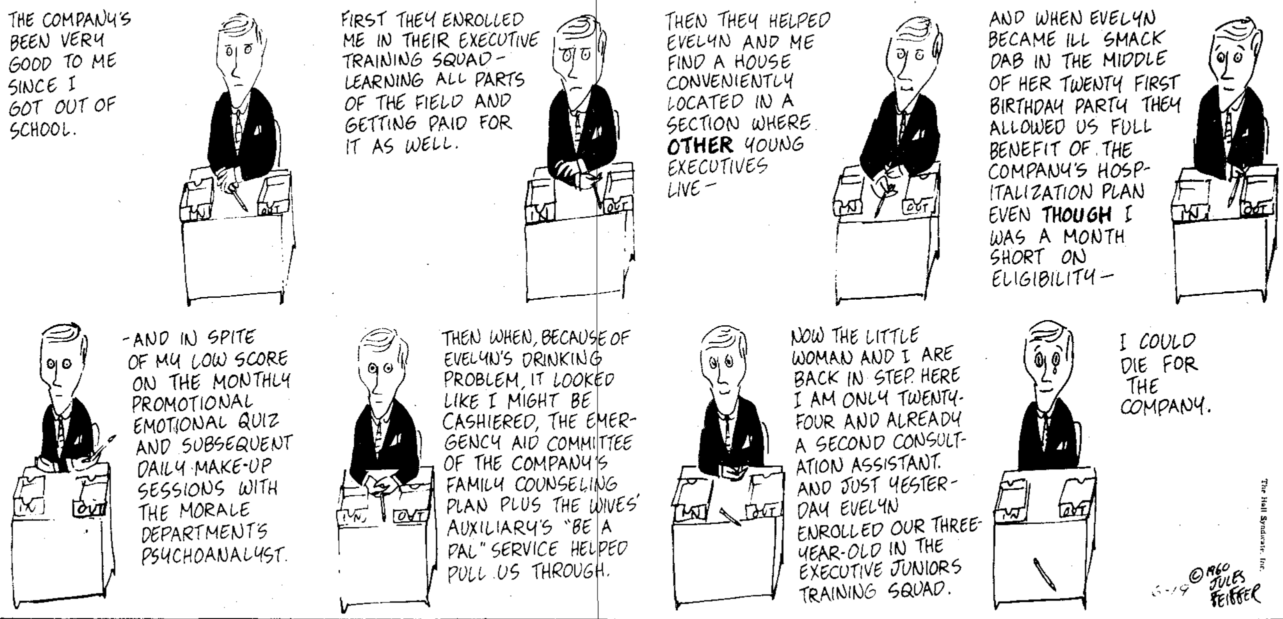
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I COULD DIE FOR THE COMPANY.
IN
OUT
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the village Voice

A weekly newspaper published in Greenwich Village
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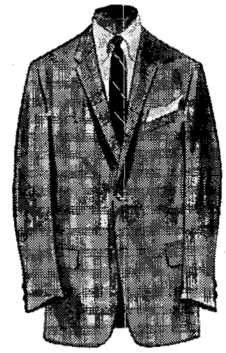
punished by a fine of not less than $100 nor more than $500 or by confinement in jail for not less than one month nor more than one year." It has been quite a spell since anybody in Texas was fined for carrying a hand chain in his saddlebag, or, for that matter, a sword cane in his portfolio. The fact that, in practice, nothing prevents any adult from not only buying a pistol but carrying it accounts in large part, in the opinion of many officials connected with law enforcement in Texas, for the state's championship standing in murder. "The critical factor in most of the tragedies seems to have been the accessibility or availability of a weapon," the Houston Law Enforcement Commission said in a report in December, 1959. "Even though a person is seriously provoked or is not completely stable to begin with, the availability of a weapon can be critical; if there is no weapon, there usually is no murder." The Commission has steadily recommended that Texas adopt legislation similar to New York's Sullivan Law, but so many Texans still seem to feel they need a gun to defend themselves that the legislature has never taken action to deprive them of one. Any suggestion for the control of firearms brings an outpouring of indignant protest that such a measure would violate what its opponents ringingly call "the citizen's basic constitutional right to keep and bear arms for defense of self and property." Texans are nearly as zealous about this right as they are about states' rights. The young man who put a dozen bullets from a German burp gun into his wife's car, and was sentenced to five years in prison for assault with intent to murder without malice, appealed his conviction on the ground that a state law banning possession of machine guns violated his constitutional right to bear arms. (Though his appeal was rejected, things worked out so that he served no time for having given his wife such a good scare.) The merchants, anxious to be of assistance to citizens exercising their constitutional rights, advertise their lethal wares conspicuously in the newspapers. The Outdoor Stores and Oshman's, in Houston; A. J. Anderson's and Morris Jewelry, in Fort Worth; and United Pawn Shop, in Dallas, among others, regularly offer in their newspaper ads a variety of hand guns ranging from a six-shot vest-pocket .22-calibre German revolver ("Reg. $29.95 Val."), at $13.95, to the S. & W. .38 Military & Police, at $64.95, for fancier work. Perhaps the most accommodating gun supplier is Montgomery Ward, which not only



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Send 25¢ for collectors' book #7 showing many Royal Doulton Character & Toby Jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. N3, 11 E. 26th St., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

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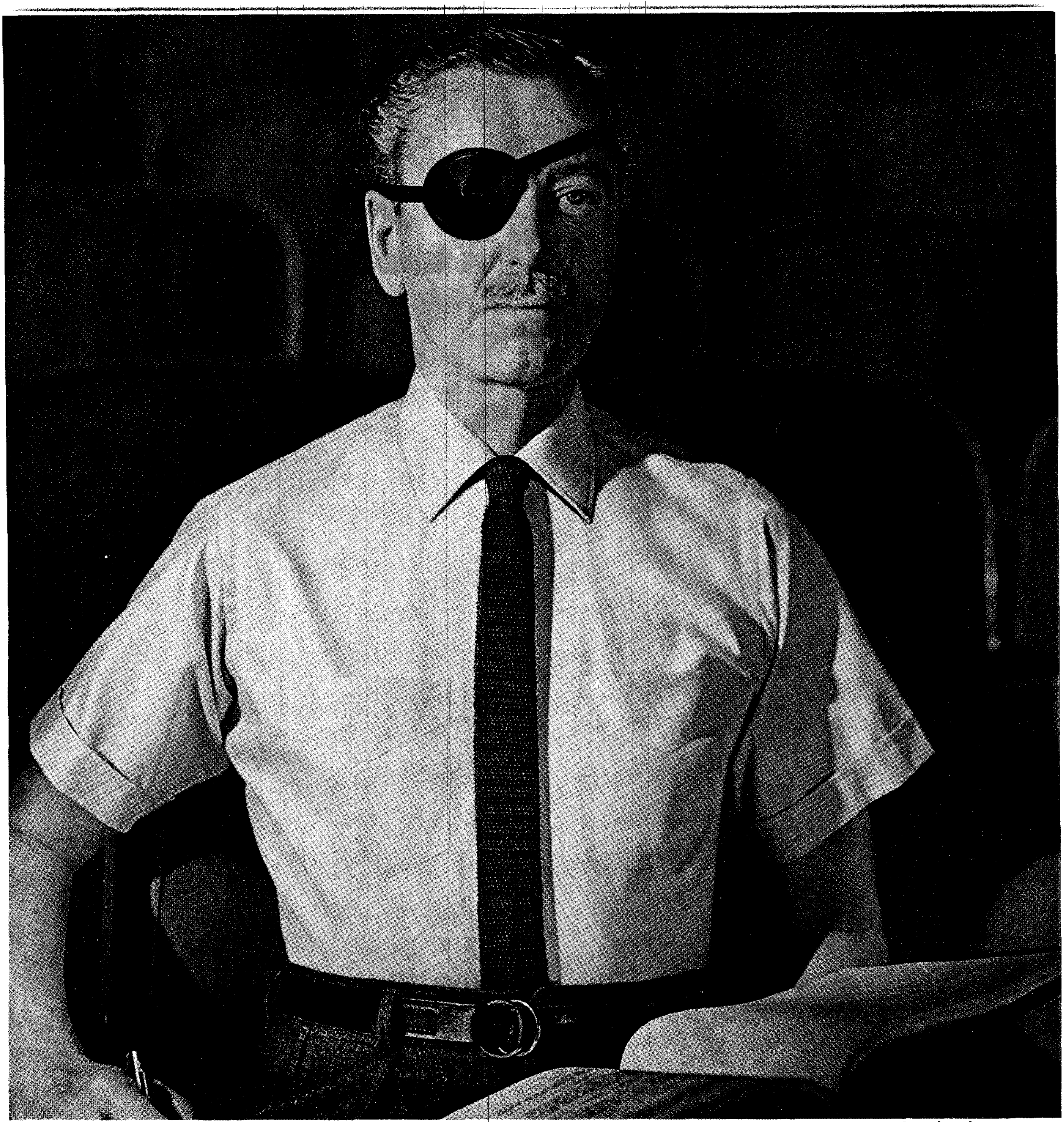

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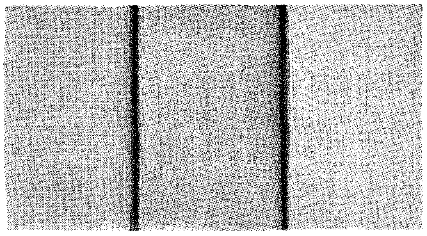

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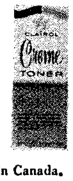
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offers "sensational gun scoops" but also advises, "No money down—ten months to pay!" And, in case of emergency, there is a further advantage, pointed out in the ad: "Open every night till 9." If a person doesn't own a gun, he can usually go next door and borrow one, as he would a quart of milk. In June, 1958, a former ace high-school quarterback had a falling out with his fiancée, who returned his engagement ring and refused to allow him in the house. He sat outside in his car until the young woman called the police, who made him drive away. Worried lest he return, she went next door to a neighbor's house and borrowed a .22-calibre pistol. Consequently, she was prepared when, later that night, the former football player smashed his way into the house. The young lady came down the stairs and fired six shots, of which four struck and killed him. The two others were stopped by the young lady's mother, who was taken to the hospital in fair condition. No charges, of course, were filed against the young woman, and the unfortunate consequences of her bad marksmanship brought her considerable sympathy. That was also the fate of the woman who shot and killed her seven-year-old son by mistake. She explained to the police that she had borrowed a .22-calibre automatic pistol in order to kill her husband, and was, in fact, aiming at him when the boy ran into the line of fire. She said she was sorry about the mixup. All things considered, it would certainly not be fair when the Dallas *News* says "Life is cheap in Texas" to accuse the paper of bragging.
—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

(*This is the fifth of a series of articles. The sixth will appear in an early issue.*)

•

Consider breezing into new Atty. Gen. and Mrs. William Clark's cocktail party in the ultra-swank Springfield apartment building—the Town House—and bumping smack dab into Roy Tuchbreiter, in the kitchen, escaping from the crowd.

Where was wife Helene?

"Upstairs—pressing my suit," jovialed Roy, a generous host who had brought a party of friends down to the inaugural in his private railroad car.—*Lois Baur in the Chicago's American.*

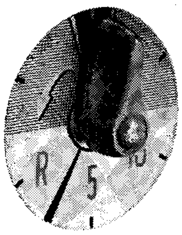
Jovialing all the way?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Larry Birger in the Miami News*]

It is one thing to write a book with a lot of empty phrases that try to convey meaning but never quite succeed. Lobsenz has succeeded where others failed and in the process written a splendid novel.



This magic switch turns any movie into slow motion

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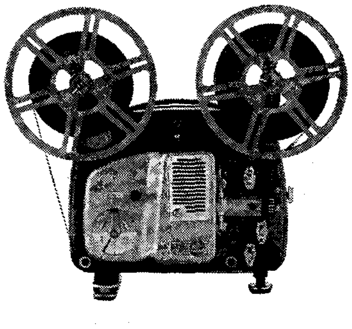

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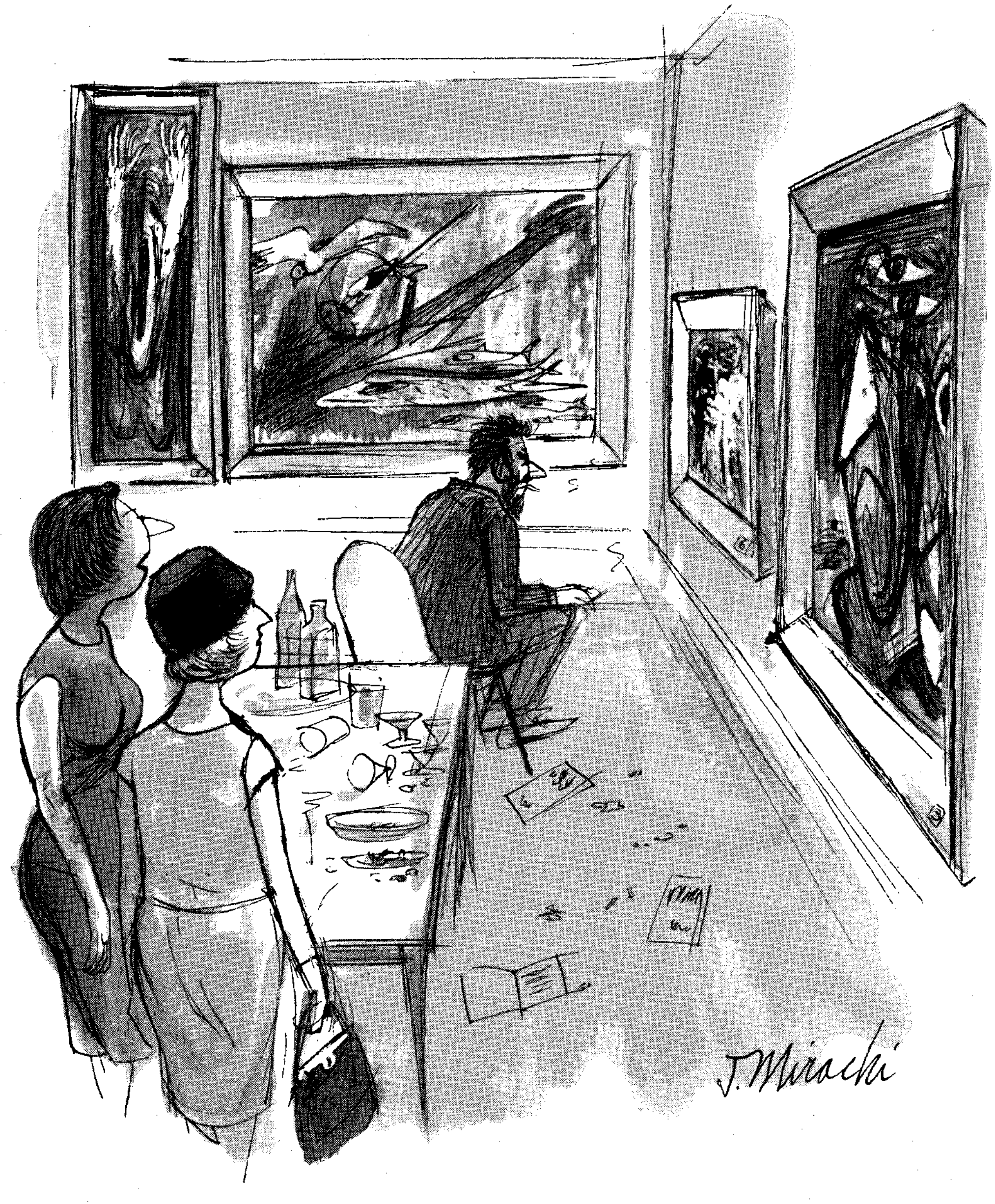
THE THEATRE

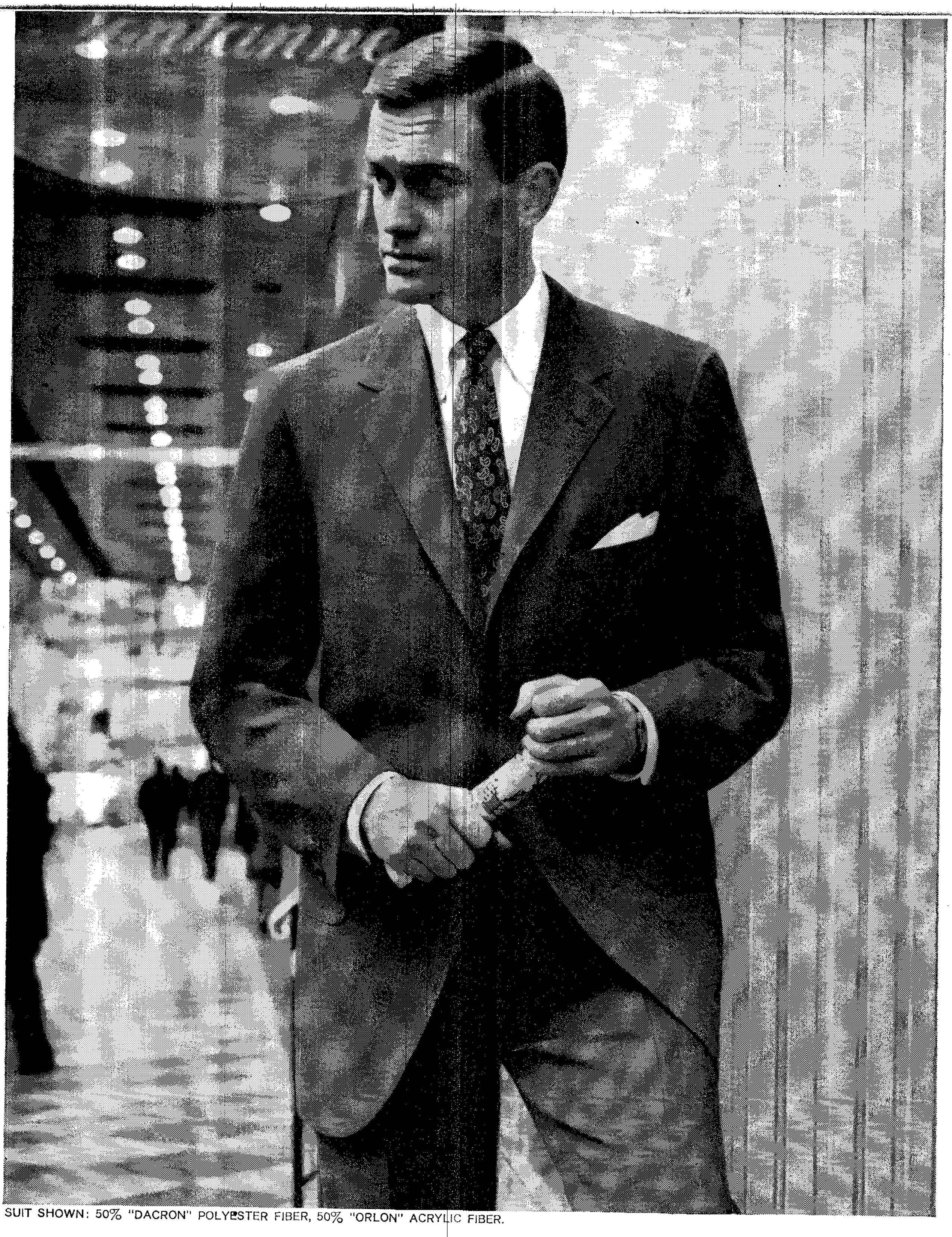
INNOCENT MERRIMENT

THE exclamation point in the title of "Carnival!," at the Imperial, perhaps represents an exaggerated enthusiasm on the part of the show's makers, but nevertheless the show is, by and large, a handsome and diverting affair. Although it is described as a musical comedy, and includes a loosely woven plot to warrant that designation, it is, to all intents and purposes, an old-fashioned tent show, complete with jugglers, trained dogs, puppets, an aerialist, a stilt walker, a magician, a strong man, a cooch dancer, harem girls, a cyclist, a ringmaster, roustabouts, and so on. Under the direction of Gower Champion, these varied folk are assembled onstage every now and then, and when they get together there is always a pleasant uproar. Mr. Champion, who is also responsible for the choreography of "Carnival!," has been equally successful in arranging the dances that accompany the action, but I don't think there were as many of them as there might have been, which brings me, reluctantly, to the point that the development of a theme in "Carnival!" takes away some of its bounce, particularly in the first act. Based on a movie called "Lili," which was adapted by Helen Deutsch from a story by Paul Gallico, "Carnival!" has a book by Michael Stewart. The story concerns a simple girl who, upon the death of her father, leaves her village in southern Europe to seek out a friend of the late lamented's who is working with a carnival not far away. Shortly after arriving on the carnival grounds, she attracts the attention of a suave magician and also of a gloomy puppeteer, whose puppets—a couple of variants on Punch and Judy, in the form of a fox and a walrus—she presently comes to regard as chums. With Anna Maria Alberghetti in the role of the girl, the pathos of the situation of an innocent who knows nothing of men and can communicate only with imaginary creatures is never fully developed; on the other hand, Miss Alberghetti does a lovely job of lining out, in her small, always true voice, the songs and recitatives provided for her by Bob Merrill. Mr. Merrill is no Menotti when it comes to recitatives, but his score is a useful one, and some of his lyrical endeavors are appealing.



"Just as I figured. They came to scoff and they went away scoffing."

The cast of "Carnival!" is a formidable array, and it would be footless to try to give credit to every performer by name. But mention probably ought to be made of Pierre Olaf, who plays the puppeteer's assistant; James Mitchell and Kaye Ballard, who play the magician and his assistant; Henry Lascoe, who plays the carnival manager; and Jerry Orbach, who plays the puppeteer himself, under the supervision of Tom Tichenor, the creator of the entertaining creatures that Mr. Orbach manipulates. The settings and lighting, by Will Steven Armstrong, are quite ingenious, and it is fun to watch a bare stage being converted into a carnival area right before our eyes. Maybe "Carnival!" hasn't as much wit as we might expect from a comedy, but



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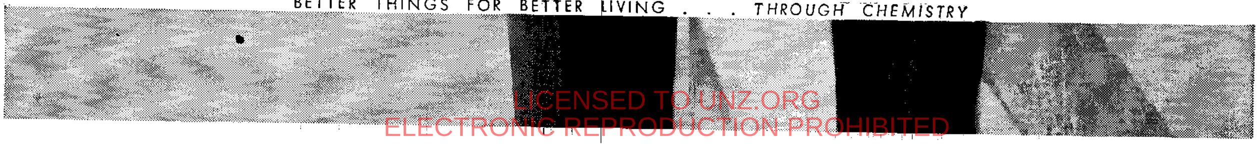

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it does have plenty of style, and I think you'll enjoy it. —JOHN MCCARTEN

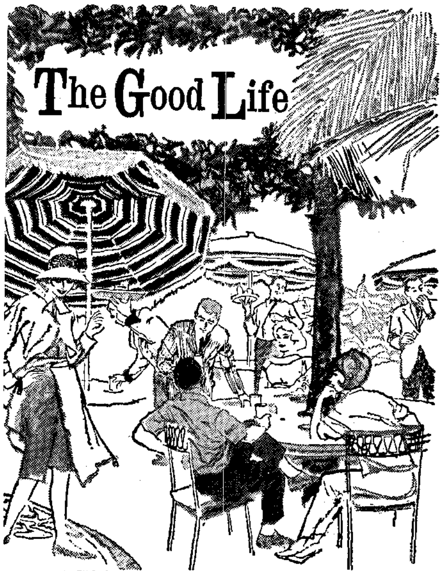
OFF BROADWAY

Diary

SOME notes kept during a typically industrious week on Off Broadway:

APRIL 10TH: Faced with simultaneous openings—"Hobo," a musical, and "Moby Dick," a one-man show based on Melville's celebrated conundrum—I decide to chance "Moby Dick," at the Madison Avenue Playhouse: there might be fresh clues as to whether the white whale (to say nothing of Ahab himself) represents purity or unthinkable evil. Philip Hanson, the show's cast and adapter, turns out to be a tall, Michael Rennie type, in a black turtleneck sweater and black trousers, who affects a mashed-peas, Lionel Barrymore delivery. Having established Ishmael, or "Isshmyyell," Hanson slips into a folk song about the Rio Grande, accompanying himself on a large zitherlike instrument (the only other props: black curtains, a captain's chair, and a small bench). The interview between Isshmyyell and the master of the Pequod follows, and the ship sets sail. Suddenly, I realize that the sermon in the seamen's chapel has been omitted, which is like serving an artichoke without its heart. Hanson delivers another song, and I. meets the harpooners, an encounter that reveals the surprising intelligence that Queequeg has a Mexican accent. Involved with so many rapid character shifts, Hanson begins to resemble a spectator at a tennis match. His favorite expression is mouth turned down, eyes squeezed shut, arms akimbo. Ahab—the terrible or the good—appears. Hanson interprets him as if he were a one-legged Charles Atlas. Arm on hip, one leg stiff and rotating like a swizzle stick, he growls, rumbles, roars, grinds his teeth, and projects his eyebrows. Indeed, the tale of how Ahab loses his leg to the white whale is largely a matter of eyebrows. Ahab chats with his picturesque crew and with the captain of a passing English whaler, who pipes rather than speaks. More stumping and stirring, more roars, and the lights go down on Part I, smothering my departure in darkness.

APRIL 11TH: Good news: A musical called "Smiling, the Boy Fell Dead" has been put off until next week, allowing me an immediate visit to "Hobo," at the Gate Theatre. The



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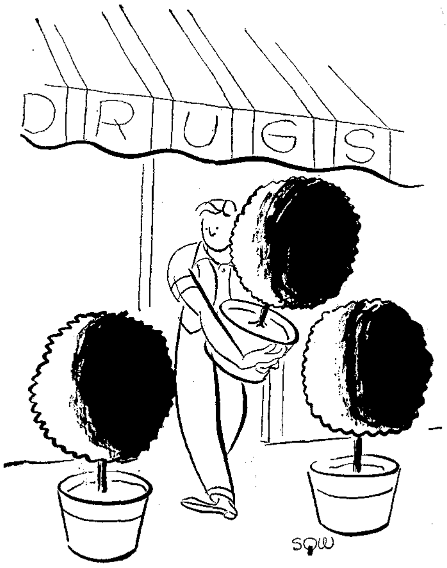
opening scene is a Bowery bar derived not from a Bowery bar but from a Saroyan-O'Neill version of a Bowery bar. A fat bartender shouts something like "No money, no drinks!" to half a dozen denizens dressed in comic clothes—decayed sneakers, sawed-off galoshes, dirty, sagging socks, dilapidated hats. All of them carol about the carefree life on the Bowery. The plot enters, in the form of a tall, statuesque-headed man named Jonah and his sidekick, Bhudda (*sic*). Jonah announces that he is genuinely free. He has dumped his wealthy wife, his Park Avenue friends, and all responsibility. Moreover, he wishes to remake everyone in his image. Several in the bar oblige by taking the pledge, and Bhudda sings in a Harry Belafonte manner. Ten songs later, Jonah's wife arrives from uptown with her entourage, declares her love for Jonah, and gives him a check. Jonah turns the check over to a prostitute named Anguish, to "free" her, and she tucks it in her bosom. Jonah signs the divorce papers his wife's lawyer has brought along, and she sings "Who Put Out the Light That Lit the Candle That Started the Fire That Started the Flame Deep Down in My Heart," which winds her. Jonah, stark free, looks puzzled as the curtain comes down. Ride home taken up with melancholy, brooding thoughts about freedom.

APRIL 12TH: Still brooding, I arrive at the East Seventy-fourth Street Theatre for the week's final opening, a musical called "The Decameron," in which a handful of those famous naughty tales about frustrated wives, bumbling husbands, and lusty servants are presented—against handsome sets—as an indefatigably pneumatic parade of



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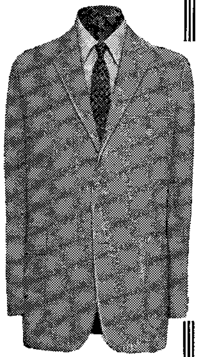

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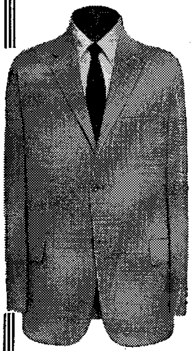

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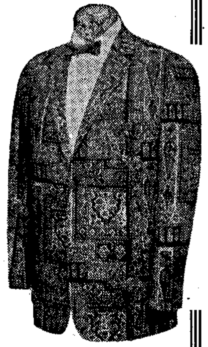

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—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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To base my expectations of reward on a solid foundation of services rendered; to be willing to pay the price in honest effort. To look upon my work as opportunity to be seized with joy and made the most of, and not as painful drudgery to be reluctantly rendered.

To believe in my proposition heart and soul. To carry an air of optimism into the presence of possible patients; to dispel ill-temper with cheerfulness, kill doubt with strong convictions and reduce active friction with an agreeable personality.

To make a study of the professional and business side of Dentistry; to know both sides in every detail from the ground up; to mix brains with my efforts, and use system and method in my work; to find time to do everything needful by never letting time find me doing nothing; to make every hour bring me dividends in fees, increased knowledge or healthful recreation.

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—*Sign on a wall of the dental lab at the University of Minnesota.*

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•

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[*From a card that came with some Japanese fish*]

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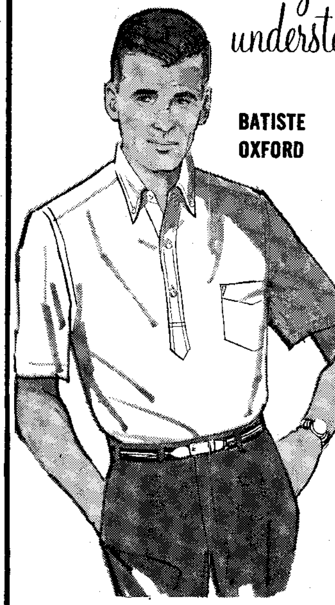

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THE RACE TRACK

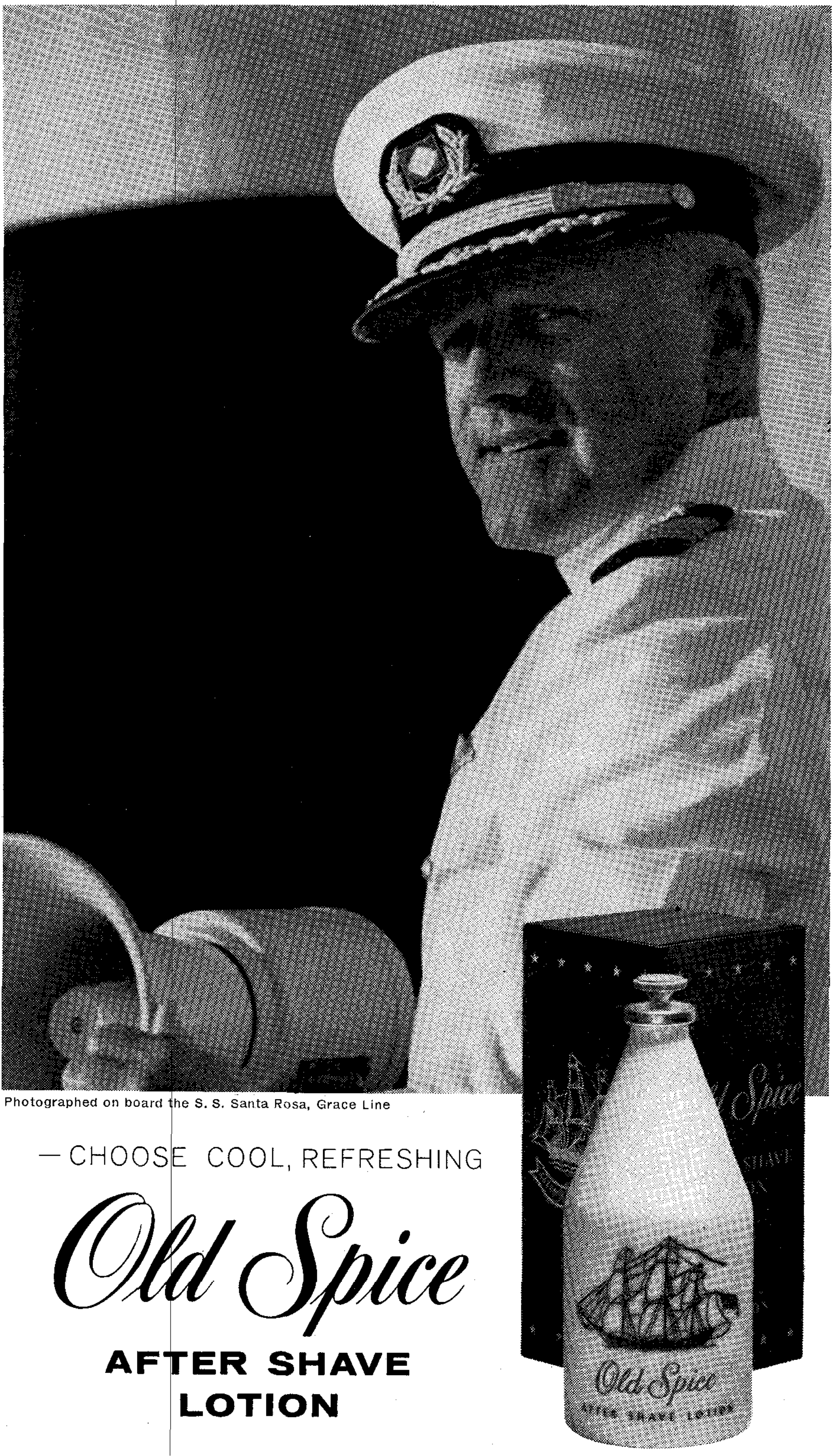
Repeater

THAT old saying "Horses for courses" ran true to form, if little else did, at Aqueduct last Saturday, Mail Order taking the Excelsior Handicap in the style that won him the Westchester a fortnight before. This time, he came through more easily, finishing four lengths ahead of Disperse, with All Hands third. Though Mail Order is rather lacking in distinction, being a tough, wiry type, he can run. Starting from the next to the outside post position in a field of eleven—no small disadvantage—he was first round the clubhouse turn, and once he was well in the lead, Adams, who rode him, kept him there. (It's irrelevant and immaterial, of course, but it is said that for a while before Adams became a jockey he was a short-order cook in a lunchroom.) Mail Order, as I suppose you know, is owned by Modie Spiegel, who has a mail-order business in Chicago and races in the name of the Alamode Farm. The beast will go for the Grey Lag Handicap next week, and so, I fancy, will Don Poggio, who was fourth in the Excelsior. I'll be surprised, however, if Pied d'Or and On-and-On, the Calumet pair, who finished down the course, start in the Grey Lag; they seem to have lost their form.

Perhaps we can blame the bitterly cold weather, but only two favorites won on Saturday. The Big A did all right, though, with a crowd of 54,101 and a mutuel handle of nearly five million dollars.

THE smartest performance of the week (or of the month, for that matter) may be credited to Primonetta, who beat nine other three-year-old fillies in the Prioress Stakes at Aqueduct on Wednesday. Handled with unusual confidence by Hartack (if I said overconfidence, I don't think I'd be far wrong), she won handily in 1:10⅗ for the six furlongs. I'm not the only race-tracker who has taken a fancy to this Darby Dan Farm filly; watching her in the Prioress, a very good judge of horseflesh remarked that her color and conformation reminded him a lot of Gallorette, one of our great race mares. Primonetta does indeed have the same

MEN WHO FACE SUN AND WIND



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smooth, powerful, effortless way of galloping, but I'd say she has even more quality than Gallorette. Jim Conway, who trains Primonetta, wasn't so fortunate with Ordie, whom he saddled for the Ashland Stakes at Keeneland last Saturday. She finished third to Goldflower and My Portrait. Still, she beat Calumet's Plum Cake, the favorite.

WELL, the Chesapeake Stakes turned up a possible Kentucky Derby starter in Orleans Doge, who won the Maryland track's fixture for three-year-olds last weekend. From all accounts, he was far behind in the early running but was going strong at the end, drawing away from Scotch Bull, Polarity, and eight others. It may be remembered that Orleans Doge (I wonder if the horseplayers call him Orleans Doggy) finished half a dozen lengths behind Bass Clef in the Louisiana Derby—a setback his stable put down to bad racing luck. On the other hand, a roving observer tells me that Bass Clef has more than an outside chance in the big do at Churchill Downs on May 6th.

Farther afield, Flutterby finished second to Mr. Consistency, who is hardly the jewel his name implies, in the California Derby at Golden Gate Fields last Saturday. It seems that Flutterby shied at a shadow, or something, in the last furlong. Another disappointment in the race was Songman, who tired after showing high early speed. Both will go to Kentucky, however.

ALTHOUGH twenty-five three-year-olds were named for the Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct this weekend, I doubt whether as many as a dozen will start. No matter how few or how many go, Carry Back will be the favorite, but Ambiopoise will also have a big following, on the strength of the way he ran in the Gotham Stakes week before last. No doubt Hitting Away and Bal Musette, who gave such a thrilling exhibition in a mile race at Aqueduct last Saturday (Hitting Away, who won, is Jim Fitzsimmons' hope for the classics), will hook up again, and maybe Alamode Farm, which is in luck right now, will start Vapor Whirl. You pick it. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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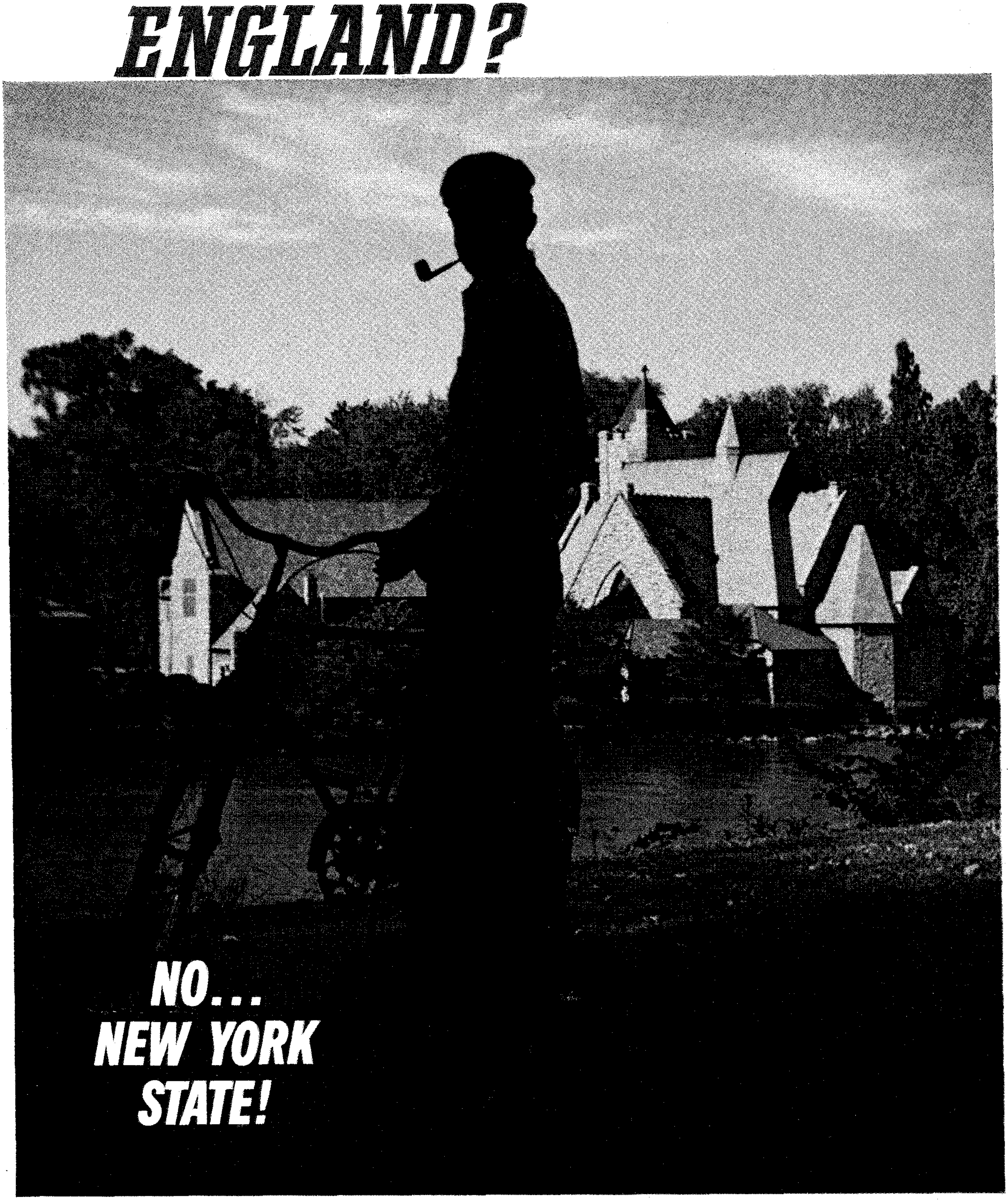
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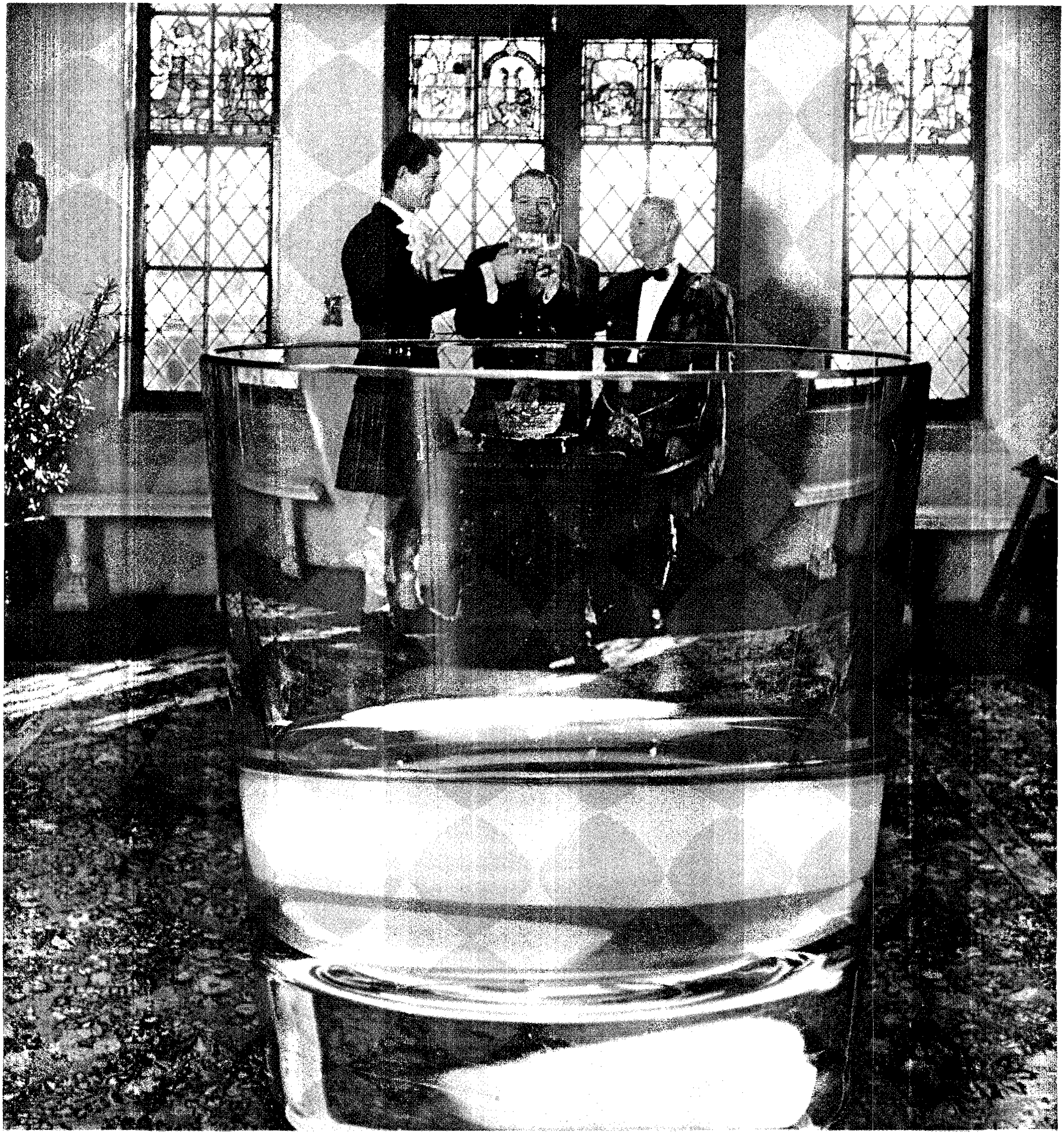

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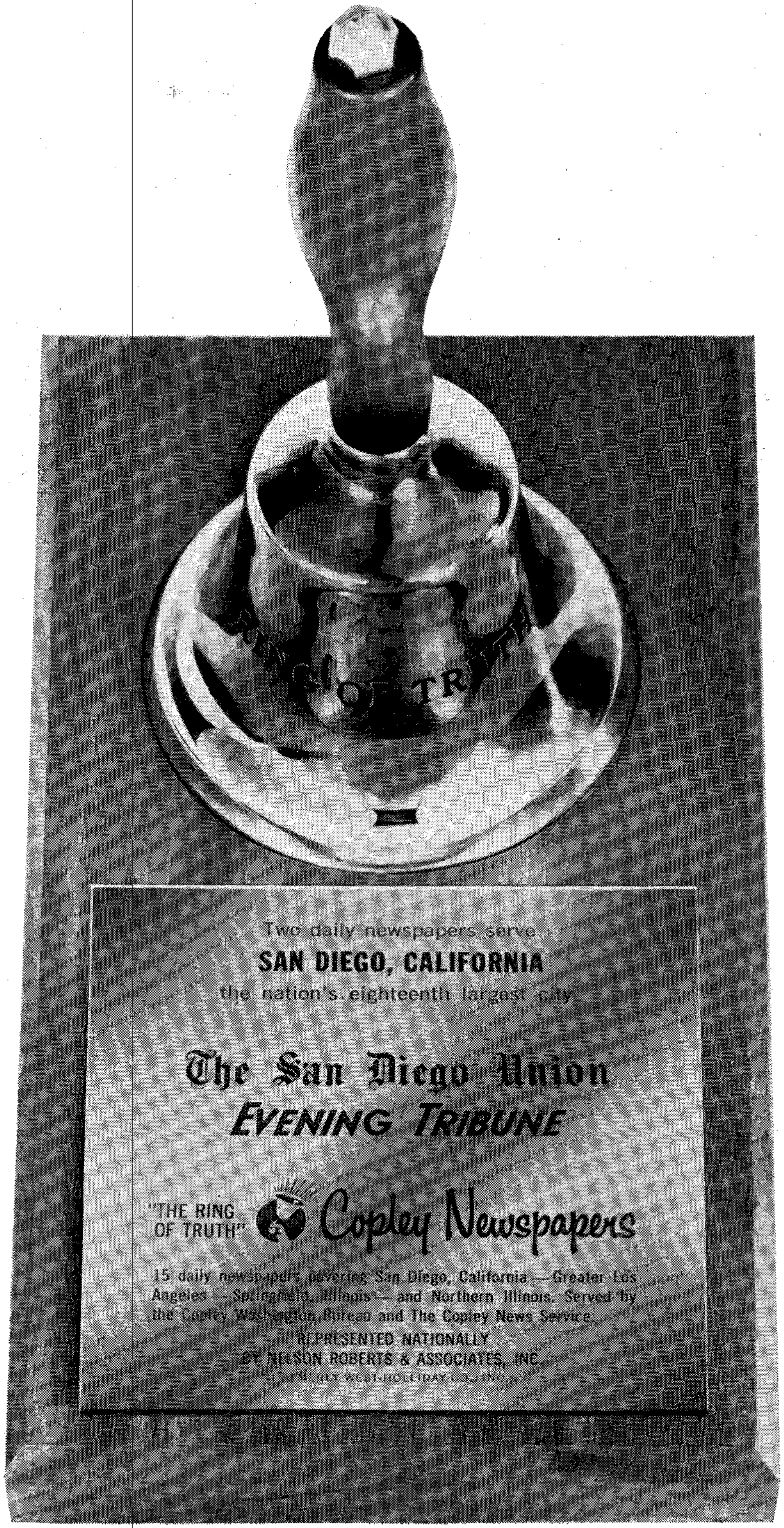
THE RATS

ALMOST as soon as I started school, I began to worry about what I would do when I finished it. Teach languages, I thought at first. When I was ten, I heard of someone who was writing a thesis. "What is a thesis?" I asked my mother. She told me it was a sort of book or a treatise, and that I would have to write one if I ever went to a university. I started to worry about that. Would an anthology be enough, I asked her. Her answer was sufficiently vague to make me begin copying poems into a notebook. "Once I'm through Dante," I told her, "it's going to be quick." But I never got through Dante.

Five or six years later, the newspaper accounts of the famines in India turned my interest to ways of mending that situation. The thing to do, I decided, was to be a civil engineer, build dams and aqueducts to provide food for hungry populations. But to be an engineer, I knew, one had to be good at mathematics, and I was probably the worst in my class. Mathematics had come near to ruining my boyhood. Every year, sometimes even during the summer months, I had had to take extra lessons and go miles to my various tutors' apartments—dark and overfurnished, stuffy with the smell of floor polish and food, so different from the sunny, half-empty house where I lived in the country. I could have been there, with my smart brothers, and instead I had to follow my teachers from number to number and, what was even less understandable to me, from letter to letter. To smooth the lesson, I nodded in understanding at things I did not understand, while my mind roved out of squares and rectangles into the infinite spaces beyond. Little by little, I had to give up all thought of becoming an engineer and helping mend the Indian situation.

I went back to letters as I knew them and for a few years I believed I never would leave them again. I was encouraged by the English teacher in my last year of high school—a dear old man who loved Shakespeare so much he never got beyond him in a course that was supposed to go from Chaucer to Yeats. But my college professors spoke from what seemed to me a distant pulpit. We never reached one another, and in my disappointment I turned to medicine.

In medicine one needed to know little or no mathematics, and it seemed more human than the humanities. I studied it with enthusiasm. For some



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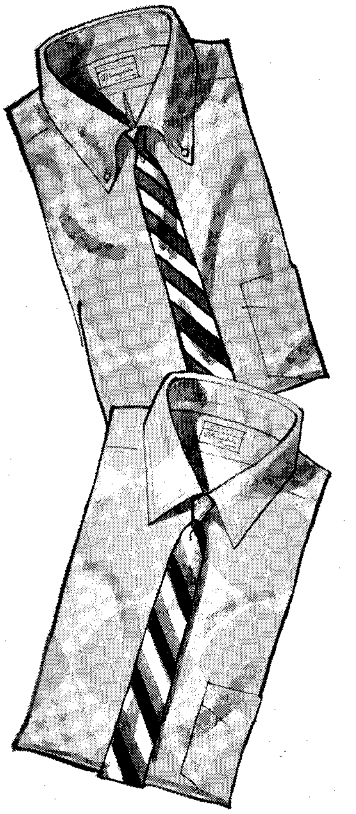

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time I even thought of becoming a neurosurgeon. I wonder now how I could have known so little about myself. Right after my graduation, I was inducted into the Army medical corps as a lieutenant, and ordered to give an intravenous injection. Not having interned, I had never given one. Four or five people—a medical major, a sergeant, and one or two soldiers besides the patient—were looking on. I tried the patient's right arm, but I couldn't find the vein with the needle. I tried the left, and again I didn't succeed. I wanted to give up. "Go on, go on," the major said to me. "You mustn't give up. Just go at it calmly." But I couldn't be calm. I moved the point of the needle under the skin in a blind exploration, then withdrew it, and, at the major's insistence, punctured the skin again and again without getting into the vein, till the patient looked at the major imploringly. "All right, let me do it," the major said. "Maybe it's a hard one." He had no trouble.

That same day, there followed other attempts, also unsuccessful, and I think it was these first experiences with the syringe that shook my self-confidence. After that, though I kept studying in books the technique of intravenous injection and was shown how to do it by several experts, I never became proficient at it. And all the time I knew that this was one of the simplest of medical measures, and that until I could do it properly I had little hope of succeeding with more complicated procedures. Surgery, of course, was out of the question.

The choice narrowed to clinical medicine or medical research. For some months after I left the Army, I was undecided between the two fields and I divided my time between laboratories and medical wards. Then the helplessness that all doctors experience when confronted by a patient with an incurable disease made me choose research, and I entered the Institute of Pharmacology of the University of Rome.

This department occupies the first floor and the basement of a fifty-year-old building, one of twenty or so that make up what is rather pretentiously called "University Town." On the first floor there are the laboratories, a classroom, a library, and several offices. In the basement are the rooms where the experiments with animals are conducted. These rooms are equipped with little cages, most of them empty. Outside, in a brick hut, there are kennels and large, relatively comfortable cages where rabbits, guinea pigs, rats, and mice are bred.

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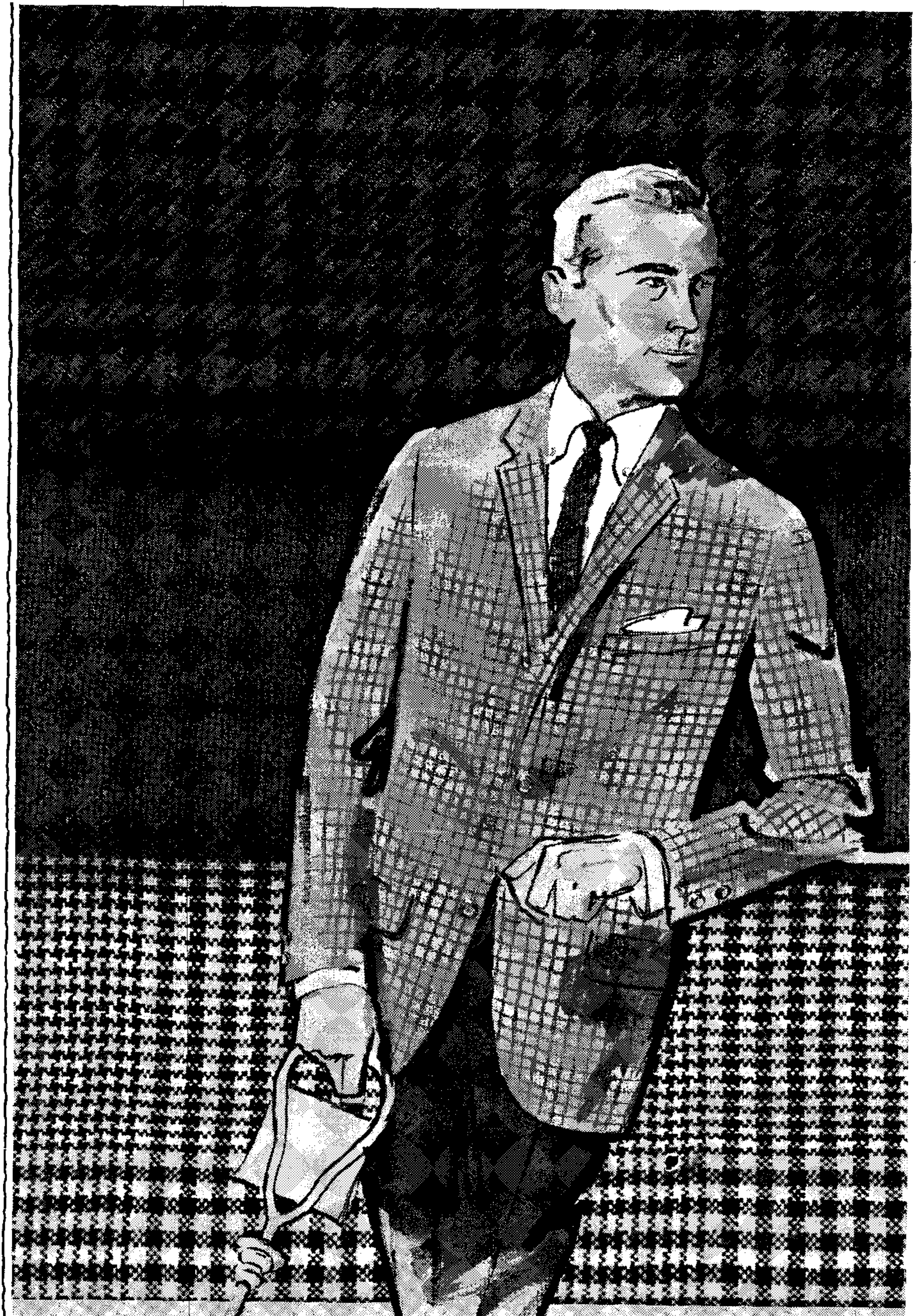
especially while reading the textbooks, I had got ideas for research and made notes of them in an exercise book, a fresh page for every new idea. The notes were written in an impetuous handwriting that showed the energy—the joy—the ideas had given my hand. At the head of each one there was a large asterisk—the mark of a flash or a spark. Sitting in the library of the Institute, I went over them. Only a few seemed feasible. At last, after consulting books and talking to some of my colleagues, I discarded all except one. This I submitted to the director—a liberal and broadminded man, who did very little interfering or checking on the work of his staff. He approved my project. It had to do with hemochromatosis, a disease in which an excessive amount of iron is absorbed and deposited in the tissues, mainly in the liver.

Since I was going to use white rats for the experiment, I went with the laboratory boy to the hut and brought fifty of them to the basement room that I had been assigned. Here I put them each in a separate small cage. To produce a condition that resembled the disease I was going to study, I began to feed them a diet of lard, cornstarch, and iron. My idea was that by mixing in this diet a substance that bound iron and formed an insoluble complex with it I might prevent the iron's absorption. The substance on which I based my hopes was a white powder called *aa′* dipyridyl, which, to my knowledge, had never been used for this purpose before.

I immediately ran into difficulties. The rats found even minute quantities of the substance distasteful, and I had to find a way of concealing its flavor. Finally, by adding vanilla, sugar, and essence of orange to the mixture, I succeeded in making it acceptable to them.

Day after day, I fed this mixture to half the rats. To the other half I gave just the cornstarch, the lard, and the iron. Neither group did well, of course; lard and cornstarch form a very defective diet, and iron and *aa′* dipyridyl don't make it any less so. Little by little, the white fur of the rats lost its lustre. They ate only a small part of their food, and they thinned. And still I continued to feed them the diet that in either combination was poison to them. The little creatures, each in its separate cage, would look at me and barely be able to blink. Their eyes became red. They hardly moved any more.

Was it worth it, I began asking myself. At the end of a month, I was going to kill them under ether and measure the iron content in their livers. Those that



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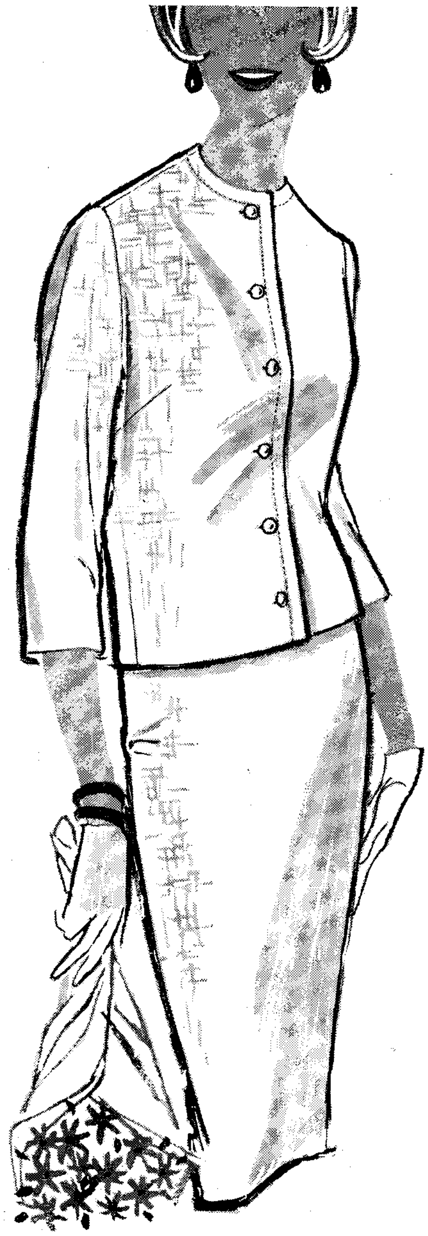

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received the *aa′* dipyridyl would, I hoped, have less iron than the others. Only then would I know whether my idea was sound.

The days passed and I continued the dull feeding routine. When I went into the room with the cages and the rats saw me, they cringed in a corner and hid their faces with their paws. Their skin was so drawn that I could see their pulsation. Sometimes they would tilt their heads, and it looked like a nod, an acknowledgment of their fate and their hopelessness. I looked at their teeth, which, with the diet I gave them, they had no use for. "Rodents," I said to myself. "Gnawers. The only thing they have to gnaw at are the wires of their cages."

Sometimes I would meet the director in the hall. "How is the experiment going?" he would ask.

"Oh, it's going well," I would reply, and then say to myself, "Well for whom?"

Sometimes I would wander into other rooms and watch experiments being conducted on dogs and other animals, experiments that all had an idea behind them—sometimes less, sometimes more original than mine.

"You had an ingenious idea," one of my colleagues said to me once.

"I don't know if it's ingenious," I said. "I only know that those fifty rats are suffering for it."

"You'll be able to write a nice paper," another one said. "Where do you intend to publish it?"

"Maybe in an international review. The director asked me to write it in English."

"That's good," he said, taking his pipe out of his mouth. "Carries more weight."

I closed my eyes for a moment and saw my rats panting. Some of the research workers at the Institute had written dozens of papers. The director probably had to his credit over a hundred. I knew that from there or some other medical research center, sooner or later, something would come—a brilliant, genuine, glittering piece of work that would advance medicine and stop some people from panting. But even that, I thought, would first have its victims.

Slowly I went down the flight of stairs to the basement and looked at the rats. It was time to feed them again. I collected the little metal receptacles from the cages in order to fill them and found that I didn't have enough of the diet left to go round. I would have to make some more. The iron and the *aa′* dipyridyl were upstairs, but for lard

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and cornstarch I needed to go to the grocery store, a few blocks away from the University, where I had got my supplies before.

"Yes," the man said, when I paused before the counter. "What would you like?"

"Oh, five pounds of lard and ten of cornstarch," I said quickly.

While he got them ready for me, my gaze fell on a huge block of Parmesan cheese. It was drum-shaped, with a hard, black surface and a cut that showed its grain. I thought of my rats and how delighted they would be if I brought them that instead of the lard and the cornstarch. In my mind I could see them looking at it as at something they had never seen or had entirely forgotten; I could see them gnawing at the crust. I glanced at a head of lettuce and at a burlap sack filled with nuts, and thought of them nibbling at the first and shelling the second, deriving from them the elements in which their diet had so long been deficient. That, I thought, would be a joyful conclusion to my experiment. Any other seemed sad, and I was tempted to buy the cheese.

But I didn't. I don't often do what I want. I returned to the Institute with the lard and the cornstarch, and prepared more of the diet and continued to administer that to the rats. I carried the experiment on to its fateful conclusion.

The results were not particularly significant; the livers of the rats that had received the *αα′* dipyridyl had only a little less iron than the ones that hadn't received it. Even so, I sent an article reporting the results, in English, to the international review that the director had in mind, and it was published. The article—fine print, with lists of figures and diagrams—is now taking up space, adding weight to the shelves of a thousand libraries. It may even have given satisfaction to someone, for I did get three or four letters asking for reprints.

But for me it would have been better if the experiment had never been carried out. For me it was a dreary and painful experience—not at all what an experiment should be. One of its effects was to induce me to leave the Institute. I remember the day I knocked at the director's door for the last time, and told him about the rats, and gave him my reasons for going. He received me in his study and asked me to sit in one of his comfortable black leather armchairs. Fortunately, he was a man who loved talking and I didn't have to say much. Soon he interrupted me and began to philosophize on the matter. He even found a way to throw a few elegant

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If someone asks you if you are "out straight", tell him you are not. People are rarely ever "out straight" after a few days vacation in Vermont. Freely translated, the expression means "pressed for time." ✤

If your Vermont tour takes you to a "gulf", don't worry about sharks. Vermont is the only New England state unencumbered by a seacoast. "Gulf" to us means a lush, green gap in the mountains. Like a gulch, only prettier. ✤

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VERMONT
is a state of mind

phrases of Latin into the conversation. He was a man who understood. As I bade him goodbye, he said he was sorry to see me leaving. But I don't think he really was sorry, not altogether, anyway; people like me are regarded as corrupting elements.

As I left the Institute and went home, I felt very well—light-footed, buoyant, weightless. This always happens to me when I give something up; there are a few minutes, before my thoughts turn to the new things that will have to be done, during which I am only thinking of the things I won't have to be doing any longer. As I said, the lightheartedness doesn't last long. It didn't this time, either. Before I had quite reached my home, I caught a glimpse of the city hospital I was planning to enter as an interne, and I became my weighty self again.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

With only these few things to clutter up your mind, you listen to a spot of conversation that an outsider—that is to say, some nice normal person who doesn't go to 14 parties a week—would find impossible to translate. You mention this phenomenon to Abe Burrows, and the two of you create a glossary of phrases heard at every party.

"I have a rather pompous week-end lined up." Translation: *"I've been asked to Palm Beach by the Kennedys and want to make sure you know."*

"Whenever I go to Capri, I call on Gracie Fields." Translation: *"Whenever anyone goes to Capri, he calls on Gracie Fields."*

"I tried to call you all day yesterday." Translation: *"We had a party last night and didn't ask you."*

"Can you have dinner with us next Friday?" Translation: *"I know you're giving a party next Friday, and we'd like to be asked."*

"The Duchess of Windsor called today." Translation: *"I called the Duchess."*

—Doris Lilly in the Post, Feb. 20, 1961.

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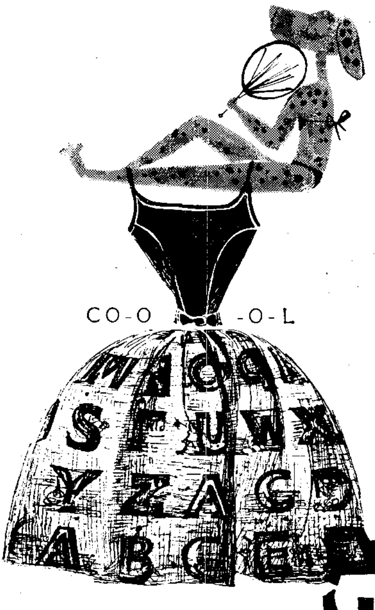
I tried to ring you all yesterday—We had a party last night and we didn't ask you.

Can you dine next Tuesday?—I know you're giving a party and we should like to be asked.

Sir Laurence Olivier rang today—I rang Sir Laurence.

—The Queen (London), Christmas, 1960.

[Editor's Note: Other coincidental translations deleted because of waning of interest on our part.]



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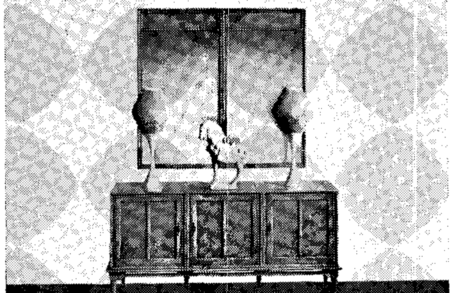

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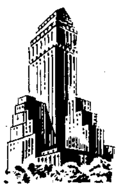

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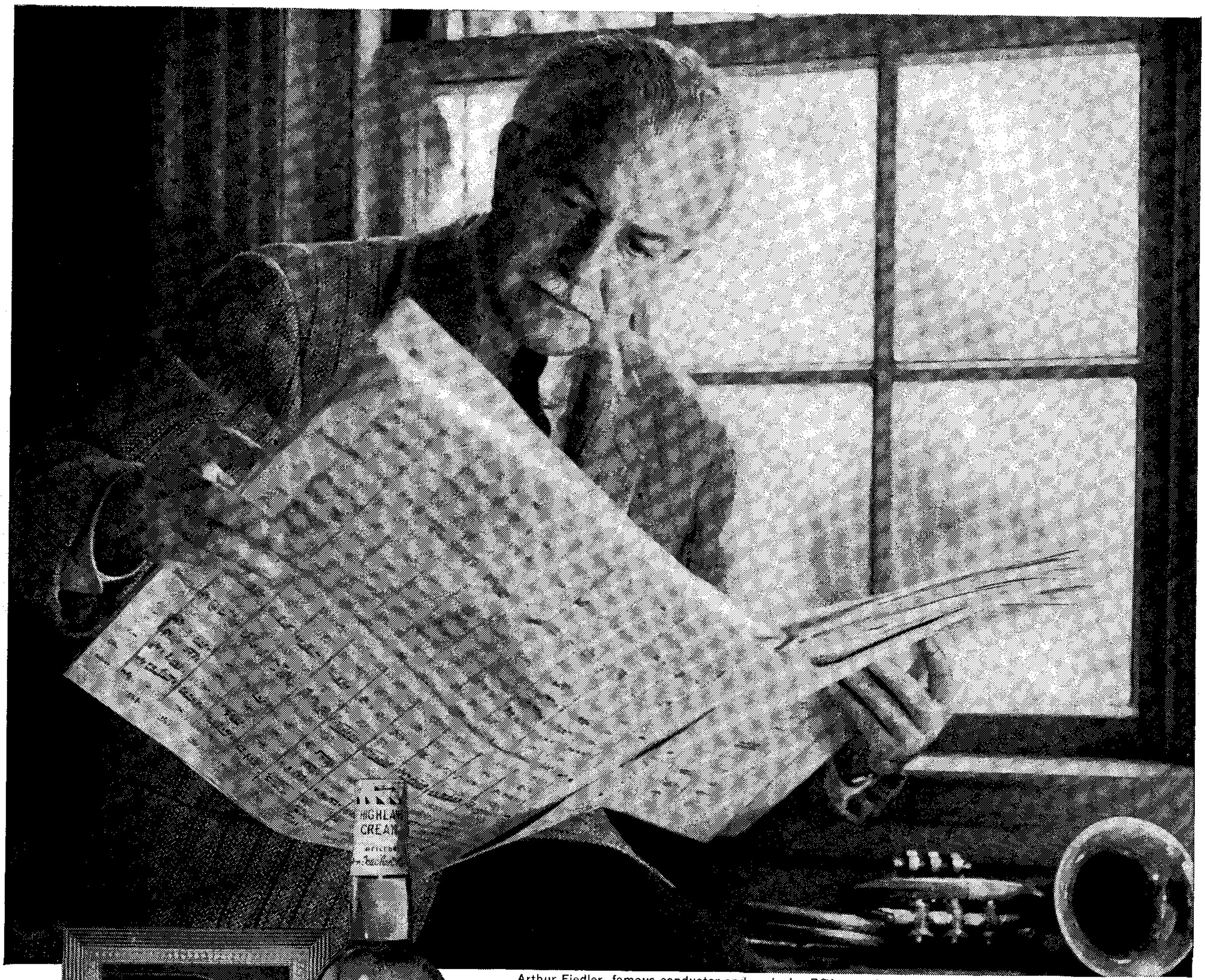

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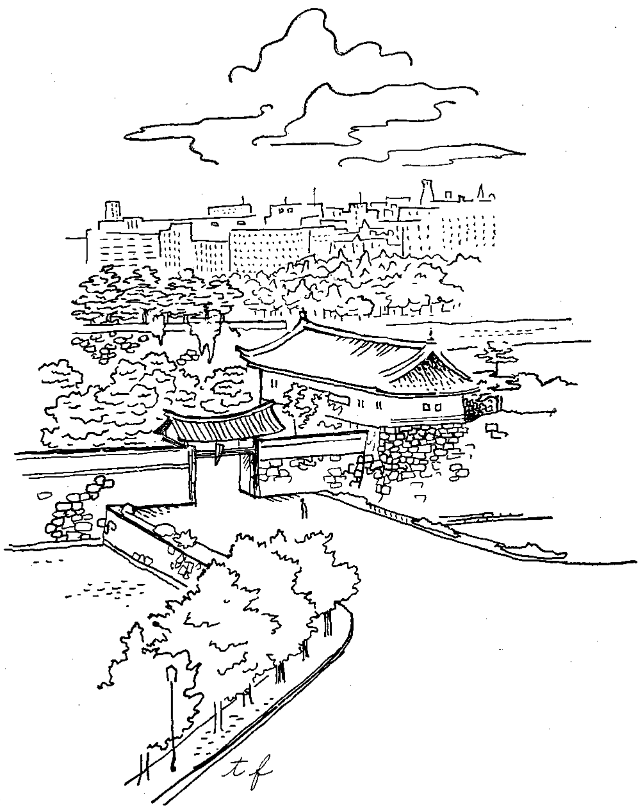
LETTER FROM TOKYO

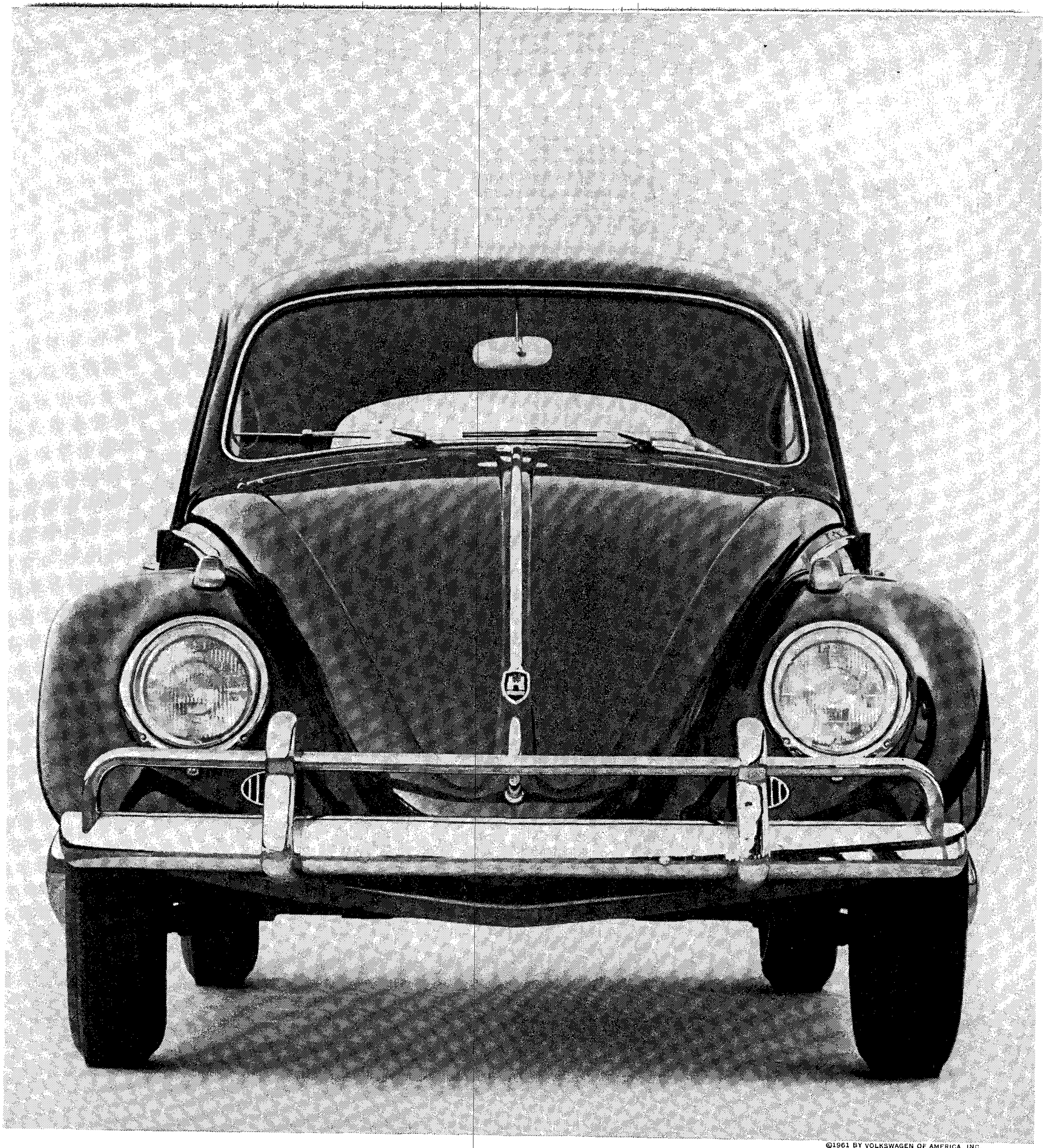
THE average size of *sumō-tori*, the massive Japanese wrestlers, most of whom have traditionally weighed over three hundred pounds, has lately—for reasons that mainly have to do with the ability of thinner, more agile *sumō-tori* to pin fatter, more picturesque *sumō-tori* to the mat—diminished by about a hundred pounds per capita, or per corpus. In Tokyo today, though, it is hard to find evidence of any other sort of shrinkage. Having perhaps suffered worse damage in the Second World War than any other major city of the world, Tokyo not only has lost almost all external signs of devastation but is now far and away the most populous city on earth, as well as the gaudiest. The population at the start of 1961 was put at 9,725,764; at night, in the pulsing heart of Tokyo, there seem to be nearly that many neon signs on acrobatic display. The human total is currently increasing at an annual rate of a quarter of a million, as the city grows in what an English-language brochure put out not long ago by the Tokyo Metropolitan Government called "an entangled but promising way." By the end of this year, Tokyo may well have become civilization's first ten-million-person settlement. Right now, it offers garish, vibrant, blaring, bulging proof that as far as war-battered metropolises are concerned, the harder they fall, the bigger they come.

Since 1959, Tokyo has proudly been the site of what might be called the world's tallest Eiffel Tower—a spire of girders that looks a good deal like the familiar Paris structure but, with a height of 1,091 feet, dwarfs its prototype by 107 feet. Although the Tokyo Tower, as it is called, falls appreciably short of the Empire State Building's 1,250 feet, it emulates our own colossus in serving as the community television mast and also in being an enormously popular attraction for tourists, although, just as in New York, many of the local residents never get around to scaling their city's highest pinnacle. Those who do can contemplate from the Tower's observation platform both the distant serenity of Mount Fuji and the immediate turmoil of Tokyo's maze of streets, which have in the past decade been assaulted by vast hordes of traffic they were never meant to cope with. An estimated six hundred thousand motor vehicles now joust here (among them taxicabs whose rear doors helpfully can be opened and shut from the driver's seat), and the Japan Automobile Industry Association has cheerfully predicted that in 1961 the indigenous production of cars, trucks, and buses will increase by a whopping forty per cent over 1960's—a far from cheerful prospect for harassed Tokyo drivers, who now pile up at rush hours in a very entangled but not at all promising way. To protect the local automobile industry, Japanese citizens, with rare exceptions, are not allowed to import foreign vehicles, but a big black chauffeur-driven American sedan with white slipcovers has become a status symbol without which no self-respecting Tokyo businessman would dream of making his rounds. (When the limousine owners debark, the chauffeurs hop out and briskly set to polishing the already gleaming black beauties with long-handled feather dusters—sometimes wielding a duster in each hand.) There is a lively market, accordingly, for second-hand American cars, which members of the United States military or diplomatic service may bring in freely but are not allowed to sell until two years have passed. Some Americans have imported new cars and garaged them for the whole twenty-four-month waiting period, letting them age like whiskey in the cask. A two-year-old Cadillac in prime condition has fetched a profit here of as much as seven thousand dollars.



Tokyo driving schools have off-the-street paved roadways that resemble midget-auto rides at Disneyland. Recently, the law governing these academies was changed; instead of being permitted one training car for each 1,776 square feet of road surface, they are now limited to one for each 2,131 square feet. Having that much space to maneuver in scarcely prepares a Tokyo novice for the city's streets. Every day, at each precinct station, the police chalk up the previous day's traffic toll on an outdoor bulletin board—accidents in green, usually, and dead and injured in red. This publicity program has had no observable deterrent effect. Starting in April, the Tokyo police (and their counterparts in all other large Japanese cities) hope to reduce the carnage somewhat by employing local vigilantes—proprietors of corner stores at key intersections, for instance—who, for an average annual stipend of a bit less than six dollars, will report to headquarters on the accidents they see. Tokyo's traffic woes, bad as they are, seem destined to get much worse if a monumental city-planning scheme now under discussion ever comes to fruition. The idea is to fill in a vast portion of Tokyo Bay and erect on the new land a twin city of Tokyo, accommodating another ten million residents.

BY no means everybody in Tokyo has access to an automobile, or even a motor bike. (A few geisha still defiantly travel about by rickshaw.) An unskilled laborer in Tokyo may earn no more than a dollar a day; if he's lucky, his wife will add thirty cents or so to the family's daily income by assembling toys at home. In the humming financial section of the city, ragpickers shuffle around poking hopefully into trash bins, and outside the plush tourist hotels grand-



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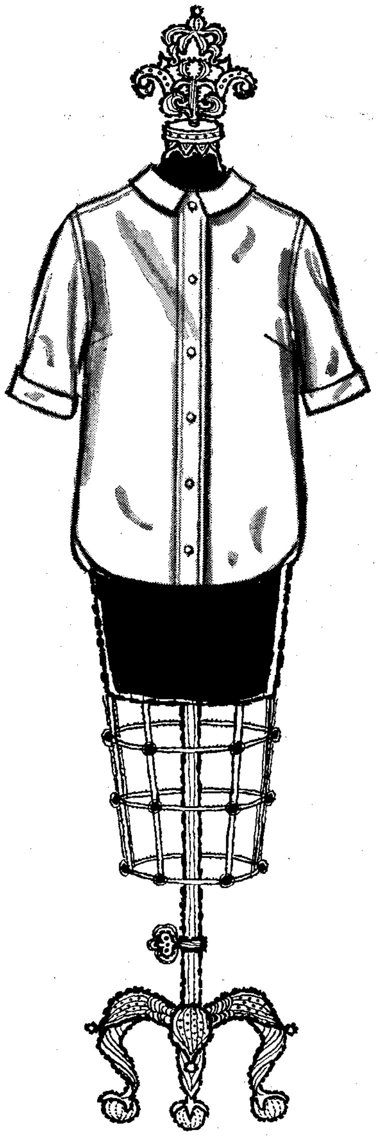

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motherly shoeshine women patiently squat. But symbols of prosperity all but eclipse such reminders of Asian poverty. Among several new golf clubs now in the planning stage is one whose initiation fee will be five million yen, or nearly fourteen thousand dollars. There have already been fifteen hundred applications for membership. (At present, golfers must pay a national tax on each round of from two hundred to four hundred yen—roughly, fifty-five cents to a dollar-ten. The rate depends on the prestige of the course. The Socialist Party has been advocating the further imposition of a ten-thousand-yen annual surtax on all participants in this capitalistic sport.) New cafés, new office buildings, new department stores, and new hotels are going up at such a clip that some Tokyo residents half jokingly say they dare not leave the place for more than a few weeks at a stretch, for fear of not being able to find their way around on their return. In the center of Tokyo alone there are more than ten thousand well-patronized bars and coffee shops. (Japan is a notably literate nation, and one café, with red-and-black décor, is called the Julien Sorel.) One night club, the Shin-Sekai, occupies an entire eight-story building, on top of which roosts not only a planetarium but a five-story pagoda, every eave of it outlined in neon. Inside, in various antechambers off the main cabaret—which emphasizes noisy floor shows—are, among other diversions, a Play Land for children, a Science Magic Land for all ages, a shopping center, a beer hall, and a bath hall. From the cluttered roof, a cable car provides handy access to a nearby temple. The club employs a thousand hostesses, who can be individually paged, like brokers on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, by having their numbers flashed in lights from dozens of spots throughout the cabaret area. Commonplace features of other clubs, in addition to semi-nude chorus lines, are bands that ascend and descend on elevators, singers and dancers who emerge from the ceiling on suspended platforms, and fountains that erupt from the stage.

Land is so valuable in Tokyo that few builders of any kind of edifice now stop short of the hundred-and-two-foot height limit that, in deference to earthquakes, is imposed on construction. (Since January 1st, Tokyo has had close to three hundred recorded quakes, none of them severe.) The traditional housing hereabouts is single-family dwellings, and some of these are still being put up, but middle-class housing projects subsidized by the government

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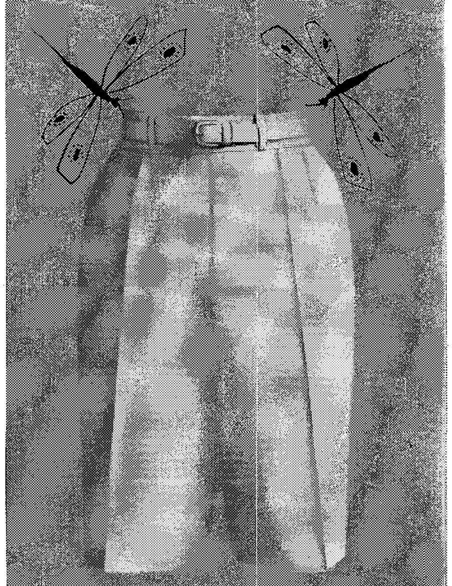

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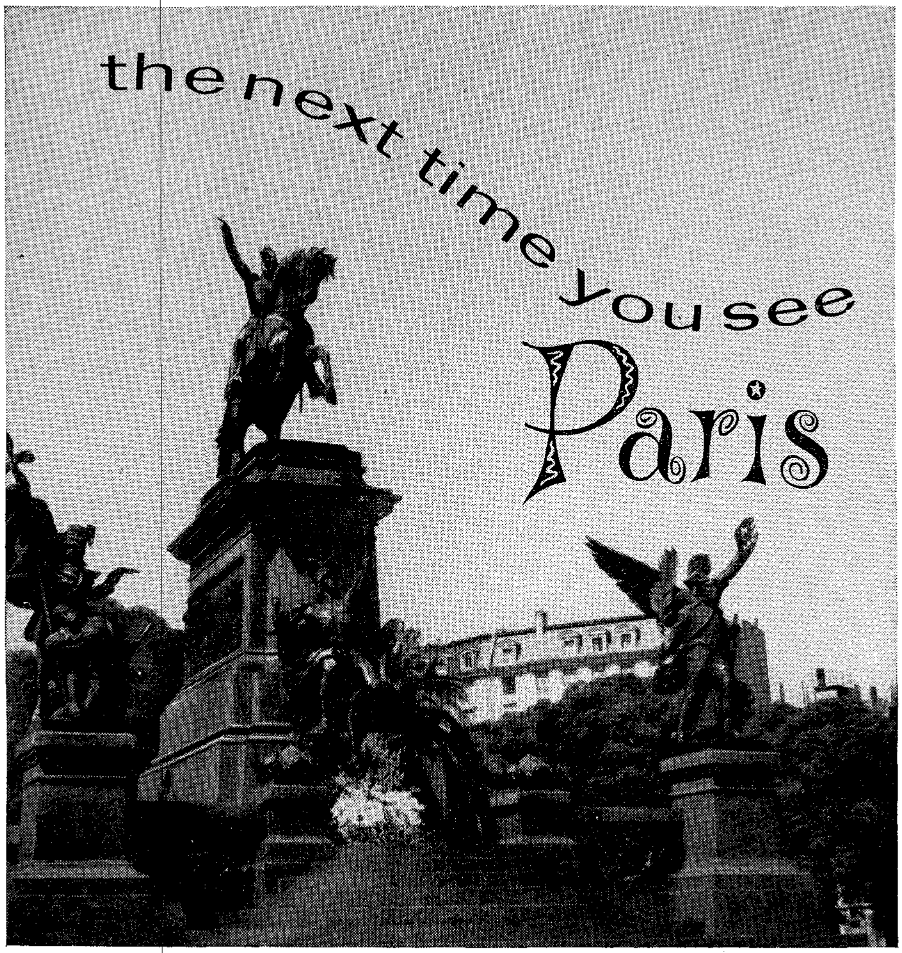
offer only apartments, which are mushrooming at the rate of two hundred thousand units a year. One probable casualty of the real-estate boom is the old Imperial Hotel, which Frank Lloyd Wright designed between 1915 and 1922 to withstand earthquakes, and which did withstand the terrible 1923 quake while much of Tokyo collapsed. (It has lately been discovered that the hotel possesses a structural virtue that even Wright, never one to underrate the virtues of his buildings, didn't know about: *Ōya* stone, of which much of the hotel is constructed, has been said by a Japanese scientist to afford especially good protection from radiation.) Although a new, ten-story wing in the standard Statler-Hilton egg-crate style has been grafted onto the old Imperial, many tourists—and many Japanese, for that matter—much prefer the original structure, a delightfully absurd rabbit warren of nooks and steps and gardens and crooked passageways, to its aseptic appendage. But the old Imperial seems unlikely to enjoy anywhere near as long a life as Wright himself did, and for a reason that might have made its creator laugh or howl, or both: It is only three stories tall, and is therefore uneconomical for the high-priced acreage it sprawls across. The Japanese—even those who at all hours of the day and some hours of the night can be found in the deep leather chairs of Wright's myriad lobbies, waiting to transact business with transient Americans or Germans or Australians or Dutch—are pretty much reconciled to having the demolition men do to the landmark what earthquakes could not. Wright's partisans can console themselves with the reflection that, architecturally, the ties between West and East have never been stronger than they are in Tokyo today; last year, the much-sought commission to design a new official residence for the Emperor was given to Junzo Yoshimura, the Japanese architect who has been widely publicized in the United States for his Motel on the Mountain, in Rockland County.

THE rotund *sumō-tori* are just about the only Japanese who are not getting larger. Their conventionally proportioned fellow-citizens—thanks in good measure to the introduction of milk and wheat to Japan during the American Occupation—are getting taller, according to figures that have lately been released, with considerable satisfaction, by the government. For quite some time, the Japanese have



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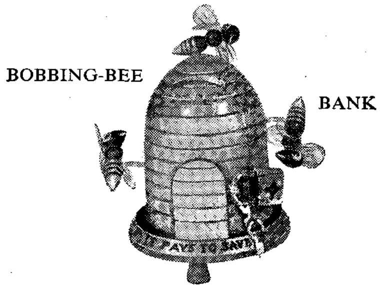

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aspired to greater physical stature, and unusually long-legged local movie actresses have been enthusiastically acclaimed as "king-size." Now, it appears from the official statistics, the average height of twenty-year-old Japanese women is more than two inches above what it was around the turn of the century. Men of the same age have gained well over an inch. For fifteen-year-olds of both sexes the increase is larger. Children are looking down on their parents, and the Ministry of Education is asking for new, outsize desks and chairs to accommodate the new legginess. Young Prince Hiro, Crown Prince Akihito's son, who has just celebrated his first birthday, has been admiringly revealed to rank in both weight and height well above the national average. There is still some public interest in the health and welfare of Hiro's august grandfather, and the Emperor carries on, of course, in the traditional fashion (the Diet not long ago appropriated a million yen for an Imperial duck-netting party, the guests at which were to include eighty members of the Diet), but most young Japanese, at least, do not seem to care terribly much about Hirohito one way or the other, regarding him merely as a mildly interesting spectacle they glimpse occasionally on television, like "Gunsmoke."

"Gunsmoke" is one of a number of American shoot-'em-up shows that appear on Tokyo television unaltered save for dubbed-in Japanese dialogue. Although television, both imported and domestic, has become a major cultural influence in Japan—many university students, for example, have never seen Kabuki except on their home screens—some of the medium's local offerings, when they are not warmed-over versions of standard United States fare, are, like Japanese night-club performances, a good deal racier than anything Americans are accustomed to. One popular Tokyo program, called the "Pink Mood Show," goes on at ten-fifty at night, when impressionable youngsters have theoretically been bedded down, and provides its viewers with some lively chorus and strip-tease acts. A university student I met the other day remarked that he thought the "Pink Mood Show" coarse and intellectually beneath him. "I never try to watch it," he said, "but somehow I just happen to be in front of a television set every time it's on."

Residents of Tokyo like to refer to their teeming home town as the new Shanghai, and although there is some question about where this leaves Hong

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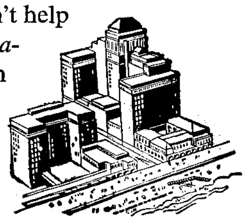

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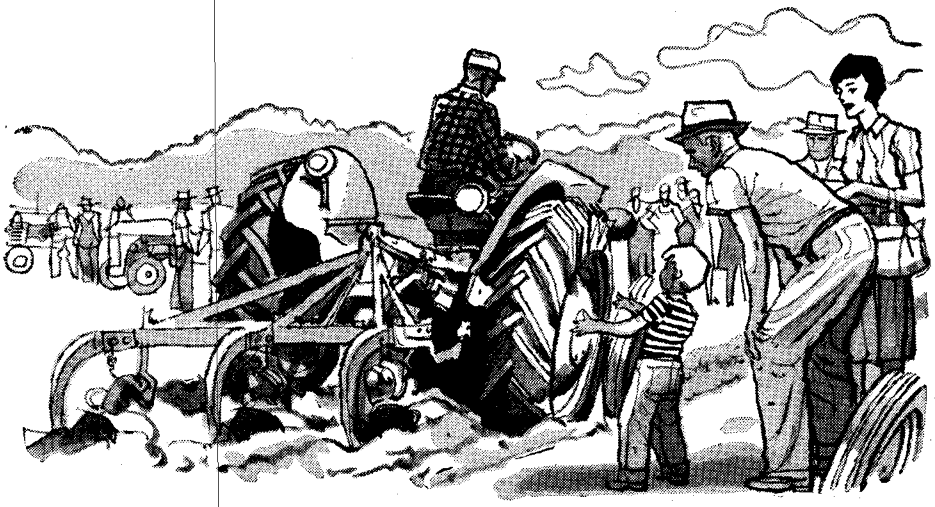

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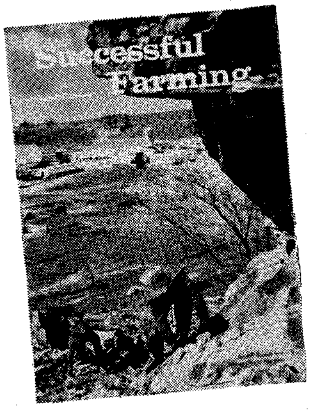

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Kong—not to mention the old Shanghai—there is no question that when it comes to cosmopolitan atmosphere Tokyo has no Asian peers. Almost no Japanese, except the very aged, are nowadays to be seen on the streets in native dress; Western clothes are cheaper, easier to keep clean, and better adapted to the stepped-up pace of contemporary life. Bookstores with names in foreign languages abound. One Left Wing bookshop is identified on the exterior by a sign in Russian, while Japanese who stray inside are greeted by a travel poster that says "Visit Moscow" in German. (Owing to government currency restrictions, it is impossible for any Japanese to travel abroad as an ordinary tourist. Businessmen may spend only a specified sum per day while they are out of the country, the figure varying with the size of their company. Some of them squeeze out a few extra dollars, or pounds, or whatever, by pretending to the government that their trip is going to last a lot longer than it actually does.) Many street signs, as a holdover from the Occupation days, are in both Japanese and English, and these sometimes attest to the perennial Japanese inability to come to grips with our fugitive vocabulary. At the entrance to an alley alongside the brand-new Telephone and Telegraph Building stands a brand-new metal stanchion that admonishes motorists, "Close to Ail Yehicles." Food shops proclaim in their display windows the availability within of "Fruits Panch" and "Chocolate Pareait." Tokyo's English-language newspapers are surprisingly free of orthographical lapses, and for the American transient they are a precious boon. There are three non-tabloid English-language morning papers published daily in Tokyo—one more than New York can boast, unless you throw in the *Wall Street Journal*. And to match the *Journal* Tokyo has the daily English-language *Shipping and Trade News*, which, along with routine shipping and trade news, specializes in items about United States Army sales of surplus goods—lately the Army has been trying to unload eleven short tons of I.B.M. cards, thirty thousand pounds of storage batteries, and twenty-three duplicating machines—and inquiries from foreign traders eager to purchase goods from Japanese shippers. Recently, a company in Saudi Arabia has wanted ceiling fans, a Turkish firm has wanted dental instruments, a San Antonio store has wanted airline stewardesses' hats, a shop that about a month ago was stubbornly listing its address as

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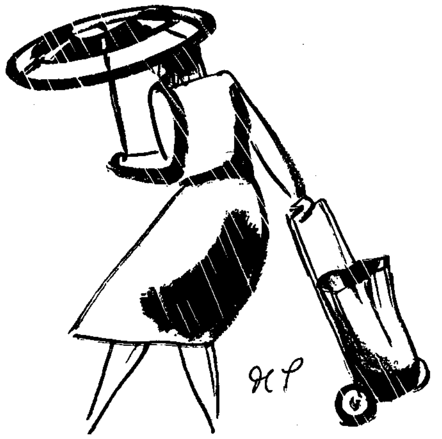
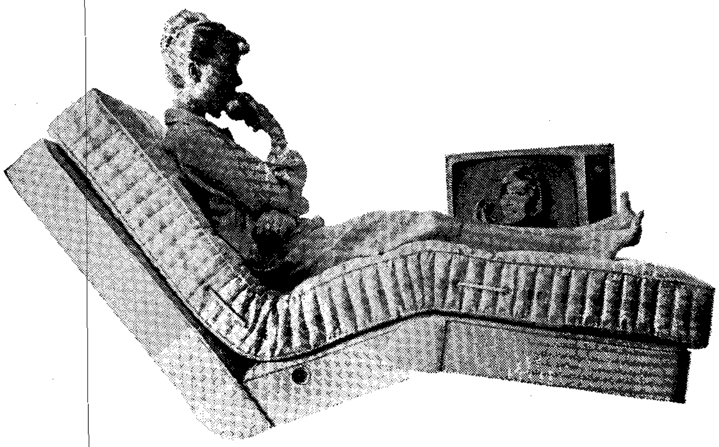
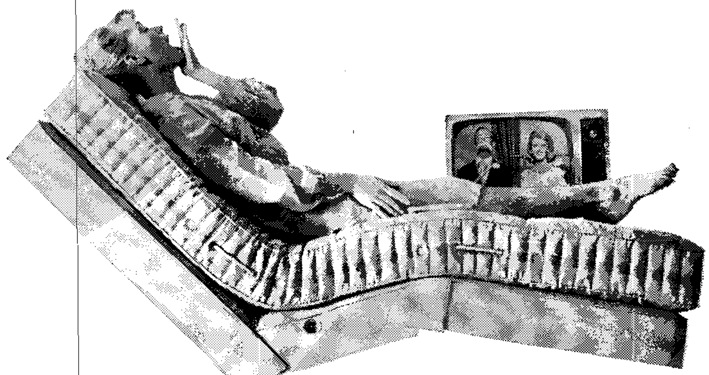
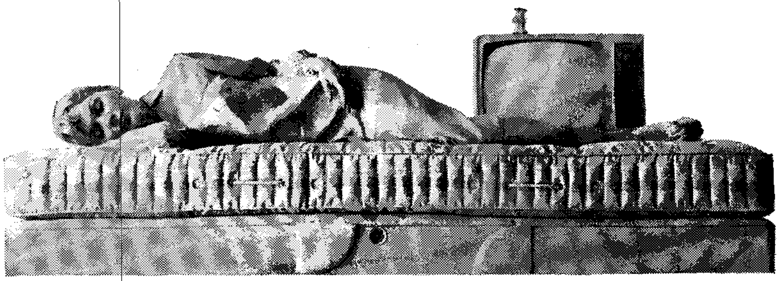
ALL Tokyo newspapers, whether in Japanese or in English, have lately been devoting much space to violence. A year ago, it was the political Left, led by the Socialist Party, that received most of the attention, when its adherents first demonstrated riotously against the Kishi government's ratification of the United States-Japan security treaty, then gave James Hagerty a hard time, and finally forced the cancellation of President Eisenhower's planned visit to Japan. (President Kennedy is very popular here. Books by and about him, translated into Japanese, are on prominent display everywhere, and at least one group of political dissidents, vehemently anti-American for as long as anyone can recall, has announced its dissolution, on the ground that it can find nothing in the new Washington administration that riles it enough to sustain its spleen.) The Socialists, though they are outnumbered more than two to one in the Diet by Prime Minister Ikeda's Liberal-Democratic Party, are an exceedingly articulate minority. They often heckle the majority in a manner that Speaker Sam Rayburn would surely not condone, and a few weeks ago their tactics prompted a schoolmaster to write a letter to the press complaining that it was hard for members of his profession to persuade teen-agers not to carry knives when members of the Diet were so persistent-









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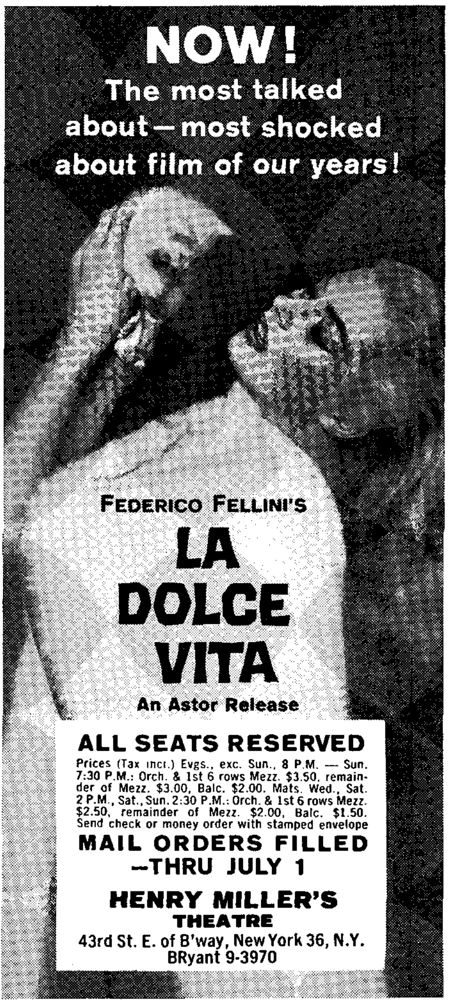
ly using the sharp edges of their tongues to address cutting remarks to Mr. Ikeda.

This year, it is the political Right, a small but waspish hive of agitators, that has been provoking the most discussion. Indeed, among some Diet members and other targets of this noisy faction's sting, it has been provoking enough plain fear so that the police have assigned bodyguards to about a hundred men who are thought to be in danger of assassination by particularly venomous Rightists. Tokyo's two most recent political murders—the victims being Inejiro Asanuma, the leader of the Socialist Party, and a housemaid employed by the publisher of a monthly magazine that had carried a rather clinical, though hypothetical, account of the beheading of the Imperial family, to which the Rightists profess adoring allegiance—were both committed by seventeen-year-olds who were connected with an ultra Right Wing group called the Greater Japan Patriotic Party. This, although its hard-core enrollment has been put at precisely thirty-eight, has been receiving nationwide attention. Its leader is Bin Akao, a sixty-two-year-old fanatic who identifies himself sometimes with Hitler and sometimes with Christ. As an aftermath of the two slayings, Akao was arrested on charges that included "suspected instigation of murder," and although a judge who, in the opinion of the Socialists, was right-minded in the wrong way dismissed most of the case, Akao is still under indictment on "suspicion of using violence."

Nobody yet envisions this one tiny body of Right Wing extremists as a powerful force (this winter, when Akao and his fellow-travellers tried to revive a prewar martial holiday called National Foundation Day, they managed to round up only about fifteen thousand celebrants throughout Japan—not a very impressive showing in a nation of ninety-three million), but a truly sizable faction of troublemakers in Japan is represented by what one newspaper here has called "the controversial age of seventeen." There are, in fact, citizens far younger than seventeen whose antics have clearly marked them as out of hand. Within a week recently, the police nabbed a gang of three thirteen-year-old girls who had just ransacked their fiftieth apartment, and collared two members of another gang, an eight-year-old boy and his seven-year-old accomplice, who had threatened to strangle a housewife while robbing her. At last reports, the authorities were searching for the precocious pair's lead-



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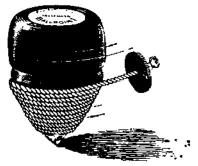

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er, a patriarch of fourteen. But seventeen, perhaps largely by pure chance, has been identified as the critical age, and a rueful Tokyo jest has it that some families are replacing their "Beware of the Dog" signs with notices reading "Beware of the Seventeen-Year-Old." Some edgy people here tend to forget that most seventeen-year-olds are too busy brooding about their highly competitive studies to think about joining an organization at either end of the political spectrum, and that the majority of this age group tend to dismiss people who indulge in violence as plain daft. Nevertheless, the papers have made much of incidents involving seventeen-year-olds, and the pickings have been rich. To cite just a few examples, one boy of this seemingly ill-starred age not long ago set fire to his school auditorium, while a more ambitious contemporary committed five acts of arson and four of armed robbery; a seventeen-year-old boy was arrested after threatening to kill the head of the Japan Teachers Union, who had irked him by making a good-will trip to Russia; and a girl going on seventeen, a disciple of Bin Akao, left home with the announced intention of getting a job as a maid in the Teachers Union leader's home and stabbing him. Having thus tipped her hand, she was quickly apprehended. (Another girl her age, in a much more traditional show of Japanese violence, committed suicide because she couldn't pay a debt of a thousand yen, or two dollars and eighty cents, and of late, as always, there have been random suicides of students who have flunked their exams.) Japan's largest daily, *Asahi Shimbun*, has suggested editorially that the youthful wantonness stems from economic distress; it observed that the publisher's maid's assassin, who had only thirty yen, or less than a dime, on him when he was caught, "could not find work and did not have enough to eat." *Asahi's* rival, *Mainichi*, said in one editorial, "these sinister developments . . . indicate again that the malady of modern Japan lies in the area of the spiritual and the psychological rather than the economic," and in another editorial that in ancient Japan the four most dreaded things in life were earthquake, thunder, fire, and father, but that recently father appeared to have been superseded as a bogy by son—a reversal of tradition that *Mainichi* attributed to a general shirking of parental responsibility. A third daily, *Yomiuri*, has advanced the theory that teachers are to blame. "All the evidence suggests that the present lawlessness among young people has its

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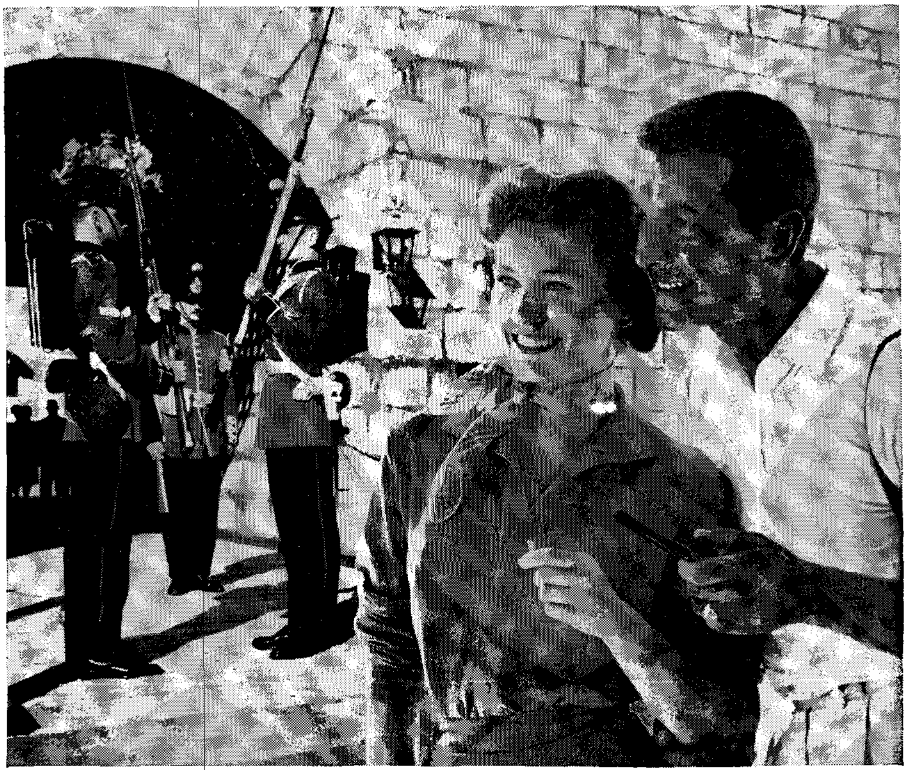

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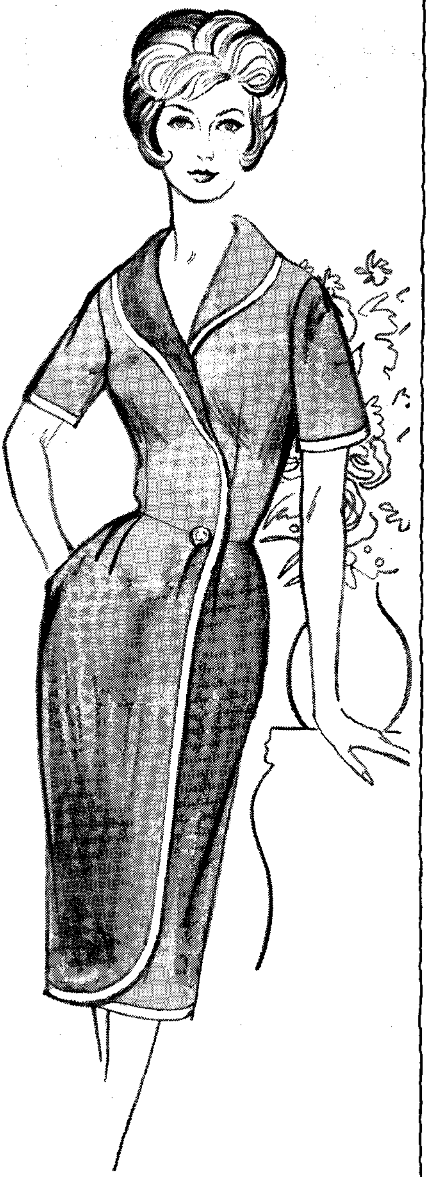

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"roots in the schools," said a *Yomiuri* editorial. "The present deplorable tendency toward violence is undoubtedly due in large measure to the lack of a truly human relationship between teachers and pupils."

As spring has drawn near, and teachers and pupils have basked together non-violently on the greening grass of the lawns that fringe the Emperor's retreat, there are a few encouraging public portents that not all seventeen-year-olds in Japan today are beyond redemption, or even in need of psychotherapy. An unimpeachable boy and an impeccable girl, both seventeen, were recently chosen to take a friendly message from Tokyo to New York. And the other day, many worried Japanese were heartened to learn that a boy of the same much-abused age is the ringleader of the Japan Junior Wild Birds Protective Club, which has been resolutely toiling to provide security for the also much-abused Japanese crested ibis.

As spring has advanced, Japanese, young and old, have counted the days till the start of the season of their favorite spectator sport, major-league baseball. The game is so firmly entrenched here that it almost seemed to make sense recently when a typographical error in a newspaper story put the date of baseball's full-fledged emergence on the national scene in the year 1234. Actually, the Japanese majors date back only to 1936, but Waseda and Keio Universities have been meeting since 1904 in a semi-annual amateur clash that in Japanese affections rivals the position held by the Army-Navy football game in the United States. Baseball has progressed so rapidly since the war that in 1959 a Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum was opened alongside the Tokyo stadium that is the home ballpark of three major-league teams (the real-estate squeeze again), including the Yomiuri Giants, who trained in Florida this year with the Los Angeles Dodgers. Along with suitable mementos of star Japanese performers, the Museum houses bats used by Babe Ruth and Willie Keeler, a large portrait of Abner Doubleday, and jackets that have warmed the shoulders of Stan Musial and Willie Mays. As early as February, in the comparatively quiet side streets of Tokyo's outskirts, boys began playing catch, while in the geisha houses the girls were, with no less verve, incorporating into their dances—some of which do go back to 1234 or thereabouts—a baseball pantomime, performed in kimonos and lacquered wigs, for the

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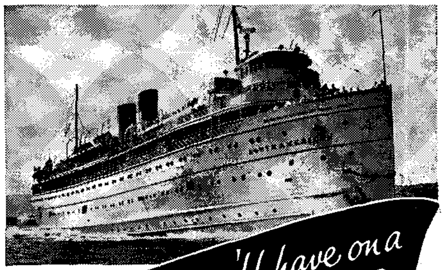

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diversion of their appreciative patrons. One big-league team, the Nishitetsu Lions, has tried to improve its prospects by employing a Zen Buddhist priest to counsel its players in their dressing room. Now that big-time baseball in the United States has started moving west, the Japanese hope soon to move their best teams east, and maybe take part someday in a really worldwide World Series in Hawaii. Meanwhile, Tokyo has been quite stirred up this spring over the status of one Joe Stanka, an Oklahoma boy who was pitching for a Chicago White Sox farm team when, last year, he jumped to the Nankai Hawks, where he has done well, and where he has elected to remain despite protests from the White Sox, who claimed breach of contract. Now Noboru Inoue, the Japanese commissioner of baseball, has ruled that Stanka can stay with the Hawks. The Sox may have to agree, since there is nothing in the United States treaties with Japan relating to the extradition of right-handed pitchers. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

CLEAR DAYS IN THE LIVES OF THE POETS

[*Postscript to a poem in Coastlines*]

This poem of mine is an attempt to make an important event of our time a personal matter. The problem of the poem is to get beyond Premier Castro's beleaguered truculence and the ignorant floundering of the U.S. Government vis-a-vis Cuba to a relationship with a long-victimized people. The point to be made is that poets with a social and political conscience may find this method useful and possibly more fruitful than submergence of the personality within the objective limits of the particular event itself. What it comes to, simply, is the *gathering in* of the towering, multi-faced and, in the end, ephemeral occurrence rather than the *going out* to meet the occurrence on its own plane—an effort by the poet to find what his involvement *is* with the factual transformations the world is undergoing. —GENE FRUMKIN.

•

The dispute between American Electric Power Co. and the SEC over how to account for deferred federal income tax has been settled. SEC wanted the deferred tax labeled as a liability, AEP as part of earned surplus. The solution, which favored AEP, was the creation of a new account on AEP's books called "Accumulated Amount Invested in the Business Equivalent to the Reduction in Federal Income Taxes Resulting from Accelerated Amortization and Liberalized Depreciation, Which is Recorded as Earned Surplus Restricted for Future Federal Income Taxes in Accounts Maintained Pursuant to State Regulatory Requirements."—*Business Week.*

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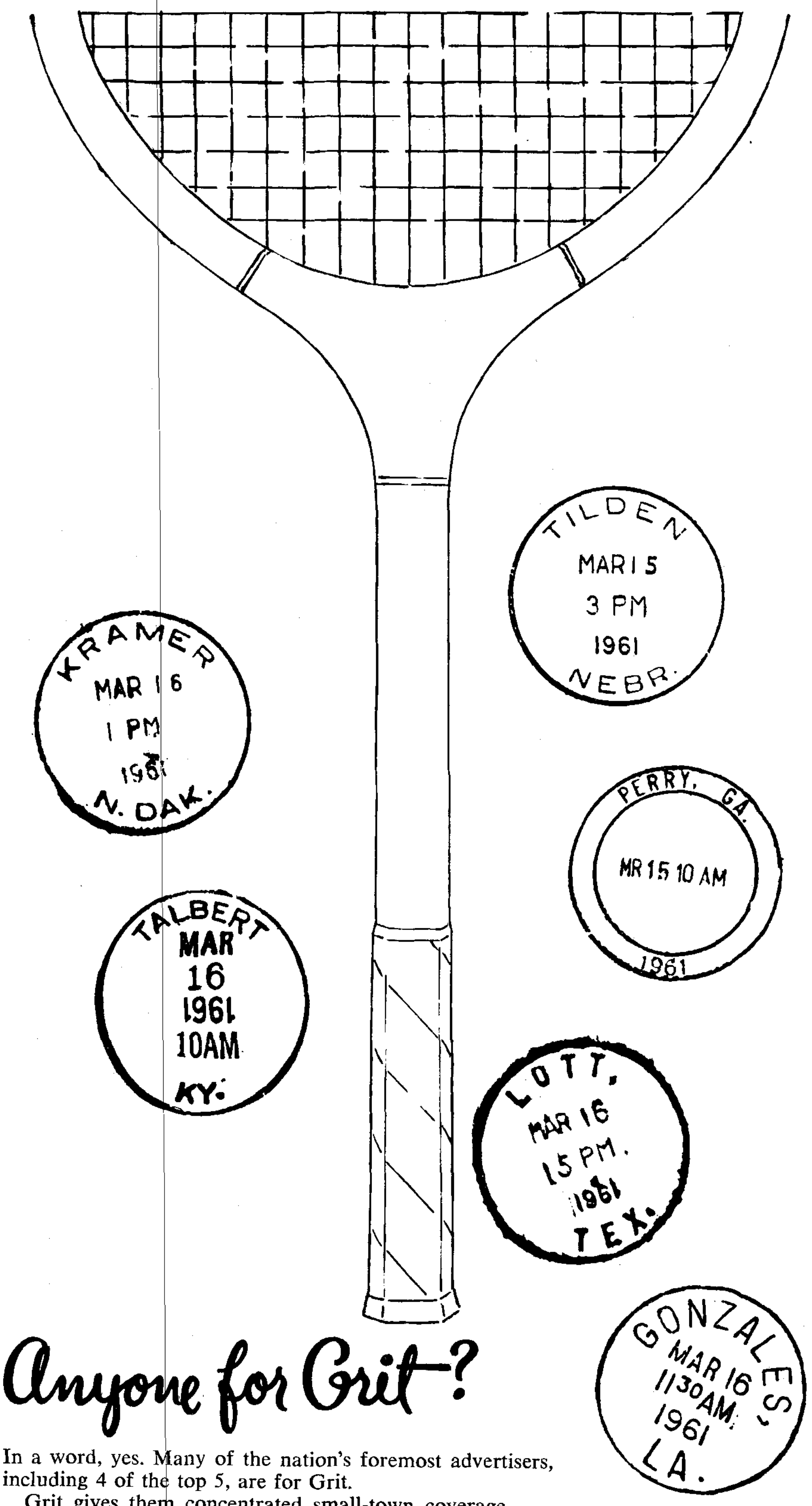

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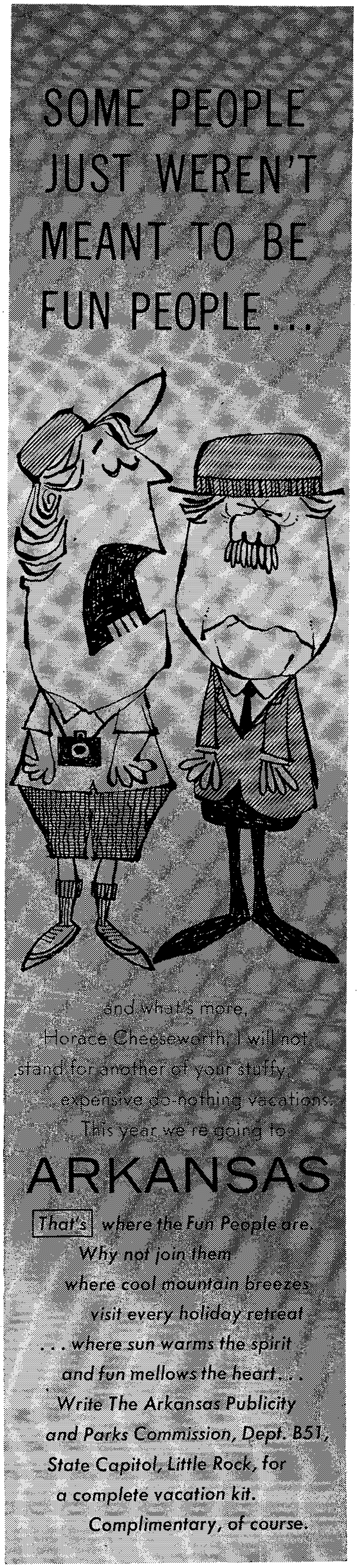

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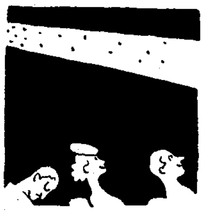

A YOUNG woman leaves the hotel in which she has been staying with her lover and walks alone into the public square of an Italian town. She is upset and preoccupied. One by one, the men of the town come out to stare at her, until there is quite a crowd around her. They discuss her among themselves in a deadly, impersonal way, and make a few impersonal passes at her. Suddenly aware of what is happening, she runs back in. The scene, in addition to being graphic and well done, is almost unique in the interminable "L'Avventura" in that it makes sense and gives us the illusion of reality. It also saves the picture from being a total bore. Mostly, we are conscious only of the iron hand of Michelangelo Antonioni, who directed and wrote it, and we might just as well be watching a monstrous combination of a puppet show and a record by an expert camera fan of a trip to Italy. "L'Avventura" comes to us festooned with the usual awards from the Overseas Trophy bunch. It has won the Special Jury Award at Cannes ("for a new movie language and the beauty of its images"), the Grand Prize of the International Movie Critics, and the Grand Prize at the London Film Festival. Over here, if my vote means anything, it is well up in the running for the Self-Importance Plaque. Time after time, we are given an indication that Mr. Antonioni has something in mind—the music hits an ominous note, there is an abrupt shift in scene or mood or in the deportment of one of the players—but time after time it comes to nothing but an empty or mysterious effect. One reason I am so angry and harsh is that there are also indications, here and there, that some original ideas—Mr. Antonioni's own ideas—have gone to waste.

For long stretches, I had no notion what was going on, but the story I sorted out from among God knows how many floating episodes concerns an unhappy, distracted affair between a young man and woman. Both are members of a boating party of wellborn, well-heeled Romans, and during a brief stop (brief in the movie's terms) on a volcanic island a girl, who is the fiancée of the man and the closest friend of the young

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woman, disappears. She has apparently committed suicide—she has just tried to break the engagement in a particularly shattering way—but on the (fat) chance that she has left with a crew of fishermen, the young man and woman set out to look for her. During their travels, the young woman, reluctantly and guiltily, agrees to become the man's mistress, and then falls in love with him. His feeling for her is not clear, perhaps because he doesn't have much feeling for her, perhaps because he doesn't have much feeling for anybody, perhaps because he is in a state of shock, or, more likely, because making anything clear is not the movie's strong point. At any rate, the lovers end up in tears after she has caught him in the arms of a girl who resembles the missing one. Whether the tears are of remorse on his part and forgiveness on hers or whether their grief has suddenly hit them I cannot say.

Gabriele Ferzetti and Monica Vitti play the leading roles, and possibly they are good actors, given half a chance. They are, at any rate, fitfully persuasive. Miss Vitti, an attractive platinum blonde, is the greater victim, for, with the exception of the scene I described at the beginning, little is required of her beyond striking one pose after another—frantic on the island, giggling in the corridor of a train, lying exhausted on the floor of her bedroom with her head in an open suitcase, drooping over a large photograph of Jean Harlow in a magazine. The other members of the company, most of them cast as Italian nobility, are obedient. Some of the images may be beautiful, for all I know, but not beautiful enough to break through the tedium.—EDITH OLIVER

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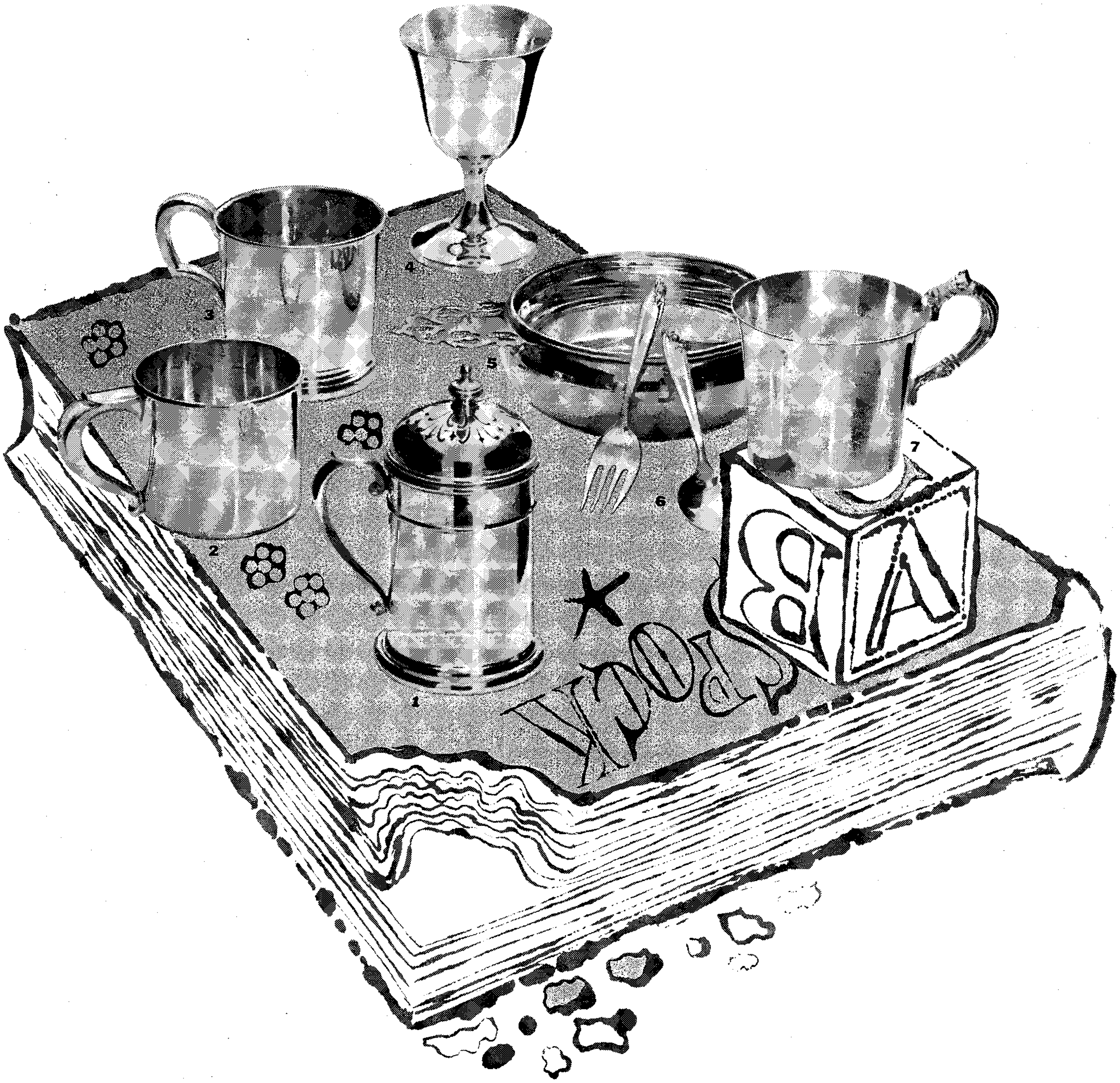
Baby-es Chews-Spock Day

(from the Wallace Silverbook of Likely Gifts for Unlikely Occasions)

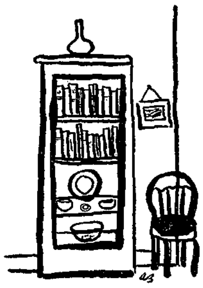


Wallace for welcoming new babies? The carriage trade has been thriving on it for years. But don't stop there. Endear yourself forever by acknowledging stirring events like this. Rush over a new edition, and some Wallace, of course. **1.** Baby Powder Talc Dispenser, $25.00. **2.** Learn-to-drink Cup, $10.50. **3.** Milk or Juice Cup, $17.50. **4.** Slender Silver Goblet, $10.00. **5.** Classic Porringer, $13.50. **6.** Debutante Solid Silver Baby Set (2 pc.), $7.50. **7.** Silverplated Child's Cup, Flared Edge, $3.25. All items listed are Sterling Silver except where otherwise indicated. All prices include Federal Tax.

Wallace Silversmiths
(One of the Hamilton Watch Family of Quality Products)

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

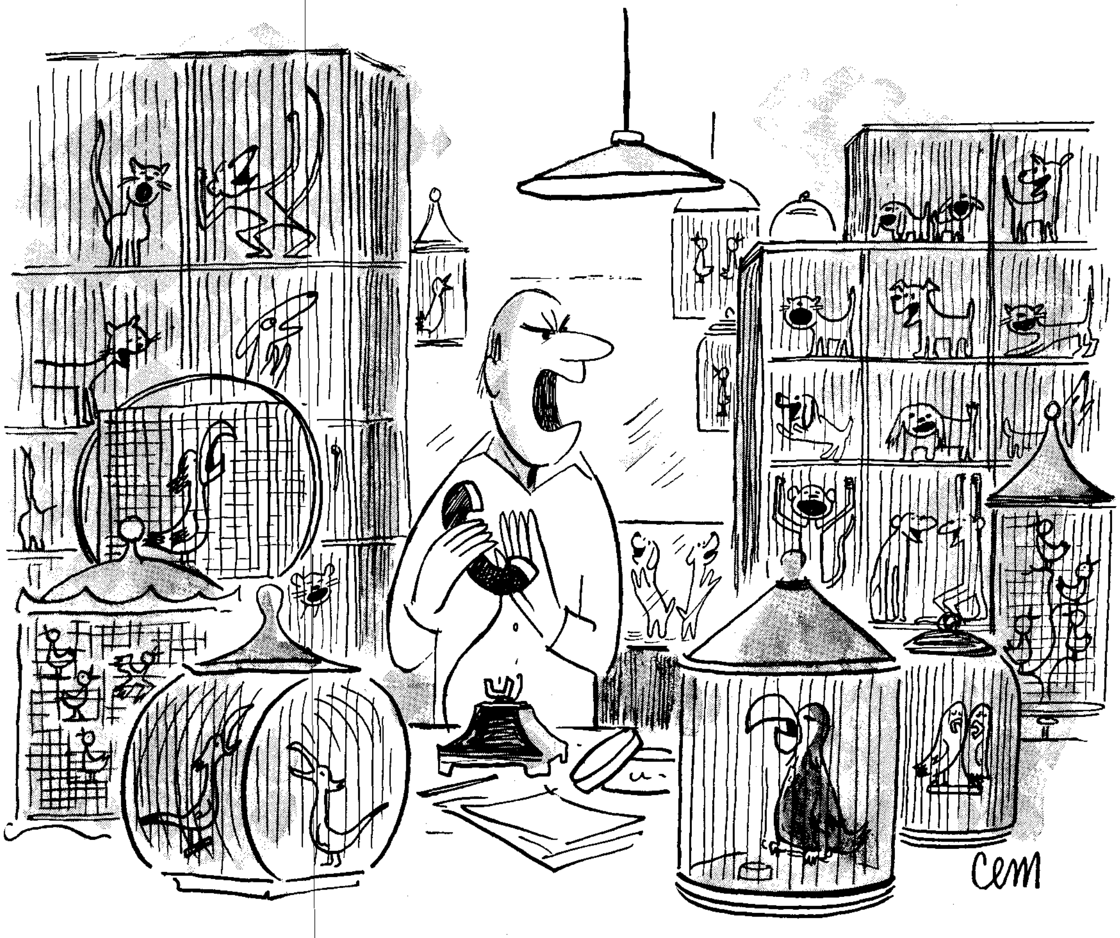


IT isn't often these days, when so many of our efforts are directed, as they should be, toward the welfare, in one form or another, of the underprivileged, that we come across an organization brashly dedicated to assisting the offspring of the socially secure. That the Parents League—a group made up of citizens whose children attend private schools, together with the schools themselves and various professional educational workers—is so dedicated was news of sufficient interest to send me on a visit to the organization's headquarters, at 22 East 60th Street, where I learned a lot about the League's approach to problems confronting city parents of private-school children, not to mention those confronting the children. First, maybe I had better say, for the benefit of anyone who is as backward in such matters as I am, that, in keeping with the current weakness for euphemisms, the term "private school" is sternly frowned on in educational circles; "independent school" is the right designation.

Apart from its deep concern with matters of education, not the least of the advantages the League offers its parent and school members (at annual dues of $10 for the parents) is an opportunity to meet their opposite numbers, perhaps from totally dissimilar schools (institutions as varied in their social outlook as the Little Red School House and Miss Hewitt's Classes are represented in the League membership), to discuss the needs of the school child and line up some sort of social code acceptable to all concerned. Understandably, it makes life simpler when *all* parents and *all* schools involved close ranks on such questions as drinking by teen-agers (the League is agin it) and a curfew for parties, thus making concerted rulings on these burning questions more or less the law of the land (or at least of the independent-school land) instead of leaving them to be fought out on innumerable family battlegrounds.

Besides its admirable preoccupation with such ideological problems, the League is interested in a subject of immediate concern to most parents—how their children can enlarge their acquaintance by meeting nice boys and girls. To this end, the group gives three afternoon parties a year (at Thanksgiving, at Christmas, and during the spring vacation) for pupils in the eighth and ninth grades of member schools (associate membership is open to certain out-of-town boarding schools and colleges) and a Christmas tea dance for sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds, and even college freshmen. Since one of the hard facts of life is that there are never enough boys to go around on these occasions, any boy who attends a member school is welcome to the parties, while only girls whose parents are members of the League are invited. If a girl wants to bring an escort along, she may, but she isn't expected to. The parties are held at the Town Tennis Club, where they are irreproachably chaperoned by a committee of League mothers of implacable social efficiency. (I am told that more League fathers than might be expected show up to help out at the tea dance.) For these entertainments, there is a nominal charge to cover the cost of a first-rate orchestra, refreshments, and so on.

Bridge and tennis lessons sponsored by the League also afford a means of getting young people introduced around, although the classes themselves are primarily concerned with the serious business of learning the games. The bridge instructor—a likable gentleman who is a national champion—allows a certain amount of social relaxation in his classes but makes it plain that he is there to teach bridge, and I am assured by enthusiastic graduates of his course that he does this remarkably well. Classes made up of boys and girls not under fourteen meet Saturday mornings at the Cavendish Club, in the Ritz Tower, and the fee is $16 for eight lessons. The instruction in tennis, open to pupils of eleven and over, is given by a highly proficient professional player on Saturday mornings at the Riverdale Country School; the charge for eight lessons is $25, which includes transportation to Riverdale by pri-



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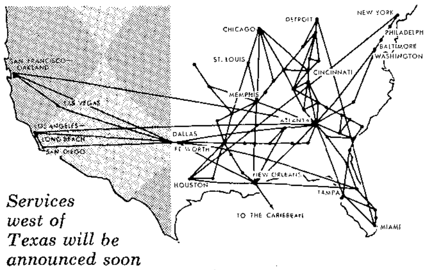

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DELTA
the air line with the BIG JETS

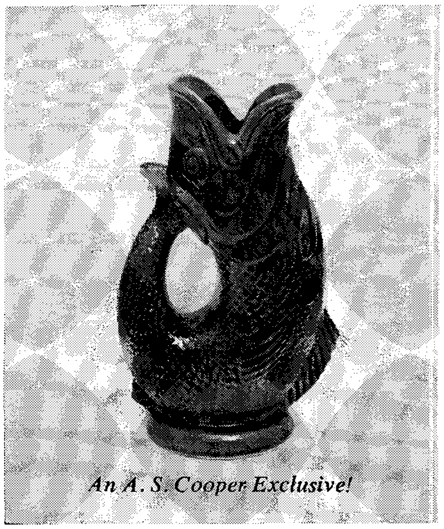
vate (or should I say independent?) bus.

For girls between the ages of eleven and fifteen, the League sponsors sewing classes, conducted by a volunteer teacher (a parent member). These classes are extremely popular—partly, I should think, because the teacher doesn't keep her pupils unduly long at learning to sew a fine seam but quickly graduates them to such thrilling projects as skirts and sleeveless chemise dresses run up on sewing machines, several of which are provided for the learners. Classes meet on Friday afternoons at the apartment of the teacher, and the charge is $20 for eight lessons. For much younger children (six to nine), a painting class is held on Saturday mornings at the Park Avenue Christian Church, at $2 a lesson.

Six times a year, members and associate members of the League receive a six-page bulletin full of inter-school news and discussions of a remarkably varied assortment of cultural matters that are presumed to be of interest to parents. Once a year, the organization issues a large, well-got-up engagement calendar that includes the most detailed information about all sorts of services, which, while not sponsored by the League, have been used and found satisfactory by at least one of the members. Beginning with dolls' hospitals and pet shops, this listing goes on to tell where dinner jackets can be rented, tutoring arranged for, reliable baby-sitters engaged, square dances set up, fencing or swimming lessons taken, party activities looked after, and so on. And, far from giving all its information in this publication, the League arranges for appointments with a qualified consultant on Tuesdays and Thursdays at the Sixtieth Street headquarters for advice about Western camps, work camps, European exchange programs, specialized study groups, and opportunities for summer jobs. At the League offices, too, a comprehensive file of school, camp, and college catalogues can be consulted.

Rounding out all this practical activity, the League has published a small pamphlet called "A Suggested Social Code for Teenagers and Their Parents"—a brief, sensible guide to good manners as they relate to the beginning social life of girls and boys and to the responsibilities of their parents. This useful compendium is given free to all members and associate members, and last year nine thousand copies of it were bought by non-members. It costs a dime.

A SERVICE calling itself Gulliver's Trails is a private enterprise operated largely for the convenience of



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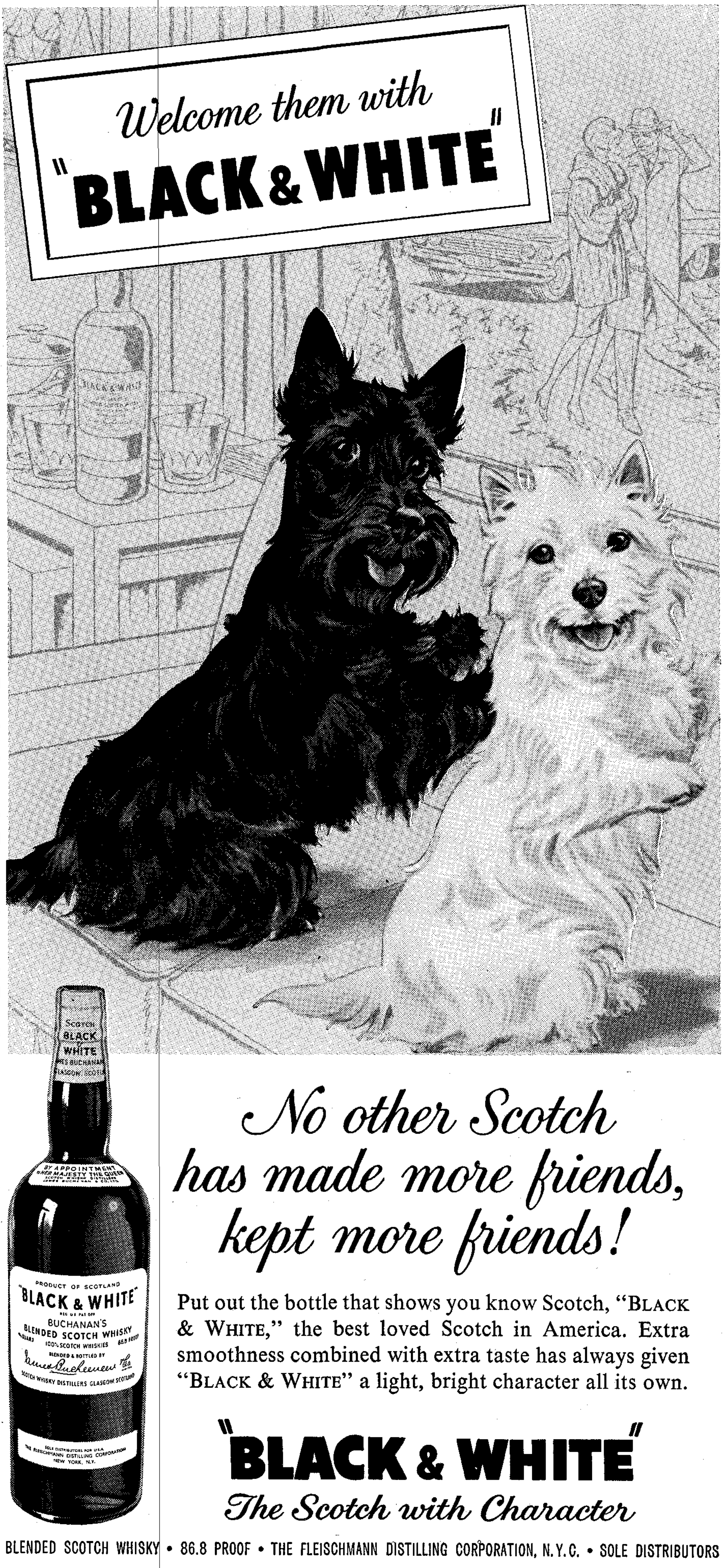
out-of-town visitors whose children want to see the sights (or are assumed to want to) while their elders have other fish to fry. For the benefit of all so situated, Gulliver's Trails takes young visitors on prolonged tours that keep the young people entertained and release their parents for an orgy of shopping or some such adult pleasure unencumbered by offspring. There is no talk here of the child's social or cultural development; the aim of the organization is to keep the children doing the trailing amused and out of harm's way, and both objectives appear to be quite adequately met.

On the theory that a child enjoys seeing the sights in the company of his contemporaries more than he does in the custody of an adult, the director of the enterprise, Miss Seena Hamilton, a dauntless and good-humored lady with nerves of iron, conducts tours that are open to boys and girls from five to twelve years old every Saturday and on holidays during the winter, and every day except Sunday from July 1st through Labor Day. While the sightseeing on these jaunts is intensive enough to make a Baedeker-toting tourist falter, they are not, on the whole, noticeably strong on the uplift side, except for occasional visits to the Museum of Natural History and the Aquarium, both dependable shelters on rainy days. For groups numbering ten or more, custom-tailored tours can be arranged any day of the year—to explore Freedomland, say, or circumnavigate Manhattan on a chartered tugboat. Chinatown and behind the scenes in a TV studio are frequent ports of call for the regular tours, whose itineraries vary from day to day, and there are always, of course, the Bronx Zoo, ocean liners open for inspection, City Hall, and so on. Not long ago, I joined a group of ten boys and girls of from nine to twelve on one of the custom-tailored tours. Our transportation was a chartered bus (station wagons are available for smaller groups), and our schedule, an unusually restrained one, was to include a trip to Liberty Island, a run up the Statue, a picnic lunch on the island, and, upon our return to Manhattan, a drive to the Cricket Theatre, over on Second Avenue, for a performance of "The Firebird," a play that had been recommended for elementary-grade children by the Children's Theatre Conference. To this itinerary had been added, at the request of a number of horsy members of the party, a prefatory visit to H. Kauffman & Sons' well-known saddlery shop, at 139 East 24th Street. This proved to be an inspired



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afterthought (though the Kauffman staff might not agree), giving rise to a lot of highly informed discussion of the relative merits of the English and the Western saddle, whether Mrs. Kennedy rides sidesaddle or astride, the uses of the breast collar, and related matters so absorbing that only the fascinating prospect of climbing the Statue of Liberty's arm got the group started on its way to keep its tryst with the boat. From here on, things went exactly according to schedule. Being infinitely less tough than the trailers and their directress, I didn't survive long enough to take in the matinée, but during those parts of the outing I did attend I got the impression that Miss Hamilton was being hostess at a party that was going extremely well.

Although I went along on just one of the Gulliver outings (it only *seemed* like more), I am able to give a general idea of how the excursions are planned. The children usually set off at ten-thirty—they may be picked up anywhere in Manhattan, or they can meet at the Gulliver headquarters, 25 Central Park West (Columbus 5-1055)—and are delivered back to their parents at either four-thirty or five o'clock, depending on the itinerary. For a day's outing the charge is $10 and for a half day it's $7. Either price includes lunch (picnic style or at a restaurant); admission to whatever requires paid admission; and, of course, transportation. When time permits, there is an afternoon snack—milk and cookies, usually. For the special tours (groups of ten or more), the charge depends on the itinerary chosen, but the average is about $8.50 per child. On the excursion I attended, Miss Hamilton was assisted in keeping things going by one helper, but for a really big turnout—such as is already signed up for a week in June, when the American Medical Association will turn over its young to Gulliver on the occasion of the Association's convention here—two, or maybe more, trained child-guidance people lend a hand.

—S. H.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Two Chickens in Every Pot

HOW our famous standard of living marches ever upward and onward! Almost all of us can remember when a boned turkey, a boned pheasant, or a boned anything was the last word in dinner-party elegance, but that was a long time ago, and today the high-toned diner-out isn't likely to be confronted by any such relatively unsophisticated fare. I say this advisedly,

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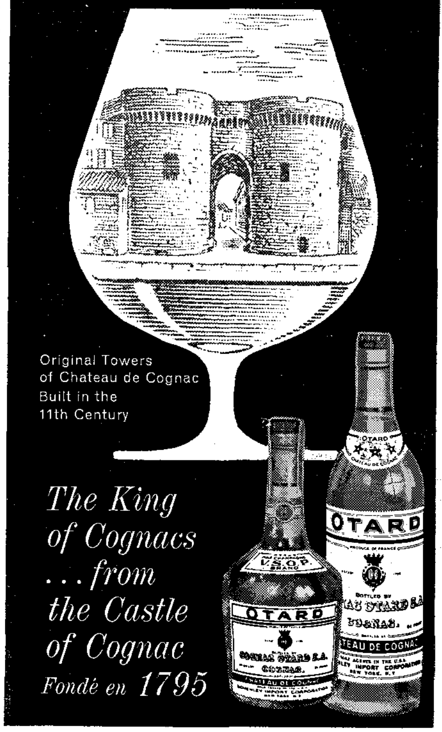
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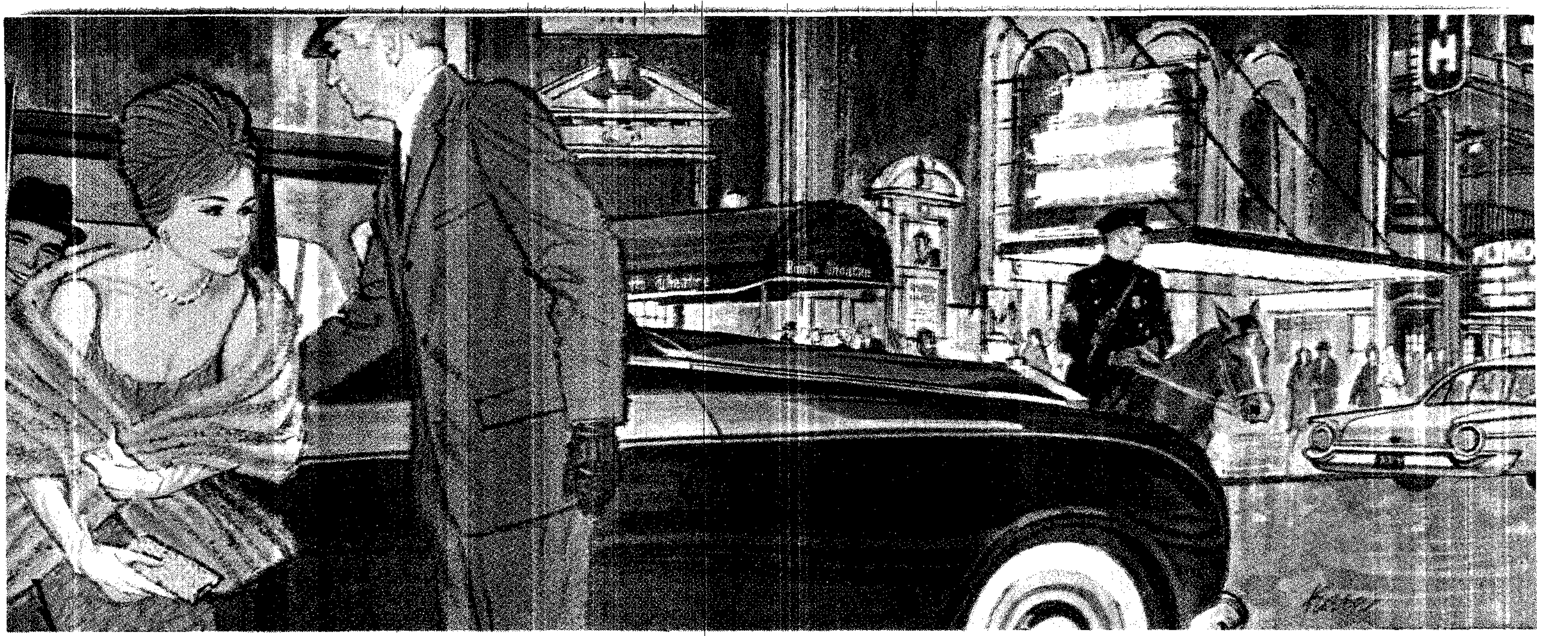
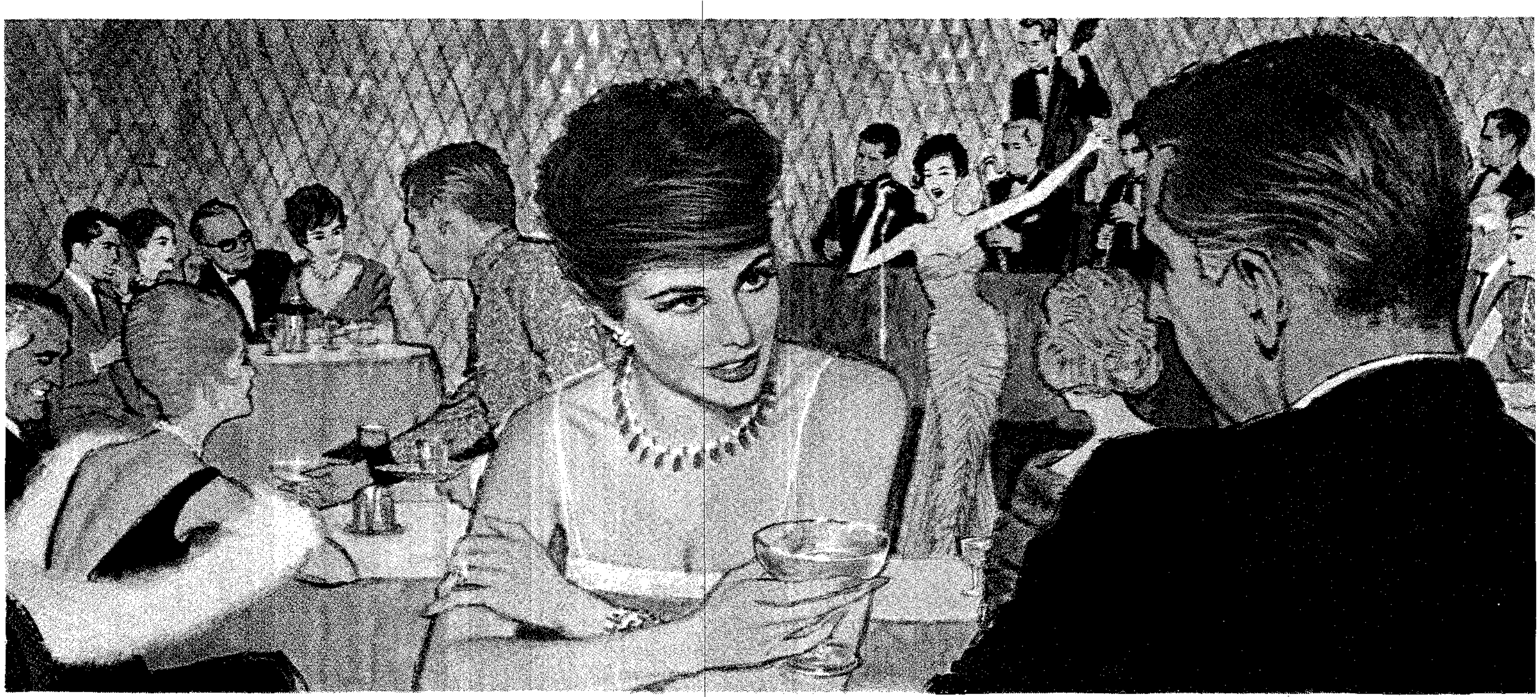


New York belongs to everyone. It is the reality of peoples' dreams, the bustling adventure of the new and exciting.

New York is delightful



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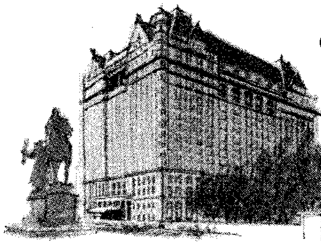

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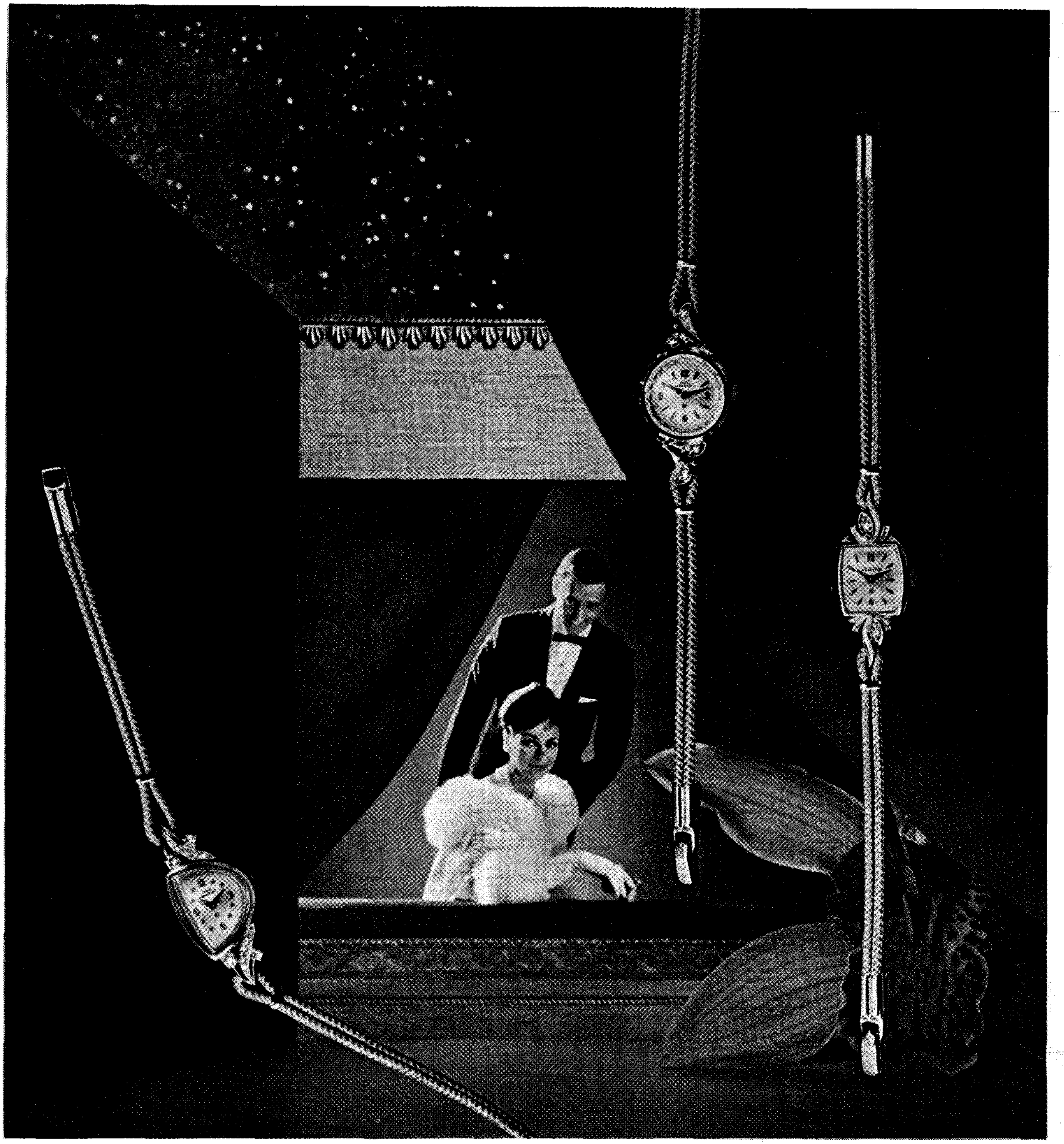

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THE WATCH WORTHY OF DIAMONDS

having recently been introduced to a boned capon that was stuffed with (would you believe it?) a second boned capon, and whose drumsticks were plumped out with the livers contributed by the two birds. If any hostess in these parts can produce a more stylish pièce de résistance, I am, alas, not on her list.

This elegant refreshment, which I had from M. Lobel & Son, 1096 Madison Avenue (82nd), a butcher with an excellent reputation, should not, because of its arresting novelty, be dismissed as merely a frivolous tour de force. On the contrary, the capons, being exceedingly tender fresh-killed fowl from poultry farms near Philadelphia, would make a fine, succulent dish even without the impressive fancywork of boning, which is so skillfully done that although only the two outside wing bones are left in place, the exterior bird holds its shape beautifully after roasting. Cold, the masterpiece makes a splendid buffet item, since it can, of course, be cut straight across, utilizing every smidge of meat and offering no difficulties to inept carvers among the *helpful guests. However, it is, I think,* more worthily presented right out of the oven as a main dinner dish, surrounded by, say, leeks *sauté au beurre* or broiled tomatoes. The price of the capons is seventy-nine cents a pound, and there is an extra charge of $2.50 for boning the two birds.

SUMMER being no friend to fragile cheeses, it seems inconsiderate of the French to have waited until warm weather was almost upon us before introducing an utterly ravishing little cheese called Bleu de Bresse. I can't tell you much about this delectable newcomer except that it hails from the Département de l'Aisne and is made of cows' milk—presumably the milk of those famous brown-and-white cows who graze on the high pastures of the Juras and have made this Bresse countryside one of the important dairylands of Europe. In taste and appearance, it is remarkably like the Pepo Crem, from the same region, which first came to us a couple of seasons ago, though the new cheese is much creamier and more delicate, and, to my taste, has a more subtle flavor. Even the importer can't tell me wherein the difference between the two cheeses lies. They are both, probably, of the genre—frequently met with in the region—of *fromage persillé*, a name not meant to indicate that parsley is an ingredient but referring to the streaks of bluish-green, in which the cheesemakers

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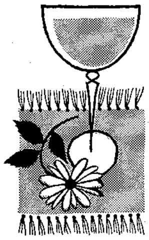

The Side Car — ⅓ Cointreau Liqueur, ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ Cognac (or, change proportions to taste). Shake well with cracked ice.

The Side Car is only one of many colorful, conversation-piece drinks made with Cordials by Cointreau. For other fascinating drink and food recipes, write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" to Dept. 2.

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of Bresse, with imaginative license, see a resemblance to parsley. This classification, though, is just a guess; what I am sure of is that the cheese, when in its prime, is perfectly delicious. But I must caution you that it quickly hardens and develops an ammoniac taste, so it is even more important than usual to be sure that your merchant knows and cares for his cheeses. It is to be had, for around a dollar the four-ounce cake, at Altman; Bloomingdale; Ellen Grey, 712 Madison Avenue (63rd); Fraser, Morris, 872 Madison Avenue (71st); William Poll, 1051 Lexington Avenue (74th); and Charles & Co., 340 Madison Avenue (43rd).

Another French import, which, although it has been with us for several months, I have not before had an opportunity of reporting on, is called Pur Crem. It is a soft cheese, with the creaminess of a well-ripened Camembert but with, perhaps, a less subtle flavor and a less hardened crust. The cows' milk from which it is made has been enriched by added cream, which brings the butterfat content up to sixty per cent and makes the cheese not only deliciously rich and suave but exceedingly nourishing. Though new to this country, the Pur Crem (probably under another name, or maybe under no name at all) has been made right along in the Département de la Meuse, and has been just one of the many regional cheeses of France whose fame seldom gets beyond their own parish; it is only our recently acquired taste for fine cheeses that is bringing these small masterpieces to us from their rural obscurity. The Pur Crem is to be had in most of the same shops as the Bleu de Bresse, for around $1.25 the eight-ounce box.

I AM told that there are many people who admire elaborately decorated cakes. If this is true, then many people are almost certain to swoon with delight before the works of Mrs. Margit Bizony, of 108 West 15th Street, for Mrs. Bizony is a very queen of artists in sugar, who takes orders (Watkins 9-5411, and you should call from ten days to two weeks in advance) for what must be some of the most remarkable creations in that line to appear since the days of Carême and Escoffier, when *la pièce montée* was *de rigueur* at every formally grand dinner. The present-day master of this decidedly special branch of *confiserie* is, as you may know if you keep abreast of such intelligence, Franchiolo of Paris, who adorns with perishable masterpieces the wedding and birthday cakes and the Easter

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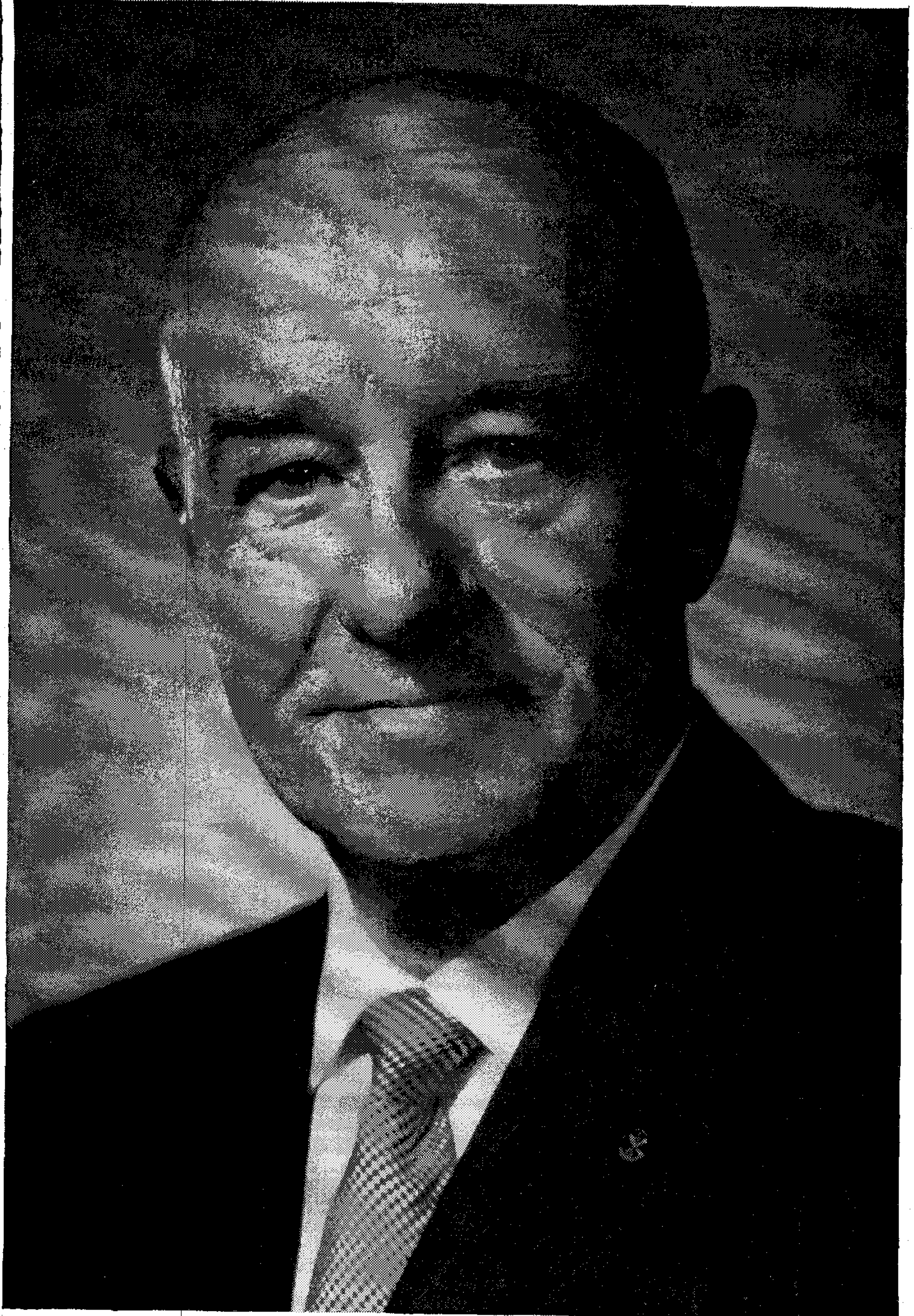
eggs of those members of royalty and the *haut monde* who still have the cash for such luxuries. It is in Franchiolo's noble tradition that Mrs. Bizony operates.

Anyone who is not wholly committed to the overpowering in cake decoration should be assured that many of Mrs. Bizony's creations are relatively simple yet extremely effective. I have, for instance, seen an extraordinarily lifelike bouquet of marigolds, poppies, daisies, and geraniums done in icing and set on an iced pedestal in the center of a cake, the base of which was surrounded by a more restrained wreath of small field flowers, as well as a cake whose center was prettily and modestly decorated with lilies of the valley, roses, and violets. On the other hand, the cakes ordered for especially important occasions—weddings and anniversaries, mostly—are, to say the least, sensational productions. I saw one such, twenty-two inches in diameter and all ready to be delivered for a golden wedding, whose detailed glories are far beyond any poor descriptive talents of mine. The couple whose fifty-year stretch was being celebrated are, it seems, great gardeners, and a flower garden of their favorite blossoms (autumnal ones) had been reproduced in icing; a tree in fall foliage (just in case the significance of the autumnal flowers had been missed) rose in sugary glory in the rear of the garden, and—quite incredibly—under a vine-clad arbor was the white-haired couple. Without ever seeing the old lady and gentleman, I am prepared to swear that the likeness was a speaking one. Mrs. Bizony deeply regretted that I had arrived just too late to get a look at a cake decorated for a housewarming, and after hearing it described I could only echo her regret. The house to be warmed was copied in icing from a photograph, and since the owners are great dog fanciers, one of their dogs (a white poodle) had been brought to the studio to sit for its portrait, which appeared on the cake beside a hospitably open door. Any number of other highly personal matters were similarly suggested in the sugared landscape, which, however, the poodle had left me too stunned to quite take in.

To amateurs of such sculpture it may seem both irrelevant and unimportant to mention that the cakes themselves are absolutely delicious. Bowing to the American tradition of white wedding cakes, Mrs. Bizony fills orders for these from an old-fashioned, light-as-a-feather "silver" recipe. When a white cake is not specified, however,

Who "shot" the President of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel Company?



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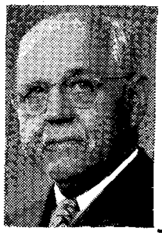

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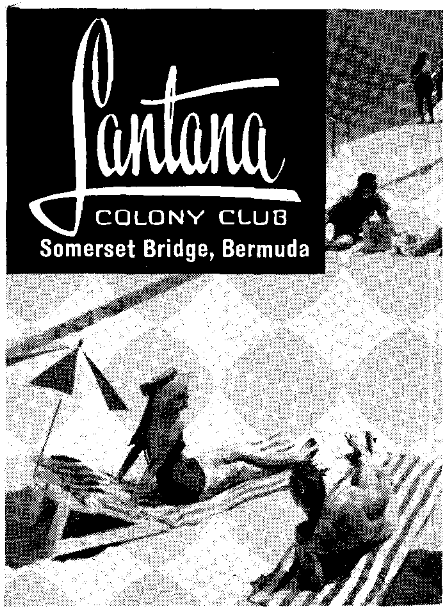
she turns out an exquisite confection in the nature of a Viennese or Hungarian *Torte*—usually baked in two layers with a delicious creamy filling between. The sculptured icing on her cakes is entirely edible, but, by an ingenious arrangement of her own, all these elaborate landscapes, bouquets, and portraits are made to be lifted off before any cutting is done, in order to avoid wholesale slaughter. After once tasting a cake of Mrs. Bizony's, you won't have to be told that the ingredients she uses are of superlative quality. As for prices, they vary from $35, for a fourteen-inch layer cake (it serves twenty-five) decorated with a bouquet or a garland, or both, to $175, for a twenty-two-inch production (serving well over a hundred) with landscaping and portraits to order.

In her less serious moments, Mrs. Bizony turns out a delectable assortment of dried fruit—apricots, dates, kumquats in syrup, and prunes—stuffed with almond, walnut, or hazelnut marzipan of her own creation and interspersed with marzipan bonbons. Unlike the commercial variety of this confection, Mrs. Bizony's marzipan is of an extreme delicacy that seems to bring out the best in the fruit. The price of the mixed assortment is $4.20 for forty-eight pieces, which weigh just about a pound.

WITH the invention of the gadget for squirting out cookie dough, so that nobody had to roll it out with a rolling pin, the way our mothers' cooks used to do, the rolled-out species of cookie all but vanished from the face of the earth. A long hunt for such a cookie, which was beginning to take on something of the aspect of the search for the Fountain of Youth, ended happily the other day when I discovered at Ellens Chocolates, 1165 Madison Avenue (86th), a rolled-out cookie that satisfied even the exacting—and probably undependable—taste buds of memory. These delectable little confections, just buttery enough and just sweet enough to go perfectly with tea or with the ices we shall be serving when hot weather hits us, cost $2 a pound.

Not a rolled-out cookie but useful for the same purposes is the *pain de Gênes* to be had at Colette's French Pastry Shop, 1136 Third Avenue (67th)—a product that, I think, has been undeservedly overshadowed by Colette's very popular chocolate cake. Made of a light batter of eggs, sugar, and ground almonds, and topped with the thinnest possible apricot glaze, it is a



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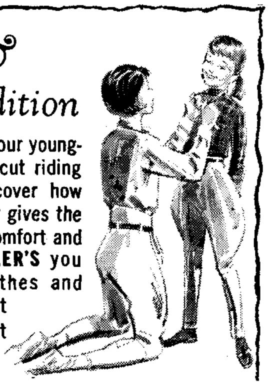

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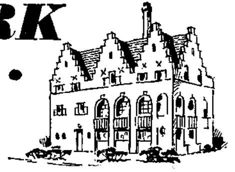

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THE precious little I know about Chinese cookery—its economy, its well-ordered simplicity, and the praiseworthy (and un-American) undercooking of its vegetables—all make it seem so exactly adapted to the hurried and none too affluent lives of young people today that the announcement of a Chinese cooking school, to be conducted by Mrs. S. T. Wong, formerly of Shanghai and Hong Kong, sent me on a recent evening to visit one of the classes in action, at the Mandarin House Restaurant, 133 West 13th Street. Mrs. Wong is an extremely likable lady who obviously knows what she is about, and the fact that she used to teach home economics need not bother you (as I confess it did me for a moment). Her methods, I take it, are purely Chinese, since they are certainly not home-economical, and there is something nice and recognizably homelike about the way she uses her pretty fingers for what God meant them to be used for, instead of looking around for a spoon. The evening I attended the class, I was unable to stay long enough to sample the results of the evening's labor, but the dishes—a hot and sour soup, something called Princess Chicken, and an elaborate arrangement of little *boulettes* of minced shrimp, ham, and goodness knows what all on hearts of cabbage—were admirably presented and looked most appetizing. And, after all, it is not the actual recipes for Chinese dishes that students of that cuisine come to learn, I should think, so much as the Chinese technique of preparing food—the quick and effective manner of mincing, the tenderizing of meat without any artificial ingredient, the brief steaming, and the judicious combination of flavors, all of which Mrs. Wong clearly demonstrates. The price of a course of eight lessons, which are held on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, is $80. —S. H.

•

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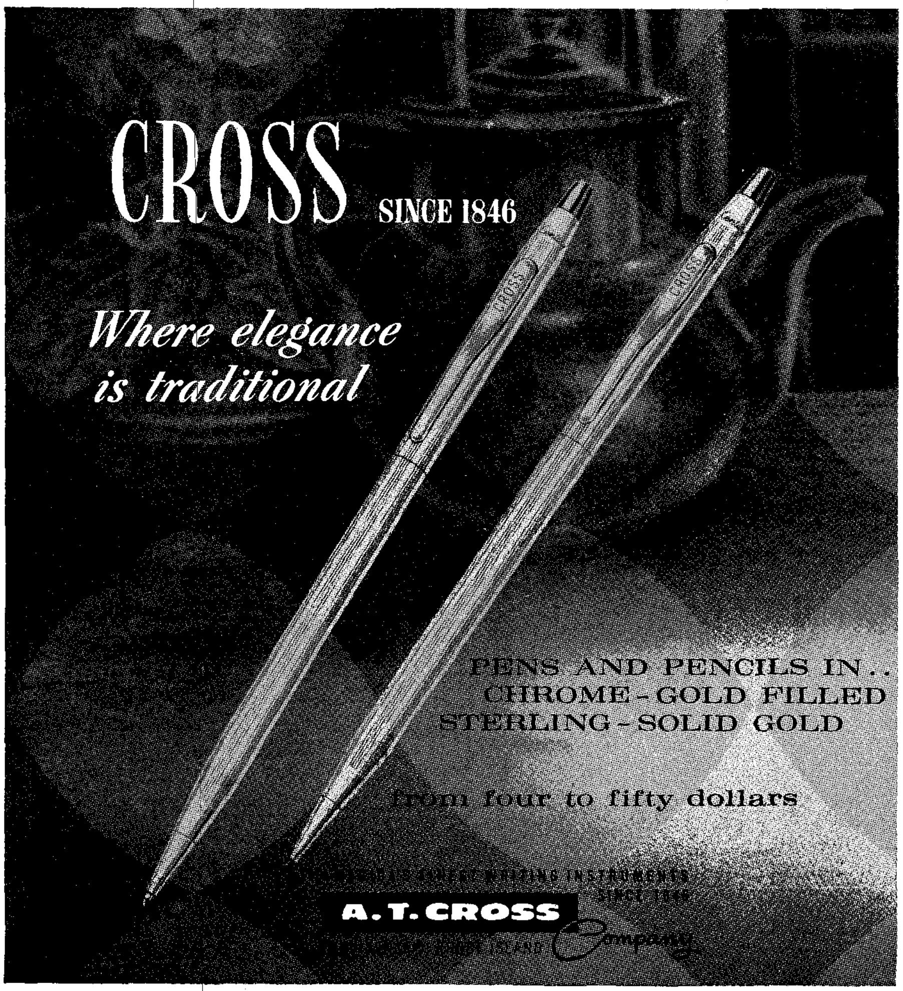
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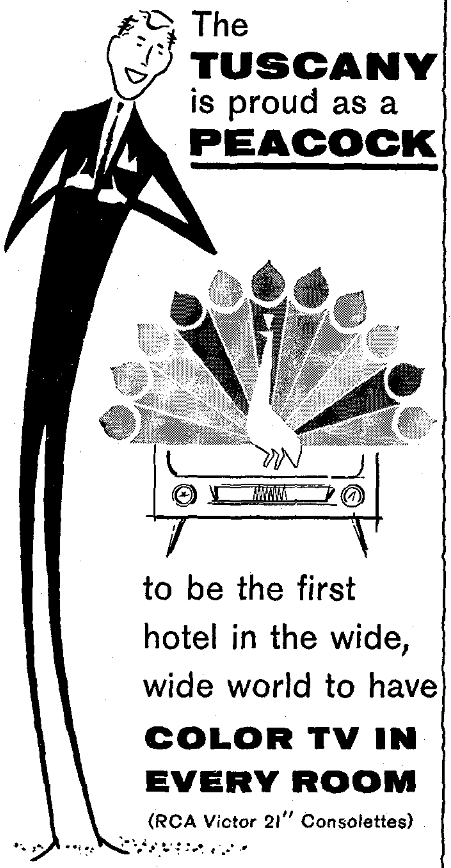

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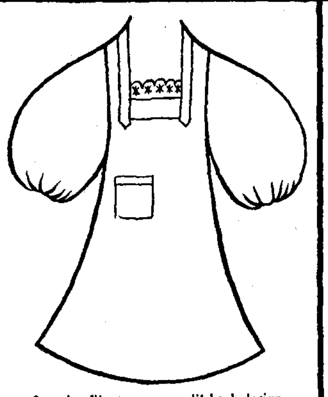

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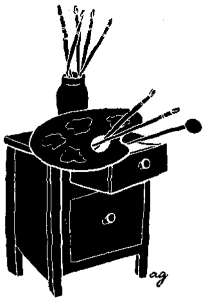
Old and New



ONLY last week, in speaking of the Wildenstein "Masterpieces" exhibition, I remarked on how few shows of the older masters we'd had till then in the galleries this season. And, as if in haste to help make up for the lack, the Rosenberg Gallery comes forward with one more, a loan show for the benefit of the Lighthouse, the New York Association for the Blind, of paintings and drawings by Ingres. Ingres is another of those variable stars with which the history of art is studded, and in his case the fluctuations began in his own lifetime. Born in 1780, and favored by the fact that his father was an artist of sorts, he was encouraged to study painting from the start. Sent to the Academy at Toulouse and then on to the studio of David, in Paris, he won the Prix de Rome when he was twenty-one, and though he didn't make the trip to Italy until a few years later, an early and considerable success seemed assured.

It was not to be that easy, however. The great battle between the romanticists and the classicists was getting under way, with Delacroix, Ingres's close contemporary, and Ingres himself as the chief rival figures. Politics entered in, too; the artist in those days depended largely on official commissions, and for a couple of decades these went mainly to Delacroix, while Ingres, more or less marooned in Italy, made a hand-to-mouth living doing pencil portraits of well-to-do families visiting abroad. It wasn't till the middle of the eighteen-twenties, when a big set piece of his, the "Vow of Louis XIII," commissioned for the cathedral in his home town of Montauban, gained critical acclaim, that the pendulum swung again; from then on until his death, in 1867, he was covered with honors, both artistic and political, even serving at one time as a senator. Now his star has been waning again, as is indicated by the fact that the current exhibition is the first one of his of any consequence to be held here in something like a half century. It is not a particularly large show, as loan affairs go; of the seventy-three items, only fifteen or so are oils, mostly small, the rest being drawings, and the selec-

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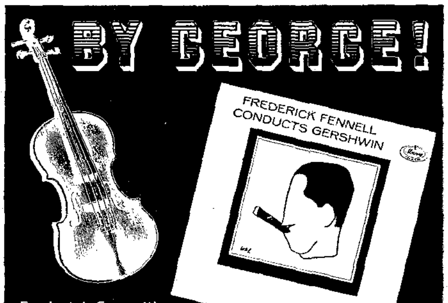

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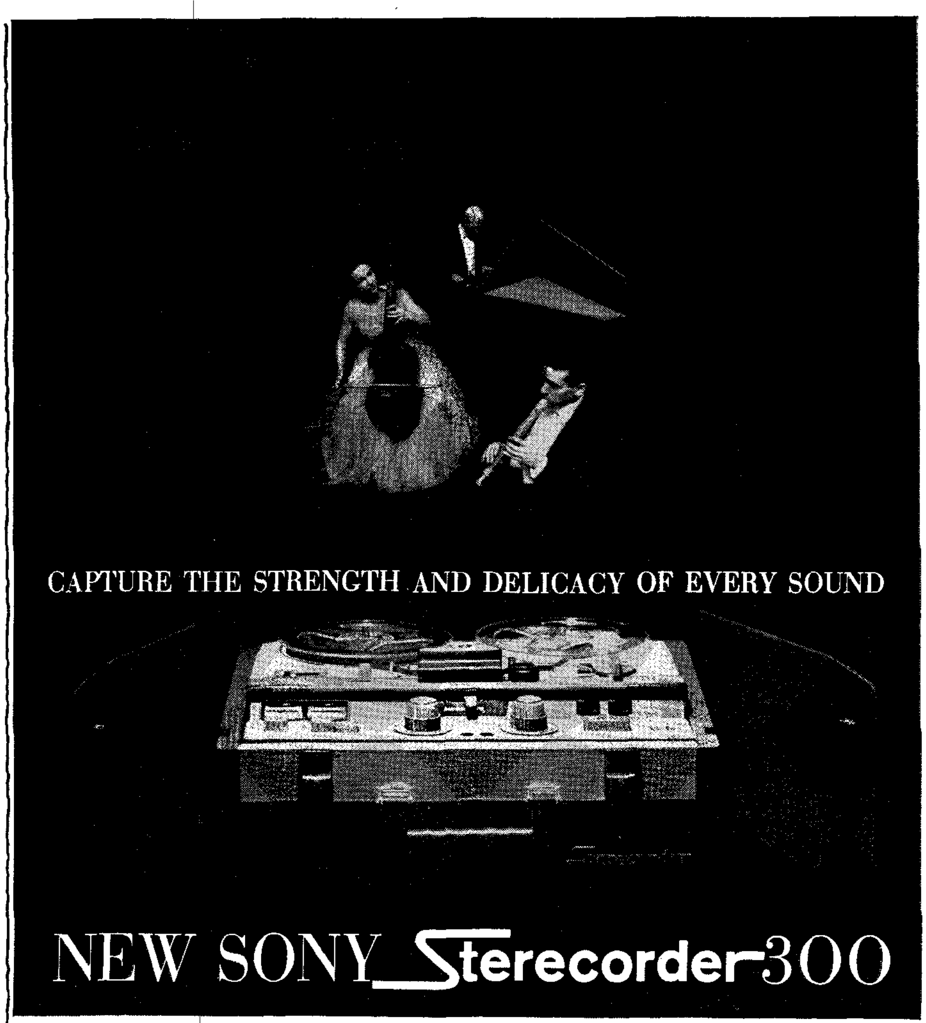
tion of the oils is a bit spotty, concentrating on the man's minor accomplishments.

In a sense, the chief interest is the drawings, and what drawings—technically, at least—they are! It is true that Ingres is pretty much outside today's main current of art, which again is setting heavily in the romantic direction. It is true, too, that there was something curiously static in his development. Technique—that marvellous ability to reproduce with the pencil or the brush precisely what his eye saw—was his forte, and it seems at times as if it were an ability he was born with. There's a landscape sketch, "Ancient Bridge in Sabina," and a "Portrait of a Man," both in pencil and done when he was in his middle twenties, that are as feathery but as exact in line and shading as those done when he was in his seventies, and it is interesting to note, in this connection, that when, as occasionally happens, an early example is hung alongside a late one—"Madame Guillon-Lethière and Her Son Charles," of 1815, and "Madame Simard," of 1857, for instance—it is close to impossible to date them at all.

Perhaps the later pieces have a little more finish, and are crisper and more confident in their playing off of the dark blacks, as in the women's smooth, shiny hairdos, against the lighter areas. All are impeccable in draftsmanship, and if there appears no change in this regard, there is, unfortunately, little advance in depth of perception and in real evocation of character. There are exceptions, and among these I would list the shrewd-looking, sidelong-glancing, tall "Mr. Reiset," the portly, suave "Dr. Melier"—a man bound surely to soothe any patient's fears—and the most appealing and youthful "Comtesse de Ségur," shyly holding her pet spaniel up for inspection. But apart from a few like these, the charm lies wholly in the almost magical skill and finesse of the drawing; one is left otherwise with a slight sense of emptiness.

There is rather more feeling of maturing and of growth of understanding in the paintings, though the effect is hampered by the fact that the show tries to cover too many facets of Ingres's production—from early portraits like the young "François Bernier" to the late mythological subjects, such as the well-known "Oedipus and the Sphinx"—in too brief a space. There's a perhaps too carefully posed but still attractive "Cardinal Bibiena Presenting His Niece to Raphael," however, together with a couple of livelier studies of incidents in the career of the late-



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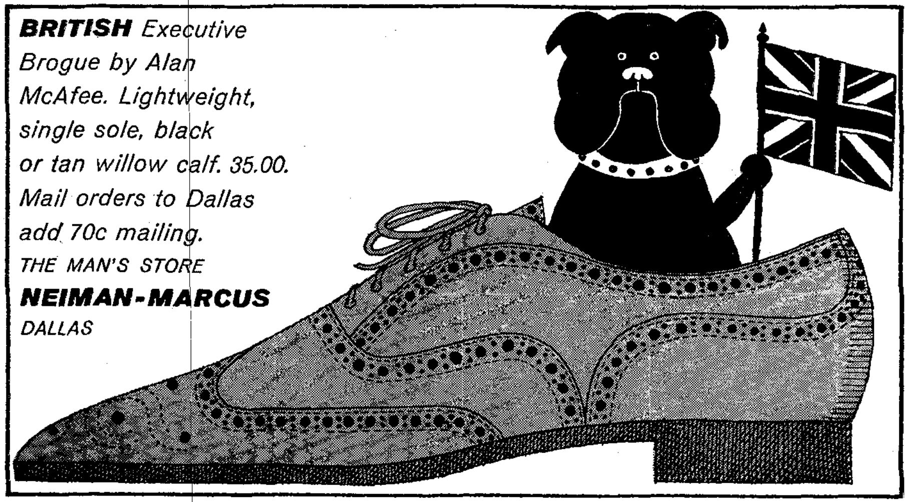

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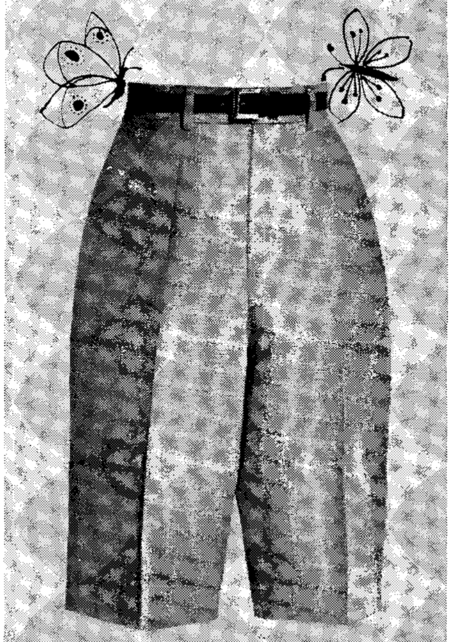

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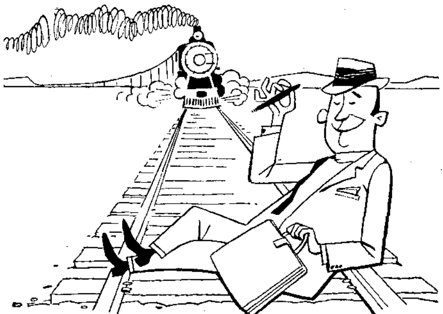

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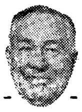

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fourteenth-century painter Spinello Aretino—"Aretino and the Ambassador from Charles V" and "Aretino in Tintoretto's Studio"—all taken from a series Ingres did in his Italian years and revolving around the lives of Renaissance artists he admired. His taste, and that of his period, for Oriental subjects is reflected in the large, heavily exotic, and sumptuous "Odalisque with Slave." The best painting in the show, though, is the small, totally unpretentious "Bather," of a nude girl, her back turned to the spectator, and seated on a rock beside a pool. Ingres matched, if he didn't surpass, Renoir in his ability to portray a young girl's flesh in all its warmth and living luminosity, and here he displays his talent to the full.

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE, now showing a set of recent paintings and some drawings at the Downtown, is usually considered to be one of the rare remaining contemporary painters who are in the classical tradition. But is she? Though her line is sharp, her color clear, and her drawing severely simplified—all normally evidences of the classical approach—there has always been a persistent strain of the romantic and the sensuous in her work, and this has, if anything, been intensified in the present collection. There has also been a change, and a considerable one, in her choice of subject matter and her attitude toward it. Mainly, she has been moving toward greater and greater simplification, and though the color—pinks, yellows, yellow-greens, and so on, all of them in the "hot" range of tonalities—still suggests the Southwest as a background, the design and the treatment of subject have been reduced almost to the point of pure abstraction. Any change in direction as acute as this implies some casting about in search of inspiration, and on the evidence of the show one would judge that Miss O'Keeffe, now a hale seventy-four, has been looking around at some of her contemporaries. Intentionally or not, she is certainly encroaching on Miró's territory with her "Ladder to the Moon," while there is at least a trace of Josef Albers' strictly geometrical handling of similar themes in her rigidly rectangular "White Patio with Red Door."

Aside from these and a few other paintings, the showing is devoted principally to a series of studies of sinuously branching, curving forms—"It Was Yellow and Pink," Nos. 2 and 3; "It Was Red and Pink;" and so forth—which in the winding involutions across or down the canvas suggest equally

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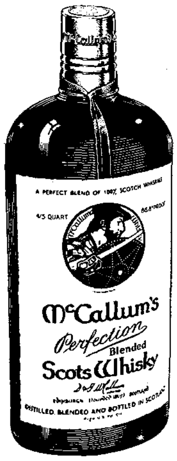

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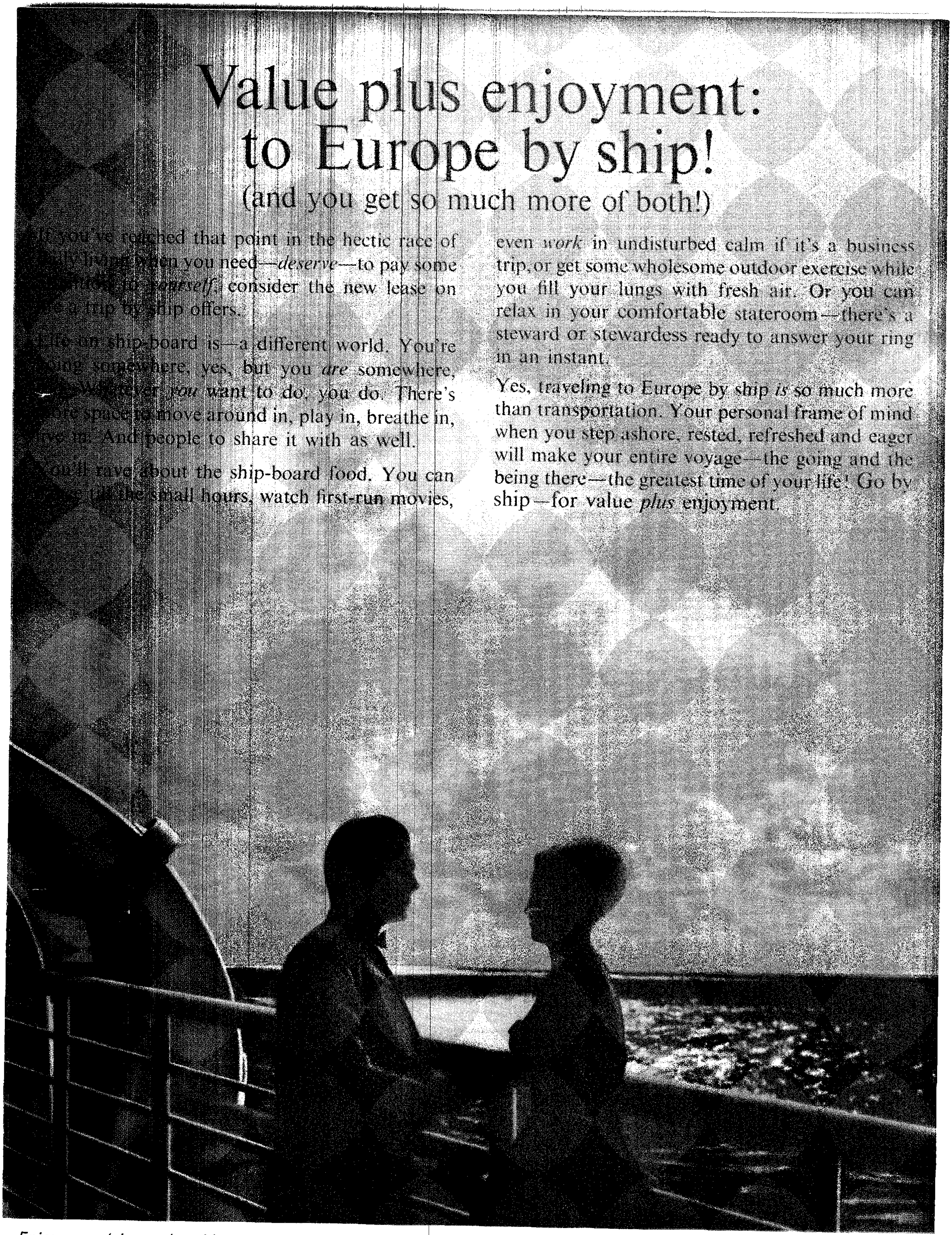

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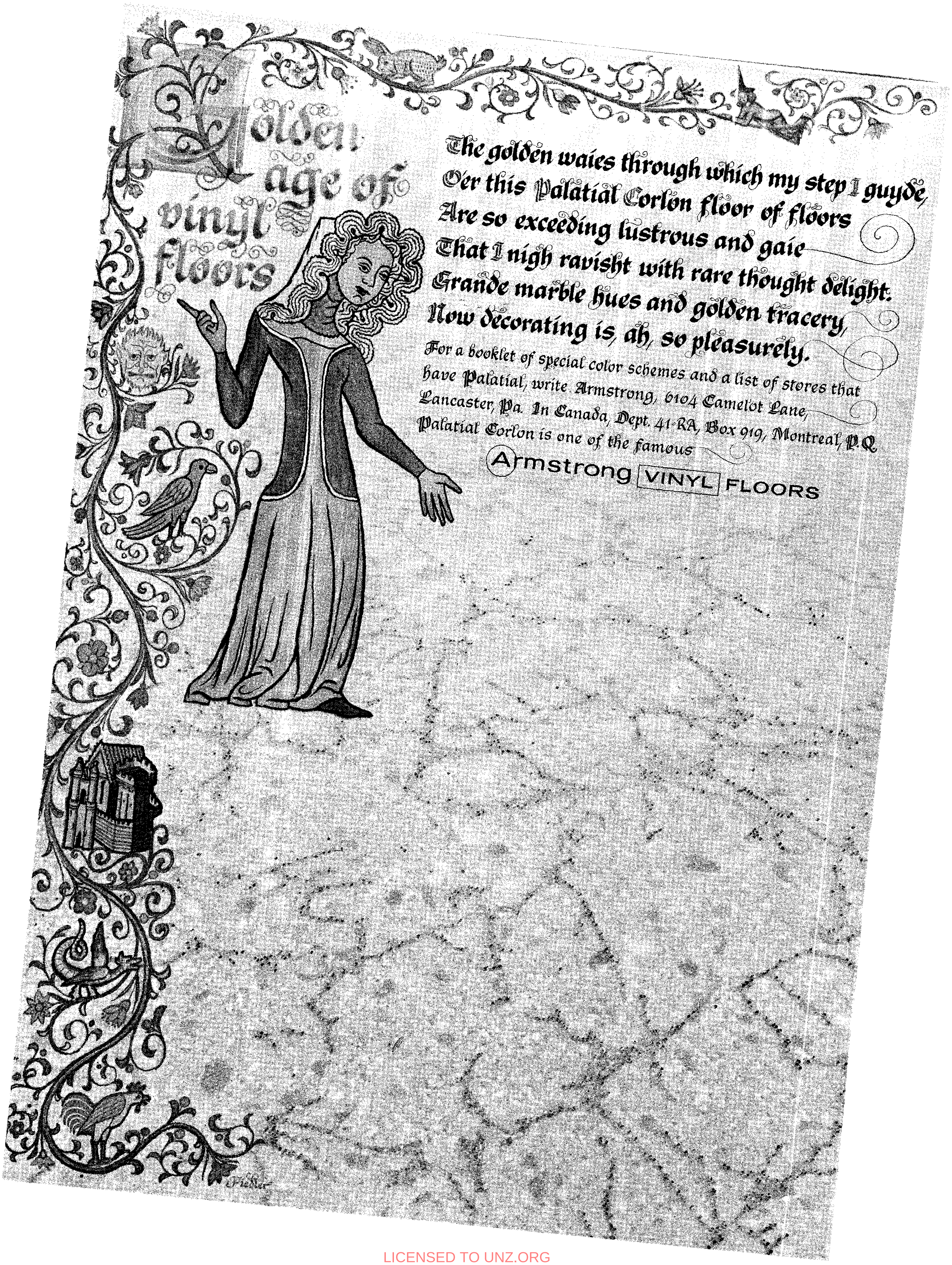

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vines, trees, and the meanderings of a stream with its tributaries, seen from far above. These are more purely personal in their motivation, and I found them the more attractive for that reason, though it seemed to me at times that the themes were sparse in their development. I liked, nevertheless, "Green Yellow and Orange" and the more jaggedly patterned "Blue Black and Gray."

LOREN MACIVER has been changing about a trifle, too, and her new showing at the Matisse reveals on the one hand (in the cheerfully scribbly "Glee," for example) a return to the playful mood of some twenty years ago, away back at her artistic beginnings, when she was fascinated by children's hopscotch patterns and similar small scrawls, and on the other a new interest in the more sophisticated art of collage. The works in the latter group, I thought, are not entirely successful. The carnival scene "Commedia," done in mixed oil and collage, has a wonderfully raffish, Jacques Callot mood, but the collaged sections (the masks and caps of the revellers, and so on), built out from the canvas, seem an intrusion, and I couldn't help feeling that the effect might have been achieved by simpler means. "Iris, Roses," again a mixture of the two mediums, seems a little splashy, and of the items in this section I liked only the dark, raggedly textured, and evocative study called simply "Ireland."

The remainder of the paintings are more in line with Miss MacIver's established style, and I thought them almost without exception admirable. One of her greatest accomplishments is the ability to combine fact and fantasy, mixing the merest hints of the representational with the laciest overlays of allegorical development, and it appears in comforting profusion through the show. I enjoyed especially the blazingly white-and-blue "Greece," the "Grand Canal," the "Blue Grotto," and the gray, delicate, strung-out collection of abstract mementos called "In Passing."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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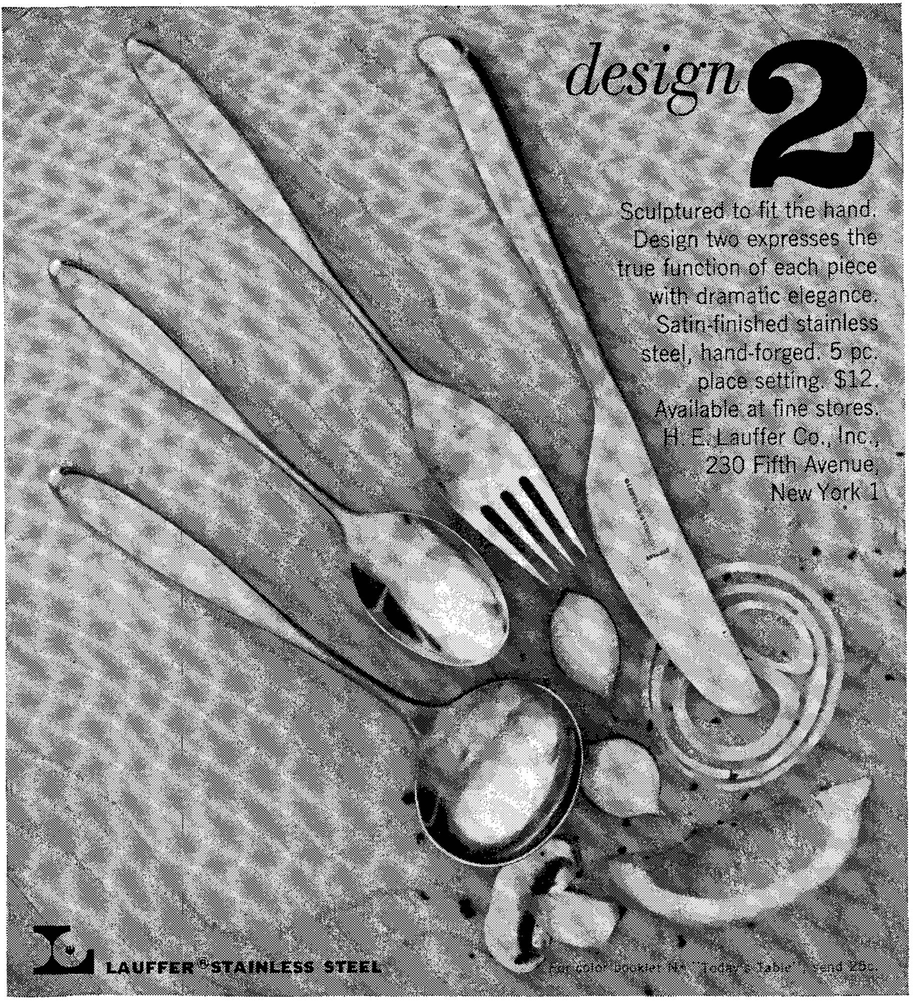
That Berkowitz is a wild one.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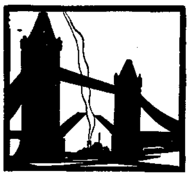
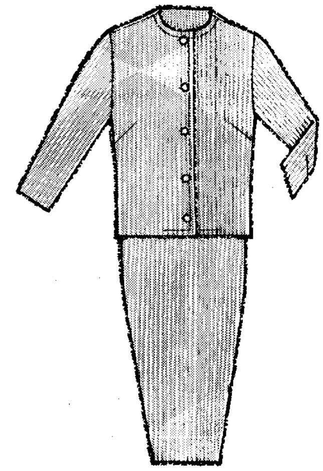
LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 12



It was undoubtedly a great and welcome relief for the majority of people here when they read that Britain had finally voted in the United Nations in support of resolutions condemning the South African government's policy of Apartheid, including Monday's vote of censure, which was carried by ninety-three to Portugal's lonely one. There has been much irritated comment in the past among ordinary citizens every time their delegate in New York abstained or voted against all such resolutions, as though loyally glossing over the little personal aberrations of one member of the family while remaining deaf to what was being so loudly and indignantly said back at home. The switch was the most cheerful news (bar the sudden, spectacular collapse of the South African treason trials) that anybody has been able to understand clearly since the morning when Britain woke up to find that the Commonwealth group now included a large hole in the air—an enormous shock to one and all, it seems, though the possibility had been mentioned often enough. In spite of the assurances to South Africa that the door would be wide open if she ever cared to return, married to a government with different views on racial equality, there was emotion here over the sense that, for good or bad, things would never be the same again. There are clearly mingled feelings among members of the Conservative Party, from which sounds of strife over the subject of Africa have lately been issuing, though not yet loudly enough to amount to any real challenge to Mr. Macmillan. In the debate on Dr. Verwoerd's exit (which the House of Commons held the week before the M.P.s streamed off for the Easter recess), the extreme right-wing Tories certainly made no secret of their belief that the Prime Minister had sparked what one of them referred to as "the terrible catastrophe that has overtaken the Commonwealth" by his pointed "wind of change" speech to the displeased South African Parliament in Cape Town last year. The support that this tiny group could whip up on these lines either in the British Parliament or in the country is hardly likely to worry the Government.

The bigger question now looming is



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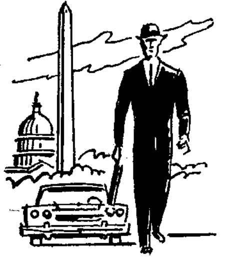

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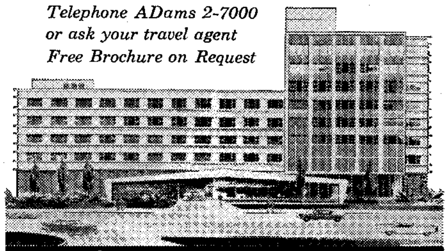

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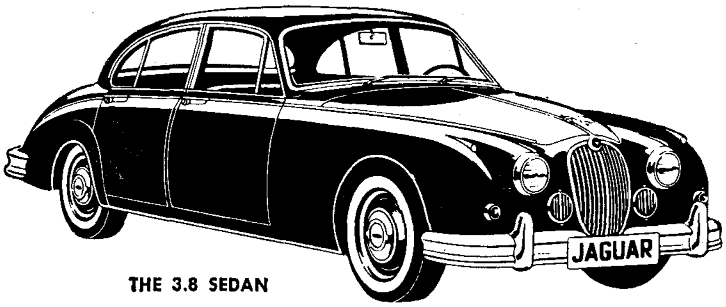
how South Africa's walkout will affect the situation in the Central African Federation of Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, at the moment the thorniest, most intractable patch in the vast tribal landscape through which the Colonial Office is patiently guiding its former colonies, one by one, toward political independence. Many Conservatives apparently wonder whether, in the light of the Congo bonfire, the progress may not be too fast. Last month, affairs in this uneasy federation of some three hundred thousand white settlers and eight million Africans seemed to be on the verge of a dangerous crisis, with talk of its Prime Minister, Sir Roy Welensky, possibly threatening to march Rhodesia out of the Commonwealth in open war against Mr. Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, and his new constitutional proposals for giving Africans an equal say, or maybe even more, with Europeans in the Northern Rhodesian Council. The crisis was postponed while Sir Roy came to London for what turned out to be a fateful Commonwealth conference. When here, he addressed a gathering of Tory M.P.s at an informal House of Commons meeting which was supposed to be private but from which enough has leaked to suggest that he made a big impression. It does not appear, however, that he was able to induce Mr. Macmillan to budge from support of Mr. Macleod. Large numbers of solid, middle-of-the-road Conservatives in and out of Parliament, while unsympathetic with the right-wing extremists of the Party, who seem to ignore winds blowing or clocks ticking in Africa, feel acutely worried about the future of the white settlers in the Rhodesian Federation. What anxious Britons in all parties are wondering is whether South Africa's stepping out of the Commonwealth into isolation—or, as the jubilant Afro-Asian members are undoubtedly telling their people at home, being shoved out by the newly discovered heaving power of their combined brown and black shoulders—will not end the moderation that the African nationalist leaders in Northern Rhodesia and their followers have remarkably shown throughout.

PARLIAMENT returned to work this week after an Easter when the weather was only fitfully kind to the holiday crowds, and downright grumpy to the damp marchers of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, slogging through the rain to lay their protest, now as punctual and as traditional as an Easter egg, outside the nuclear estab-



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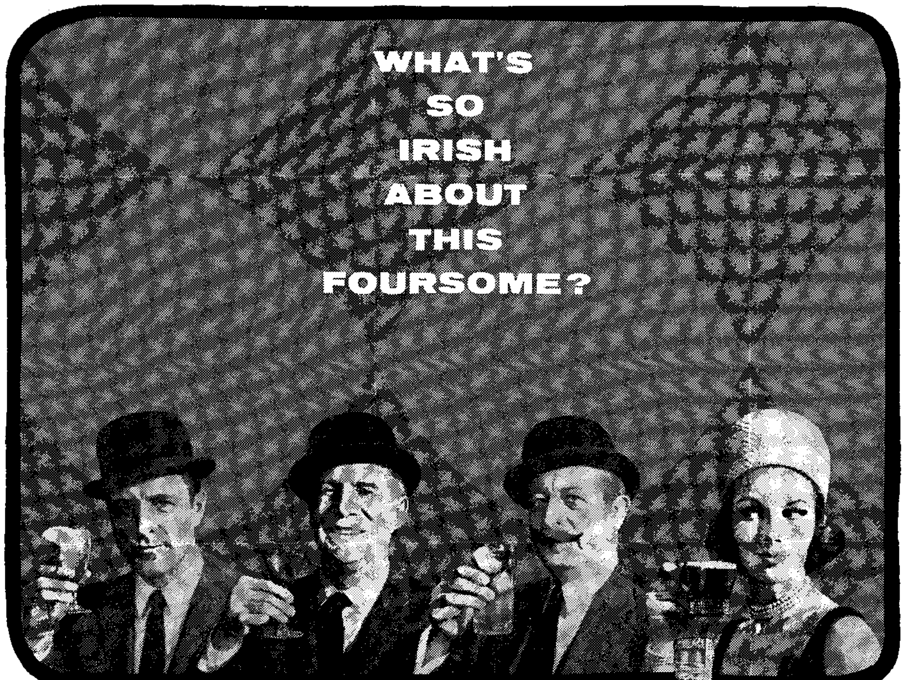
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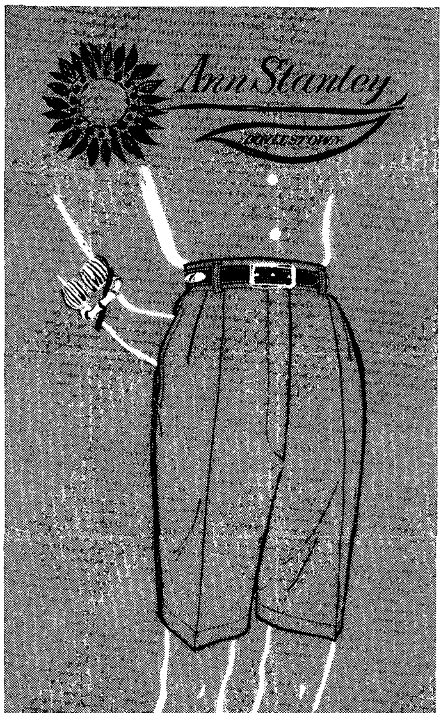

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lishments at Aldermaston and Wethersfield. The Commons will be debating tomorrow on a subject that sounds like something out of Gilbert and Sullivan but nevertheless is of constitutional interest and importance, and may have the effect of altering a section of the British law that many consider archaic. The debate is the latest stage in the determined struggle that is being put up by Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, the young, lively, and extremely able Labour M.P. for Bristol South-East, to avoid becoming a peer, thus being debarred from what he regards as his spiritual home, the House of Commons, and being haled off to the rarer (and duller) air of the Upper House. Mr. Benn became the unwilling heir to his father, the first Viscount Stansgate (who was made a peer in 1942), when his elder brother, Michael, was killed in action with the R.A.F. in 1944. After he got into Parliament, in 1950, both he and his father set about trying energetically to avert the workings of the British hereditary system, which would inevitably cut short his Commons career. Several shots at getting a Wedgwood Benn Renunciation Bill through Parliament were rejected by the House of Lords. The bill introducing life peerages that would die with their owners was made law in 1956, but a proposed clause for which Lord Stansgate and his son had hoped—to end compulsory inheritance of titles by heirs who, for one reason or another, do not want to be lords—was ruled out. Lord Stansgate died in November of last year, whereupon Mr. Benn promptly signed an instrument of renunciation and whipped the letters patent of his father's viscountcy out of the bank, returned them to the Crown, like a pursued runaway prudently shedding documents that might stop him at the frontier if found in his possession (the Crown politely sent them right back), and petitioned the Commons to appoint a Committee of Privileges to examine and report upon his unhappy case. The committee, consisting of twelve members—including the Home Secretary, Mr. Butler; the Attorney-General, Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller; and the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Gaitskell—sat at intervals from December until March, and have just published their findings, for the public's doubtless somewhat bemused perusal, in a fat blue pamphlet brought out by Her Majesty's Stationery Office. It contains a mountain of learned evidence given by the legal lights and medieval historians who were summoned before the committee, citing the law on peerages as far back as

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the thirteenth century, with names such as Roger le Bygod and John de Clinton, and taking merry little scholarly excursions—surely irrelevant to Mr. Benn's plight—into, for instance, the proper findings of the laws of succession in the case of a pregnant widowed peeress. Mr. Benn also appeared and made his own defense—the result of five years' research—in which he argued his point that he was not a peer but only a potential claimant to a peerage that he had not claimed technically, and does not intend to claim, by the usual method of applying for a Writ of Summons to come and take his seat in the House of Lords. He stated his firm belief, with which large numbers of British would certainly agree, that the law of heredity is archaic, that his father would undoubtedly have been made a peer only for his lifetime if this handier expendable honor had existed in 1942, and that the House of Lords has suffered such a shrinkage of its powers that membership in the Commons is now the highest state service to which God and the electors of Bristol can dispatch a young politician. The report gives the committee's finding after its four months of sifting the feudal grain from the chaff, which is that Mr. Benn is a peer and cannot by any means dodge the ermine. This document will be debated by the Commons tomorrow, when Mr. Benn, though already exiled by order of the Speaker, may be allowed to address it from the Bar of the House—a historic rarity among invitations, apparently. If the Members had a free vote, there is not much doubt what the verdict would be, since the Opposition would, of course, come down solidly in his favor and he would also get support from many Members on the Government side who are sympathetic to his fight. The Government, however, has put on a whip for the debate, which means that its supporters must vote by party and not by inclination, which, in turn, shows that it feels that the Benn case, if not defeated, would deal another severe knock to the already groggy power and prestige of the House of Lords. In this case, a fresh by-election in Bristol South-East will be called, which Mr. Benn intends to contest as the Labour candidate at his constituents' warm invitation. (The Lord Mayor, the aldermen, and the burgesses of the city have already taken the apparently unprecedented step of petitioning both Houses of Parliament to let their Member stay put as a plain mister.) It is thought that he will certainly win by a large majority, the Liberal Party having recently announced its

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friendly intention not to run a candidate against him. Mr. Benn has said that he will base his campaign not only on his experience of getting nipped in a medieval mantrap but on all the other forms of hidebound traditionalism that he feels are bedevilling British life today. There will then be the farcical situation of an elected Member of Commons turning up to take his seat with a new mandate from the electors in his hand and being directed around implacably once more to the front door of the Lords. He could, of course, make the extreme test of taking his seat illegally, which carries the penalty of a whacking five-hundred-pound fine for every day of sitting or a sojourn in jail. Mr. Benn, whose attractive wife is an American girl from Cincinnati, seems cheerfully confident that common sense, not to mention sense of humor, will come round to his side in the end. As part of his case before the Committee of Privileges, he circulated a letter he had received from a staunch House of Commons man who might have been lost to history if the death of an uncle had made him Duke of Marlborough, who had since resisted all honors that would have removed him to the Upper House, and who wrote, in part, "I am personally strongly in favor of sons' having the right to renounce irrevocably the peerages they inherit from their fathers," being "Yours sincerely, Winston Churchill." Another probably interested onlooker, who was successful in his desire to renounce the highest title in the land—the Duke of Windsor—has made no comment.

THE Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford, now to be known as the Royal Shakespeare Theatre by command of the Queen, who is its official patron but seems not to have shown up there since a visit in 1957, has transplanted a permanent twin company to London to concentrate mainly on new plays and on classics that are not Shakespeare, who will be given as usual in the new season that has just opened on the Avon. The London company is settled in—of all places—the Aldwych Theatre, long the traditional home of riotous farces featuring bedroom doors and lost trousers, and now handsomely refurbished. Its most interesting production to date is a modern play, "The Devils," specially commissioned for the company by Peter Hall, Stratford's extremely go-ahead thirty-year-old director—modern in that it was written by a young playwright, John Whiting, on a terrifying seventeenth-century theme of Hell literally let loose in a little town in

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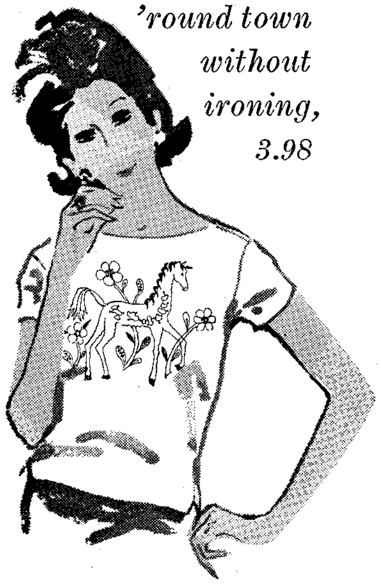

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central France. Whiting based "The Devils" on Aldous Huxley's book "The Devils of Loudun," which described, as you may remember, the historical case of a handsome, brilliant, scandalously amorous young priest called Urbain Grandier, whose clerical cloth could not subdue the love of women that finally destroyed him. The little hunchbacked prioress of a neighboring convent of Ursuline nuns became so obsessed with sensual thoughts of Grandier, whom she had never seen, that she claimed he was visiting her, too, in the guise of a demon lover. Erotic hysteria forthwith ran like measles through the convent, with the nuns flinging themselves around in contortions that were then said to be the work of devils but would now be identified as something simpler. (Huxley describes how the spectacle brought tourists and their cash from far and wide to gratified Loudun for a glimpse of the goings on.) The priest's many enemies in the town eagerly seized upon the prioress's tale, the Crown and the Church took a hand from Paris, and Grandier was arrested on a charge of diabolism, hideously tortured to produce a confession, which he resolutely refused to fabricate, and burned alive, dying a brave death and certain of God. John Whiting has made this horrible tale into a remarkable, haunting play, with quick Shavian dialogue and a succession of small, rich scenes passing before the audience continuously on the three-level stage—framed by tall black timbers that suggest a Calvary or a gallows—of Sean Kenny's fine set. Richard Johnson gives a superb portrait of the complicated character of Grandier, the physically attractive libertine, the melancholy intellectual, the searcher for God. The only scenes where the tension seems to fail are those impossible ones showing the Ursulines in full orgy, alternately mewing lewd endearments as they wrap themselves about the persons of the embarrassed soldiers who have been brought in to deal with the situation, and falling into snoring catalepsy—a tall order, dramatically, which brought the whole production tottering perilously, for a few minutes, on the borders of Ronald Firbank. Since the Chancellor of the Exchequer has just finally turned thumbs down on the idea of a national theatre to be built on the rapidly developing South Bank of the Thames—an idea that has been around for years, sometimes suggested for one site and then for another but never getting anywhere—the two Stratford theatres are probably the nearest thing to one that anybody is likely to see.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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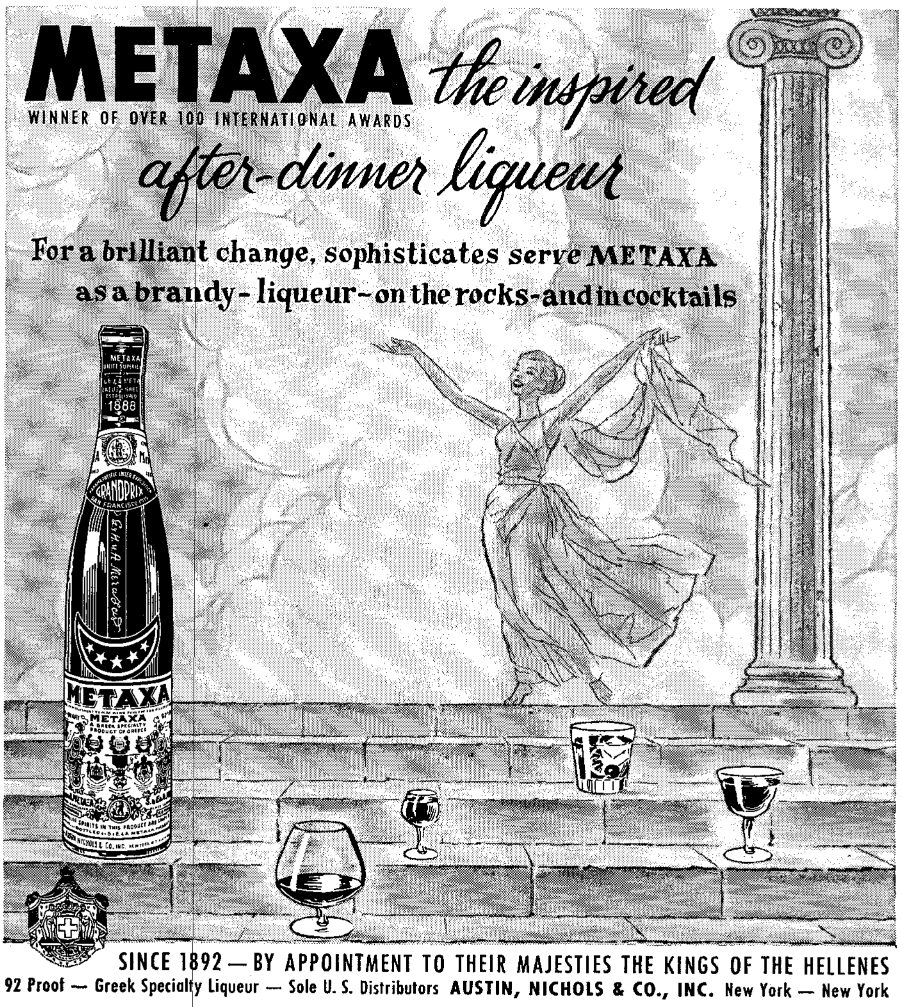
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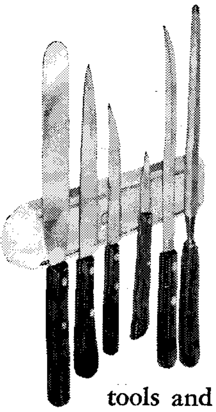

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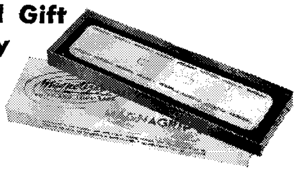

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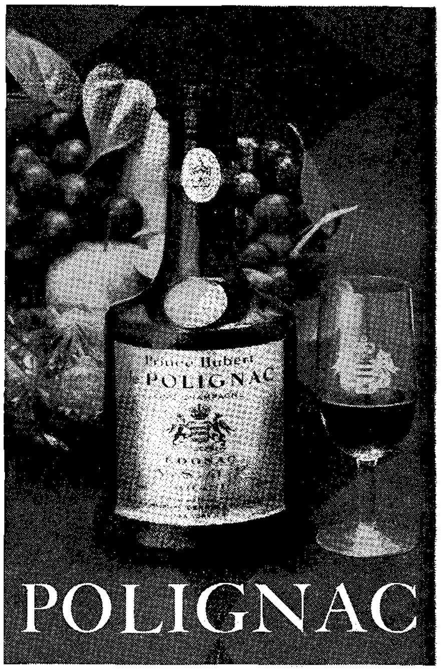
MUSICAL EVENTS

Spring Fashions

LAST week, Leonard Bernstein finished off the final Philharmonic program of the season with that most celebrated of all twentieth-century compositions, Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps." In listening to it, I attempted the difficult feat of ridding my mind of all past prejudices and preconceptions about it, and tried to hear it with fresh ears. The shock effect of the work, which once excited me greatly, had, of course, long since disappeared, mainly because subsequent composers have far outdone it in dissonance and daring. For the same reason, my initial amazement at the intricacies of its rhythmic structure had also disappeared, and what I now heard seemed a more or less typical example of the music of its period—no longer new or particularly disturbing. One thing that did strike me was how very Parisian it sounds, despite the infusion of Russian rhythmic vigor. It is, after all, not so terribly different in general conception from such essays in descriptive impressionist music as Debussy's "Nuages," "Fêtes," and "La Mer." Its musical material may be more primitive, if one can regard as primitive the calculated and highly sophisticated imitation of sounds associated with musical barbarity. Still, it is basically an impressionist work in the French tradition, seeking to convey atmosphere and to evoke theatrical ideas by means of bizarre, and sometimes pleasing, combinations of sound. It remains technically fascinating in the variety of its acoustical (as opposed to melodic) invention, and, approached as theatre music (it was, after all, originally conceived for a ballet), it has considerable power of suggestion. Like most impressionist music, however, it lacks organic structure, such as is found in the contemporaneous works of Strauss and Sibelius. It is laid out in episodes, some extravagant and nerve-tingling, others rather dull, and its sole concession to over-all formal coherence is its final crescendo, which builds to a climax and rings down the curtain with a portentous air of excitement. For some reason, Mr. Bernstein did not give this final crescendo all the unleashed vitality



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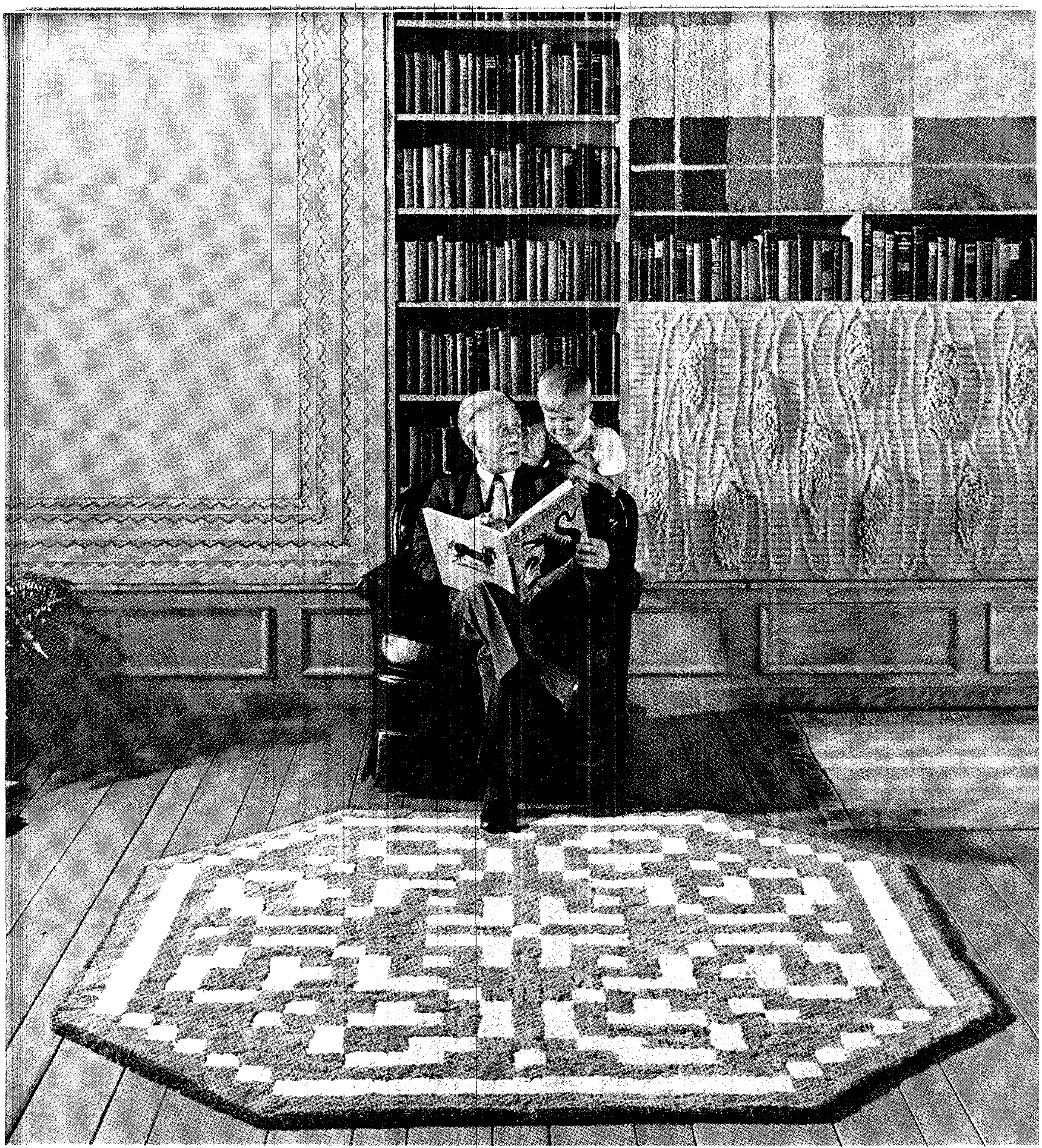

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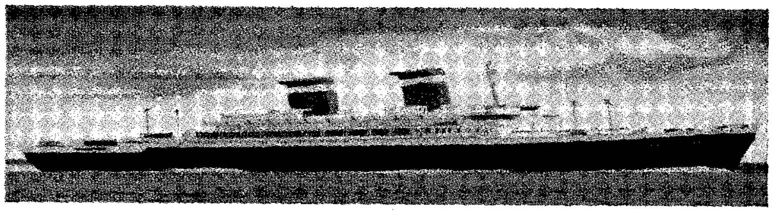

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Miss Julia F. Bayer, Bethesda, Maryland is served tea from a traveling deck cart. Mr. Macy, ship's officer, points out school of porpoises. Stewards Link and Dalesio are from the veteran service staff of 800.

In the Forward Observation Lounge (a favorite because of its clubroom atmosphere): Mr. and Mrs. Trafford Klots, Cockeysville, Md. He is the well-known portrait painter. Their companions are Mr. and Mrs. Donald E. Irwin, Birmingham, Mich. He is an executive with Ford International.

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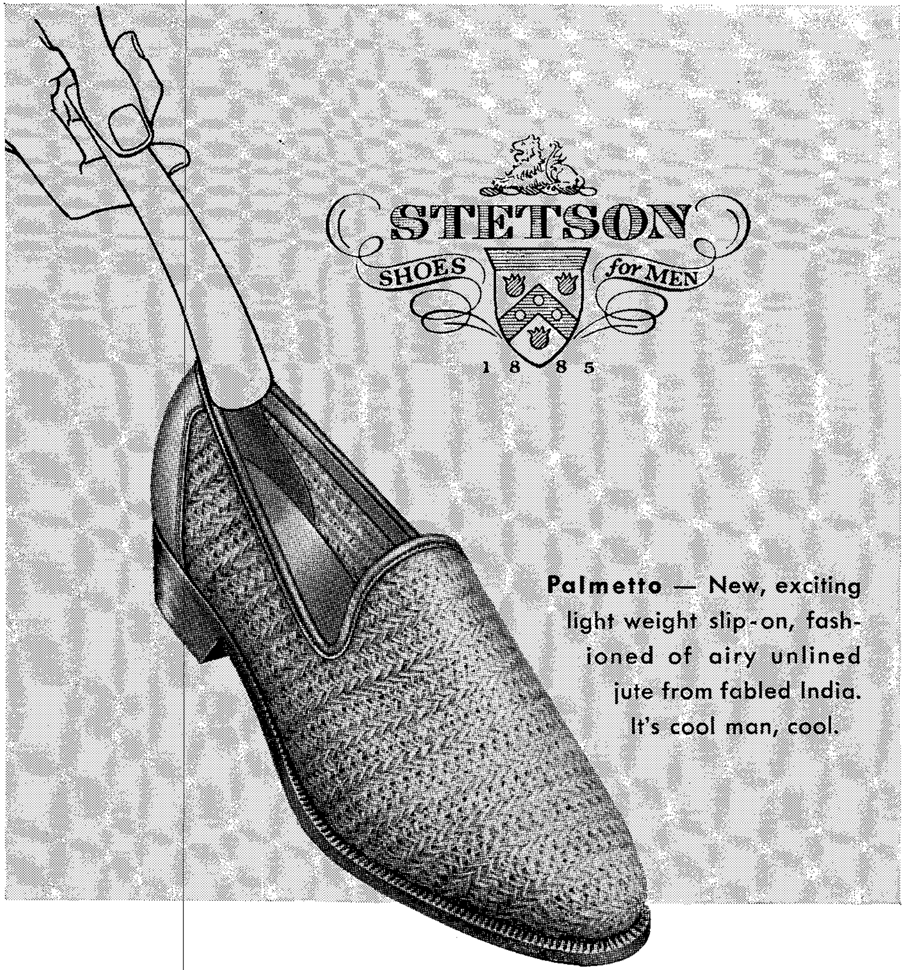
it has had in performances by Stokowski, Monteux, and Koussevitzky. Elsewhere, though, he tackled the work's complexities with masterful control and a sure dramatic instinct.

To me, the most memorable item on the program was the Brahms Violin Concerto, the solo part of which was performed by Zino Francescatti with the most refined and sensitive artistry imaginable. Mr. Francescatti does not have the largest tone to be found among present-day violinists, but in the Concerto his technique was impeccable and his understanding of style was so subtle that every phrase emerged with the utmost elegance and musical insight. The program commenced with a "Bacchanale" by the young contemporary Japanese composer Toshiro Mayuzumi, which was capably conducted by a Japanese guest conductor named Seiji Ozawa. It seemed to me a somewhat noisy composition, reflecting the school of Paris (a city where Mr. Mayuzumi has studied) and paying tribute here and there to American jazz. But it was a work of some promise, and, all in all, perhaps the most interesting one by a Japanese composer that I have recently encountered.

ON Monday evening, in Carnegie Hall, the Cantata Singers, under the baton of Thomas Dunn, presented what was, as far as is known, the first New York performance of "Belshazzar," a Handel oratorio whose neglect is difficult to account for, since it is a stirring work from the composer's maturest period, musically magnificent and as forceful in plot and characterization as a great opera. The plot, of course, is based on the Biblical account of how the Persian King Cyrus besieges and conquers Babylon while its dissolute prince, Belshazzar, is aroused from his drunken revelry by the famous writing on the wall. The writing, as you doubtless remember, is deciphered by the prophet Daniel, who, along with his fellow-Jews, has been imprisoned by the Babylonians. The scene dealing with the writing on the wall is a wonderful example of early dramatic composition (you can actually hear the scratching of the stylus amid the formal and eloquent phrases of Handel's music); the choruses sung by the Jewish prisoners are both noble and extremely striking in their unexpected harmonic progressions; and all the main characters—Cyrus, Belshazzar, Daniel, Nitocris (the Babylonian queen), and Gobrias (a Babylonian noble who defects to the Persians)—are marvellously delineated in



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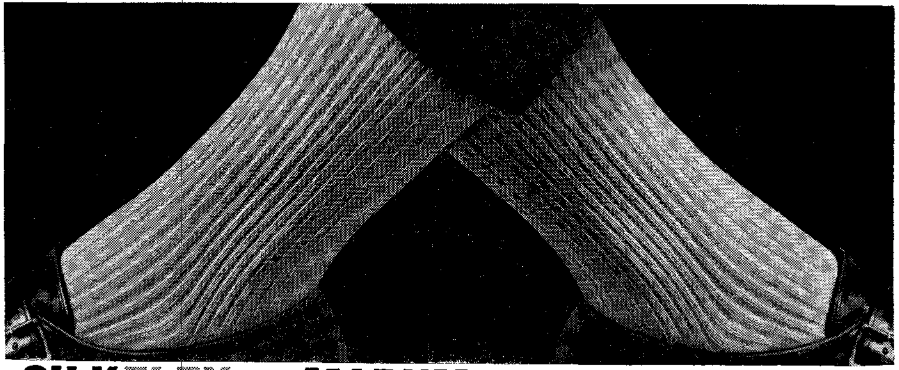

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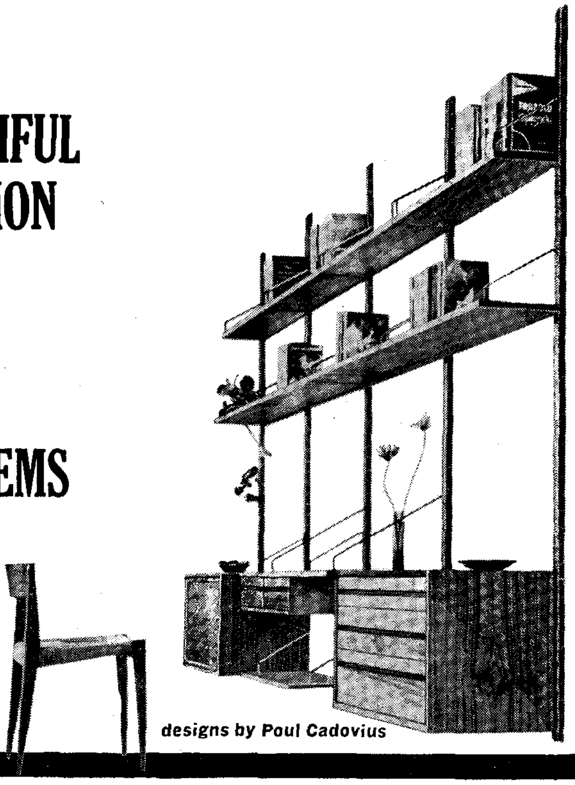

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the score. As for the performance, this was one of those agreeable occasions when Handel is set forth simply and clearly, without the familiar bellowing of mammoth choruses. The principals—Saramae Endich, Betty Allen, Florence Kopleff, Charles Bressler, and Tom Paul—all sang with scrupulous care, and Mr. Dunn, a choral conductor of the rare sort who can do as well with an orchestra as with a chorus, held things together with admirable efficiency and taste.

ON Saturday evening, the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam paid a visit to Carnegie Hall and presented a very conventional program, consisting of Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture, Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, the Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan," and Ravel's Second "Daphnis et Chloé" Suite, plus a "Piccola Sinfonia" by the contemporary Dutch composer Léon Orthel. The chief interest of the program lay in such comparisons as one might draw between its conductor, Mr. Bernard Haitink, and the numerous others who have led its familiar items here. Mr. Haitink proved to be a very earnest and technically painstaking maestro, even if he did not break any records for brilliance and inspiration. The admirable orchestra played, as always, with great devotion and methodical workmanship, though its wind instruments did not sound as smooth as they have sounded in some previous performances. Mr. Orthel's "Sinfonia" turned out to be a conservative composition of no striking individuality or emotional force.

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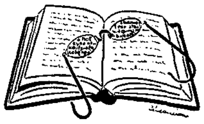
PHILOSOPHER, PHILOSOPHER, WHO'S GOT THE PHILOSOPHER?

[*Dorothy Kilgallen in the Journal-American*]

NUTTY QUOTE from Bertrand Russell: "To be without some of the things you want is an indispensable part of happiness." Oh, sure, Bertrand, it's marvelous fun not to have a mink coat or a nice flat or caviar to go with the blinis. (And they call YOU a philosopher?)

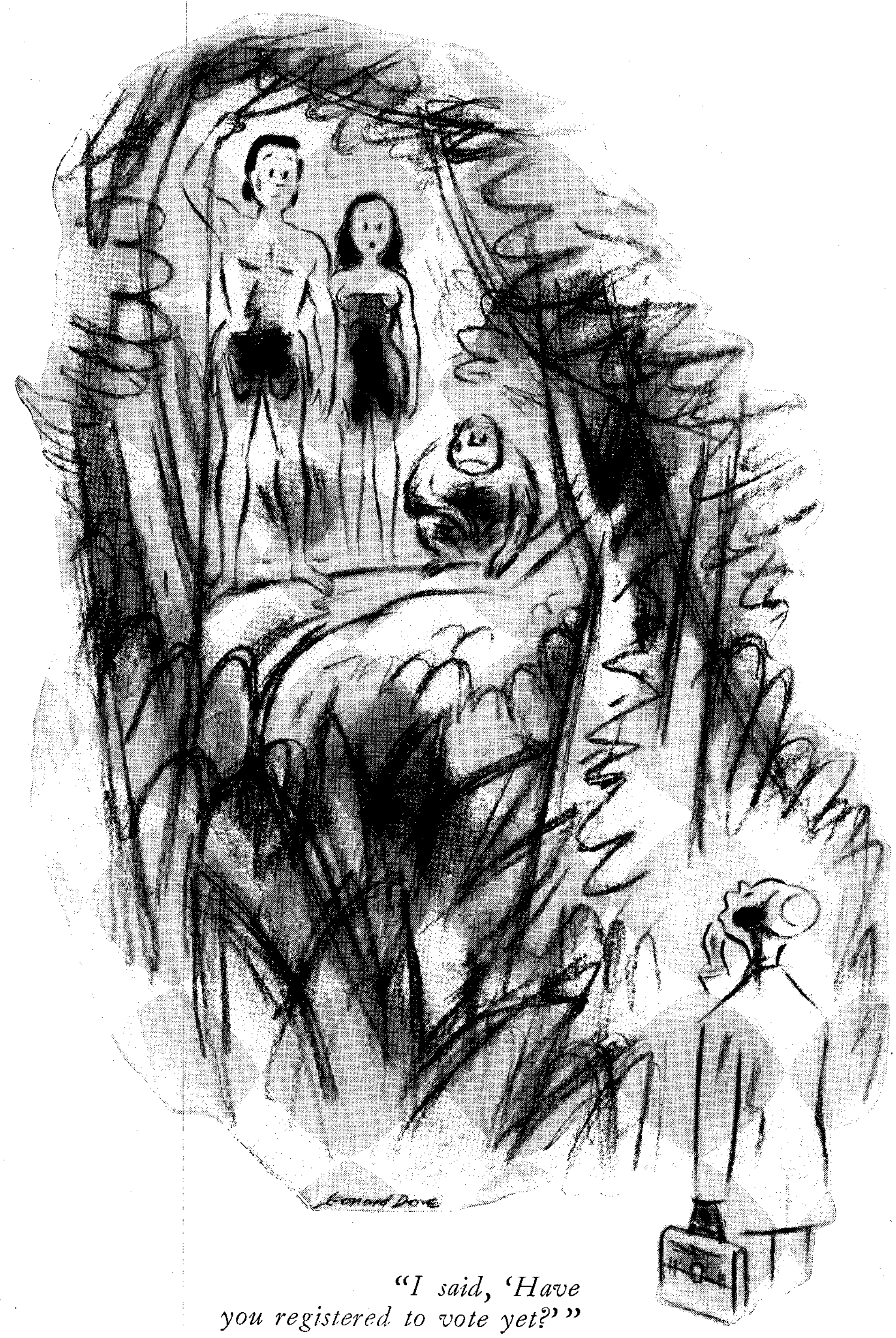
BOOKS

The Roué



IN my mind, Philippe, Duc d'Orléans (1674-1723), has occupied a very small place. As a schoolboy, I thought of him as a roué, and my nine years of university (some of which were passed studying history) did little for the Duke; even though my tutors, *en passant*, did decorate Orléans, French Regent from 1715 to 1723, with some real encomiums, I came away from my studies still regarding him as a rake. But, prepared always to change my opinions, to give the benefit of the doubt to dead men (especially those dimly silhouetted in my historical memory), and never completely happy with black, simple epitaphs, which too readily flow out of the pens of the historians, I picked up "The Scandalous Regent" (Harcourt, Brace & World), by W. H. Lewis, with great expectations, hoping that Orléans would be rehabilitated and his France reinterpreted. I passed some very amusing hours reading the two hundred and eighteen pages of Mr. Lewis's prose, for, as everyone knows, Mr. Lewis (a shade too worldly a brother of C. S. Lewis) has a wry and trenchant style. It is an experience no student of history should be without, and there is ample opportunity for this treat, inasmuch as "The Scandalous Regent" is at least the fourth book by this author. Alas, my expectations were not so much dashed—he has written a painstaking, thorough, and sometimes brilliant biography—as disappointed, for his few attempts to rescue the drowning Duke from the sea of history simply sealed his fate as a roué: hardly a justification for another book on the Regent and his Regency.

Mr. Lewis seems aware of the bad cards dealt him by Orléans. He tips his hand in the foreword when he admits that were he certain that readers of his new book had read his old books, he would have titled it "The Hangover"—a "financial, aesthetic, and social, but primarily financial" hangover. (But roués always have hangovers and are hedged in by debt, and who but the grandest roué would have permitted himself to be left with the astronomical bills of Louis XIV?) Mr. Lewis's story of the morning after the drunken glories of Louis XIV begins rightly, if conventionally, with the parents, who, like Orléans (or Chartres, as he was called when a child), were also libertines. The father, Monsieur, was the "jealous and spiteful" younger brother of the Sun King, and Monsieur's first marriage, with Princess Henriette of England ("one of the most gracious and charming women of the century . . . 'whom to look at was to love,' " except to her misanthropic husband), was a failure, to put it mildly. Henriette died after nine years of marriage, relieving Monsieur of his cross, but his freedom was short-lived. He was remarried by Louis for political reasons to Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria. The union to which Chartres owed his life could not have been more unpropitious; both parents were fashionably illiterate, cynical, and, like wolverines, extremely self-indulgent. Monsieur was a homosexual, gregarious, fond of jewelry, scents, mirrors, toys, sweets, and female society. He was more of a woman than a man, and Elizabeth was more of a man than a woman. As a child she had made several attempts to change her sex, following the village superstition, mostly by jumping, but instead of becoming a boy she had developed into a frigid woman. She loathed the thought of having children (Monsieur seconded her sentiment, the only instance), saying it was "a nasty,



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dangerous, stupid business," but to please the King they managed to have three, and Chartres was one of the doomed victims of this "business." Like a tennis ball, he was tossed against the walls of his mother's and father's apartments, passing through the countless hands of "slimy favourites" and "corrupt" courtiers, learning only the paralytic prejudices of the aristocracy on its last legs. The rooms of his unwilling mother were "like a plunge into cold water"—bare, dirty, filled with the portraits of her German relatives, unhouse-trained pet birds, cats, and dogs, while the apartment of his forced father was "hot, airless, reeking of scent." The unhealthy atmosphere of the Court that enclosed the child, strangling his intelligence and emotional life, was but one signal of the passing Grand Siècle, which petered out in gray boredom.

Chartres was naturally gifted and was an intelligent boy, but his education (if it can be called that) was entrusted to a succession of governesses and governors who were without exception a menagerie of self-seekers and maniacs; they lulled the child with lollies. The little Duke was first looked after by a blue-stockinged, decaying widow who surrendered early to senility and the card table, then by a scoundrel of humble origins, then by rascals, humbugs, homosexuals, Paris profligates, fanatical soldiers, aging cuckolds, and a brothel-going priest who weaseled his way to a Cardinal's hat and the Prime Ministership. When Chartres was fourteen and was about to shake off his appointed tutors, one of them quickly, as might be expected, introduced him to a fleshpot, and he soon became a habitué. Before his fifteenth birthday he was acknowledged a man of the world, and when he was not far out of his teens he had more or less systematically pursued three of the deadly sins—lust, gluttony, and sloth. His mistresses included a porter's daughter, a nationally reputed courtesan, an actress, a budding nun, an eighteen-year-old angel, a youthful washerwoman (who in her maturity became a police spy and the proprietress of a bordello), his mother's maid, a depraved woman, a bourgeois opera girl, a marquise, a child bride, not to mention a flock of black-hearted harlots and chorus girls who flopped in and out of his life. Orléans, the future Regent of France, became renowned for his inbred indolence, cynicism, insouciance, and lame mind, and for breeding a family of debauchers who easily and frequently shocked a court where wantonness was routine. Since he was capable of a tired,

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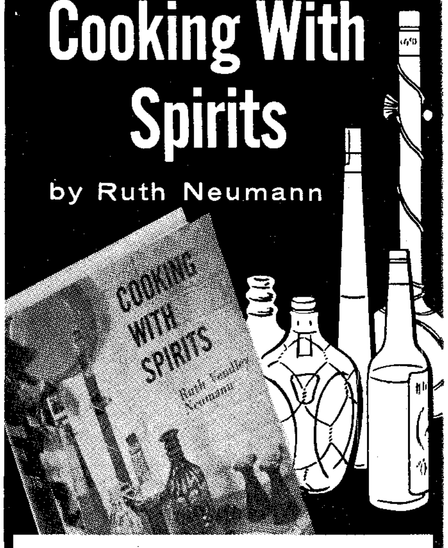

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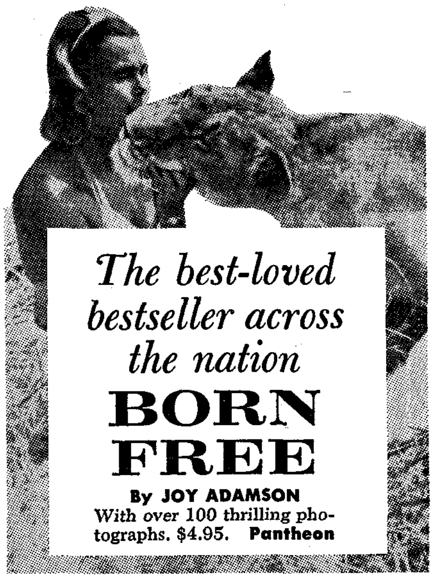

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cynical conversation, was born with rather an appealing face, and above all was in the ring of the Sun King's successors, the gates of carnal joys, shut to many common men, were naturally opened to him. But the availability of fleshpots was hardly a sop to a satyr to whom one woman was the same as the next, his feelings being never engaged. And so he contracted the most paralytic and enervating disease of all—unrelieved ennui. There was no escape from that, for his whole class was afflicted with it.

At the age of forty-one, when he became the Regent of France and the trustee of Louis XV, he had drunk the cup of life to the lees, but without benefiting from it or enjoying it. He had the makings of a Renaissance prince, for he was an omnivorous reader, a notable engraver, actor, singer, painter, an excellent soldier, a potentially good administrator, and more than an amateur in mathematics, chemistry, history, and literature—"all things by turn and nothing long." His failure to be a sort of Lorenzo de' Medici would have been more pathetic than tragic if the troubles of France in 1715 had not been so insistent; the country was even then sliding toward the Revolution and the Terror. The tragedy was the loss—the waste of one man's life, the waste of the Court, the class, perhaps even the country.

But the tragedy remains buried under the weight of Mr. Lewis's passion for scandals. As a biographer, Mr. Lewis has more in common with the literary essayists and biographers like Hilaire Belloc, and perhaps even with Lytton Strachey (who inflated Victorian balloons only to puncture them), than with the political biographers like the great historian of the seventeenth century Sir Charles H. Firth, and Alan Bullock, by far the most knowledgeable historian of the Third Reich. In "The Scandalous Regent," men are more important than events and women perhaps even more important than men (however, Mr. Lewis does deserve the warm thanks of every one of Orléans' well-wishers for freeing him once and for all from the charges of incest and of poisoning his way to Uncle Louis's crown.) We often lose sight of Orléans, and even more often France, and instead our attention is constantly drawn to the scandalous governors, governesses, mistresses, lovers, and perverts. The passages on the bankruptcy of France and the infant stock market are lucid, but the military battles of Orléans, the skirmishes of Jesuits and Jansenists, the Regent's reorganization of government, not to

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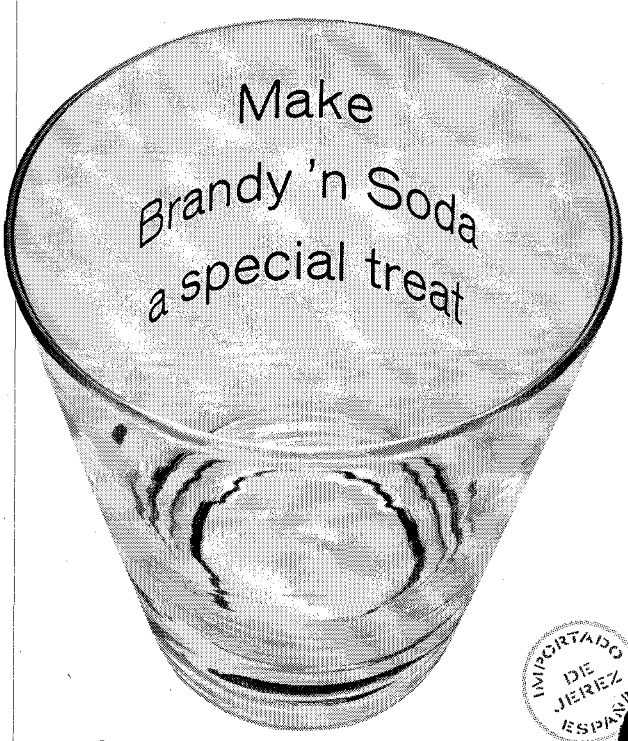

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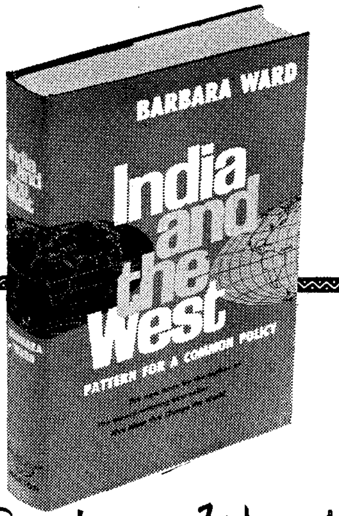

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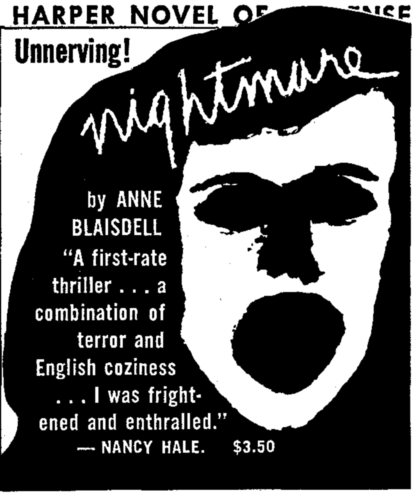

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VIKING

mention the alliance of England and France, which has sometimes been called "the marriage of the whale and the elephant," a union close to Orléans' heart—all this, the stuff of political historians, gets little more than a passing nod from the racy Mr. Lewis. Partly the fault is Mr. Lewis's particular temperament, which has a great affinity with a novelist's; his inspiration seems to be the "Mémoires" of Saint-Simon, a literary masterpiece; partly the blame lies with Mr. Lewis's choice of informers—diarists, journalists, and memoir writers, whose lives were walled in by the dunes of gossip, who seldom looked beyond to that tempestuous sea of history, and who certainly did not build dikes against the coming flood of 1789. If I appear slightly peeved, it is because I partly agree with Jules Michelet's exaggerated opinion of the Regency—that it was "a century in eight years" (a remark not quoted by Mr. Lewis). There may be more juicy scandal than valuable history in this stylized biography. —VED MEHTA

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RADITZER, by Peter Matthiessen (Viking). Mr. Matthiessen's story of blackmail and guilt starts out on a recognizably human basis, but as the necessary conflict between his two main figures begins to weaken, the story retreats into symbolistic country, where revenge and retribution—different kinds of revenge and different kinds of retribution—finally assemble into a singularly unimpressive climax. The story is set among enlisted men of the United States Navy, and mainly takes place at a Navy base in Hawaii, where Raditzer, a natural blackmailer, and Stark, a man whose sense of guilt (a natural sense that he has cultivated in self-consciousness) makes him vulnerable to blackmail, spend two years of the war in shore duty. Raditzer is a small, nasty man, as unpleasant in speech and action as he is in appearance, who is detested on sight by all his mates except one—Stark. Stark is a big man, a painter in civilian life, who chose to enlist instead of accepting the commission he might have had, and is generally liked, even though he is an outsider to the men around him. Raditzer attaches himself to Stark, who dislikes him but pities him. Gradually, and against his will, Stark realizes that his pity for Raditzer has betrayed him into as-

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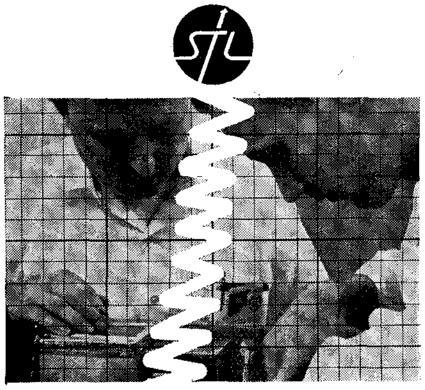

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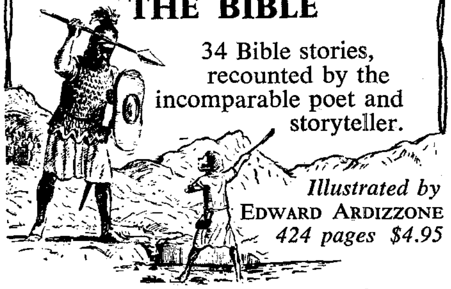

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suming the role of Raditzer's protector. The action of the story follows the struggle between Stark's inclination and his conscience, and its strength depends on Mr. Matthiessen's ability to persuade us that Raditzer is a human being with a human heart. Unfortunately, we are never persuaded, even for a second, that Raditzer is anything more than what he appears to be—a nuisance, an irritant, and a monster. He has not the stamina to carry the part of a main figure. As a minor character, or used as an intermediary or buffer character between Stark and someone who had strength and variety to equal Stark's strength and variety, Raditzer would have had real meaning and a function to perform—he is a perfect foil. As it is, watching the sensitive Stark struggle between his distaste for Raditzer and his conscience is very like watching a man struggle between his distaste for lice and his dislike for killing lice. It is an interesting spectacle, but not very interesting, and not for very long, and the problem involved is more gymnastic than it is intellectual or emotional. Mr. Matthiessen has a clear, pointed style, and he has a sense of atmosphere and the ability to communicate it.

PATHS OF LOVE, by Vercors, translated from the French by Rita Barisse (Putnam). Two lifeless, fragmentary short novels, both set in Paris and both narrated in ominous, overimportant whispering tones by a semi-bodiless young man who is emotionally involved with the principal characters but is never one of them. The first novel, "December's Freedom," tells of a triangular love affair that is not nearly as absorbing as its unconventionality would lead us to expect. The second novel, "Monsieur Prousthe," describes the plight of a distinguished man whose sexual desires call for a gratification that is too special for most people to understand. The solemnity of Vercors' writing has the unfortunate effect of emphasizing the farcical aspects of what are, after all, two quite sad cases of domestic unhappiness.

GENERAL

SCIENCE AND GOVERNMENT, by C. P. Snow (Harvard). The 1960 Godkin Lectures at Harvard. Sir Charles begins deceptively by telling the story of the battle between two former friends—Sir Henry Tizard and F. A. Lindemann—in determining British policy before and during the

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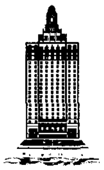

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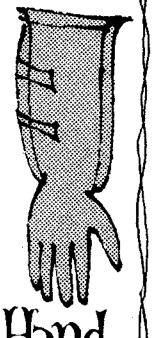

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war. It was first over radar and then over strategic bombing, with Tizard sponsoring the first and opposing the second. Tizard was, Sir Charles maintains, right in both cases, but since Lindemann was Churchill's scientific adviser and gray eminence, he almost prevailed against radar and he readily won on strategic bombing—materially lengthening the war, in the author's opinion. Sir Charles chronicles this personal, and far more than personal, conflict with all his novelistic skill, then uses it to introduce the desperate problem of secret scientific choices and the nature and dangers of what he calls "committee politics," "hierarchical politics," and "court politics." He concludes with an impassioned plea to Americans—and to Russians and to his own countrymen as well—to get better-informed and more responsible decisions about such vital matters as nuclear weapons by letting scientists participate in the decisions. This tiny book is a masterly contribution to one of the most important discussions in the world. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

ORDEAL BY ICE, edited by Farley Mowat (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A collection of first-hand accounts of man's struggle against the prime fact of Arctic exploration—ice. The selections are drawn from the journals of navigators and explorers whom Mr. Mowat has chosen more for the quality of their writing than for their particular fame. They include chronicles of Sir Martin Frobisher's voyages in the sixteenth century and of Henry Hudson's last, and fatal, expedition in search of the Northwest Passage; of the expeditions in futile search of the lost Sir John Franklin and his party; and of a whaling expedition in the eighteen-twenties; and end with the record of the sojourn in the Arctic of a remarkable, and unremembered, nineteenth-century American named Charles Francis Hall. Mr. Mowat, a Canadian explorer and a first-rate writer, supplies connective passages between the various narratives and, by telling the reader what to look for, enhances his pleasure and understanding.

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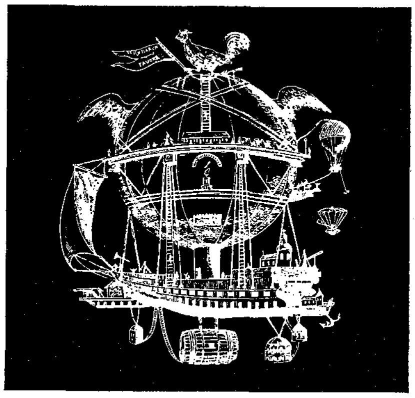

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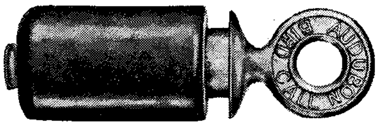

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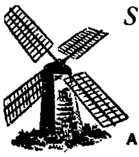

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